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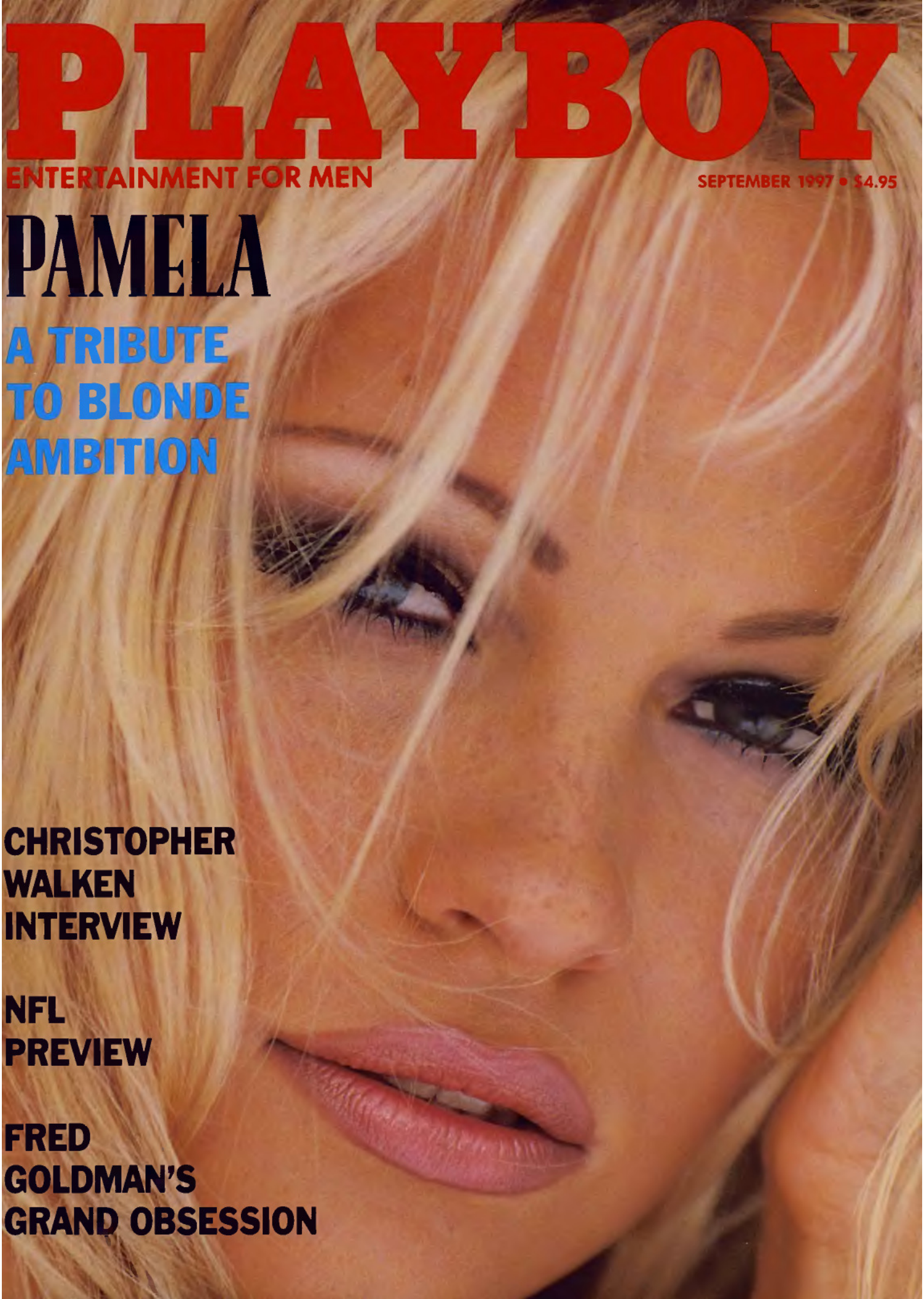

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CHRISTOPHER WALKEN INTERVIEW

NFL PREVIEW

FRED GOLDMAN'S GRAND OBSESSION

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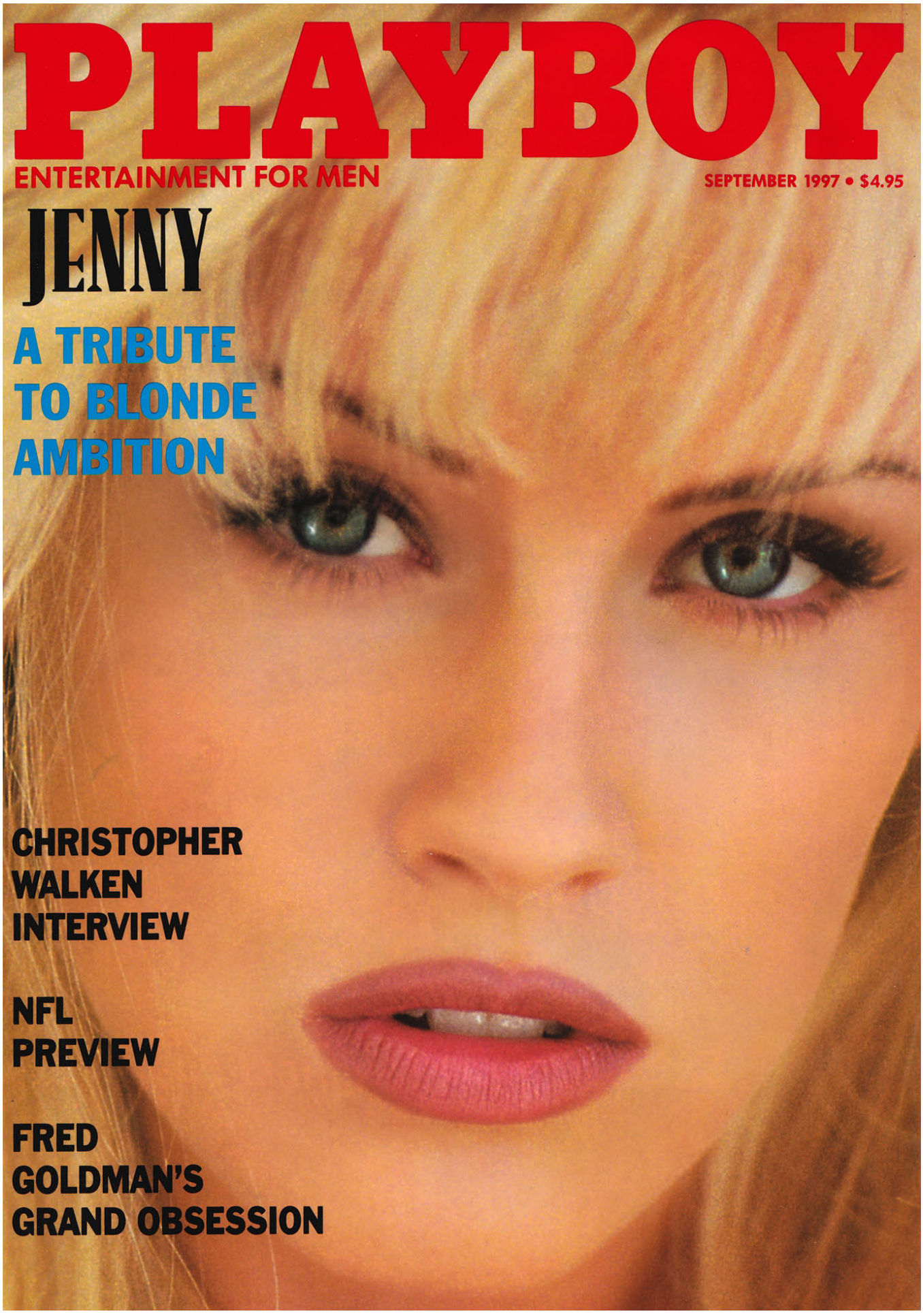

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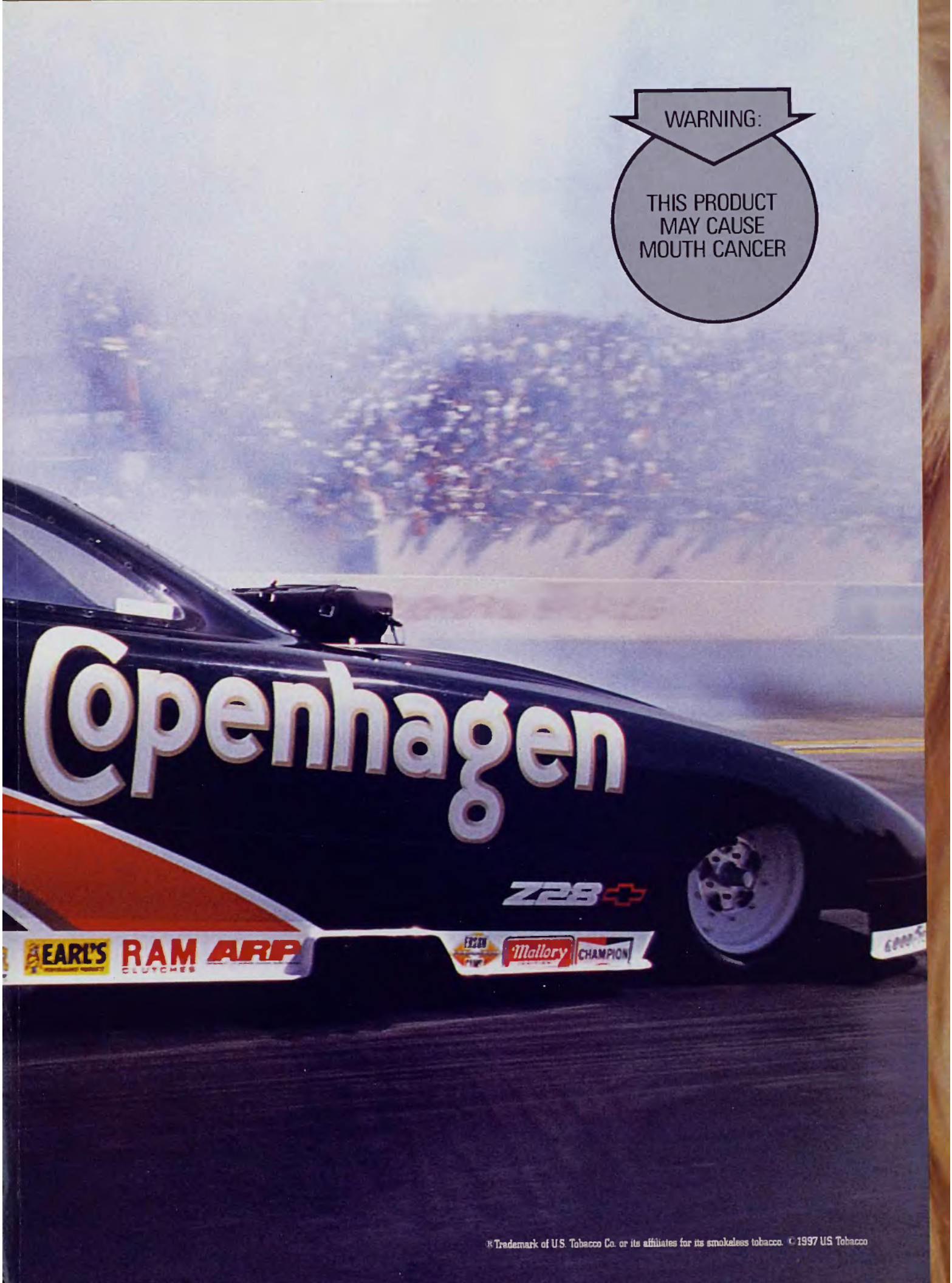

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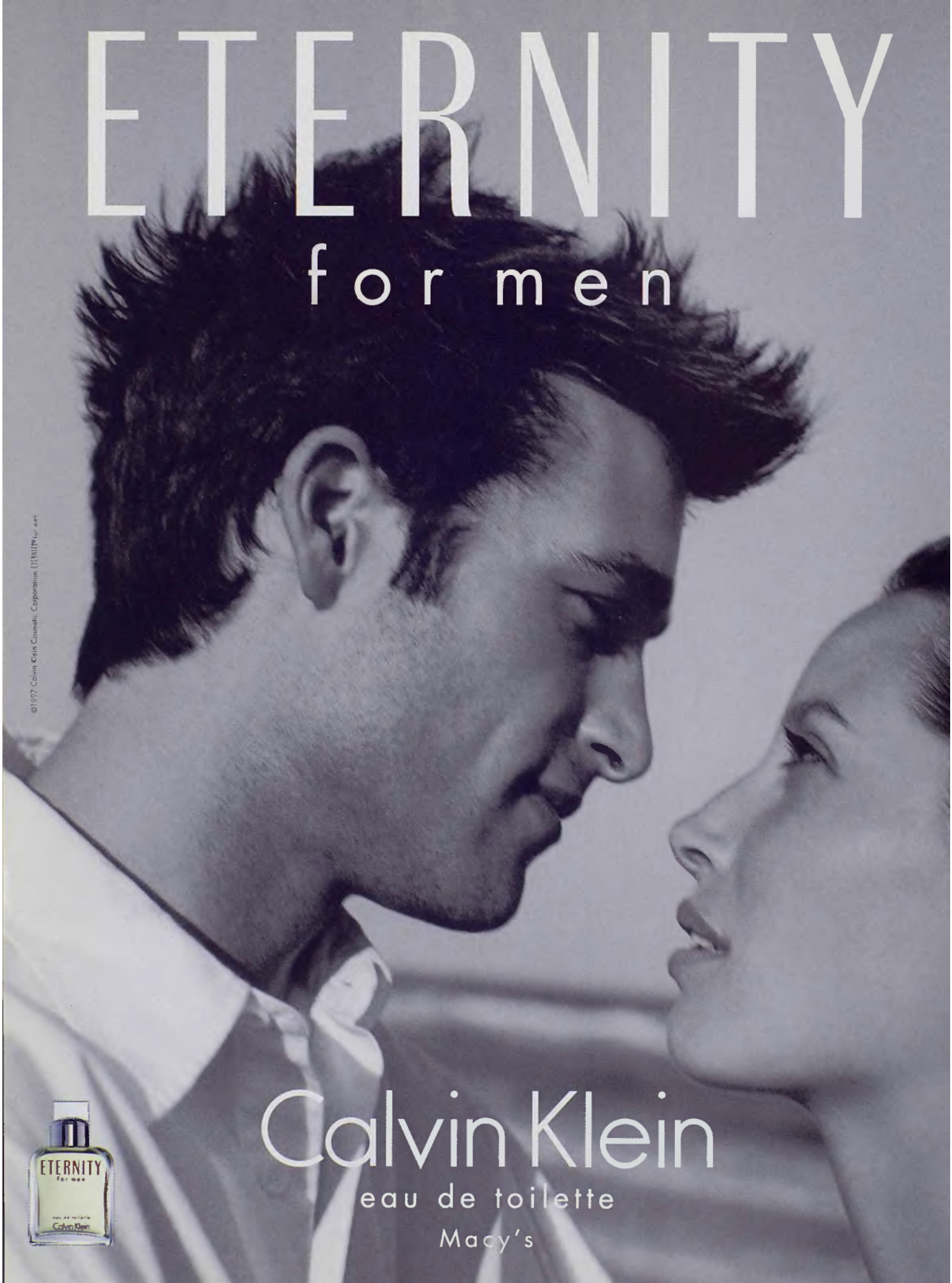
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BLONDES. Some things we know: We love blondes, and blondes (MM, Jayne Mansfield, Bo Derek, Kim Basinger, Sharon Stone, Anna Nicole Smith) love PLAYBOY. Today's two-megaton A-blondes—Pam Anderson and Jenny McCarthy—exploded on the scene right under our noses. For the secret to our success, turn to *Blonde Ambition*, a double-whammy pictorial of Jenny, the biggest blonde in America, and Pam, the biggest blonde on the planet.

On to more prescient business. This special fall preview issue will give you a crisp head start on 1998. In *The Buzz* Junior Editor **Alison Lundgren,** our hierophant of hip, tells us who and what will warm up the winter, from Ani DiFranco, *The Daily Show* and chocolate martinis to a real hummer of a sex toy called the Egg. *Playboy's Fall & Winter Fashion Forecast* by Fashion Editor **Hollis Wayne** brings us the suit as you've never seen it before—loose, lively and younger than a pair of old jeans. Mercedes' new American-made sport utility vehicle is this season's best off-road bet. Car guy **Ken Gross** waxes ecstatic over the M-Class' combination of grit and polish in our essential guide to next year's autos, *Wheels '98*. It comes as no shock to Hef, but hot on the heels of the cigar trend, pipe sales are up. *Piping Hot* (illustrated by **Herb Davidson**) showcases the latest trend in tobacco. We drink, we smoke, we gamble: Did you know there was $5.5 billion in bets riding on last year's Super Bowl? **Danny Sheridan** credits the point spread for keeping viewers interested and provides team-by-team coverage in our *Pro Football Forecast* (**Kadir Nelson** did the artwork). Sheridan's crystal-ball rating is high—so pay attention.

The story of Fred and Ron Goldman is a father-and-son drama writ large. In a perceptive PLAYBOY profile, *His Name Is Fred,* **Joe Morgenstern** scrutinizes the man who never let go of his son—even in death. "After seeing how intense he can be, I was apprehensive," says Morgenstern. "I was surprised to find he was easy to be with—he was good company." It's the flawed, human side of the avenging angel, a story that will resonate with every father or son.

He's Walken and he's talking. There's probably no other weirdly spooky actor who is as widely respected, emulated or mimicked as **Christopher Walken.** In this month's *Interview*, the star of the forthcoming film *Excess Baggage* and an Oscar winner for *The Deer Hunter* tells Contributing Editor **Lawrence Grobel** that he is a child of planet Showbiz: He has Abel Ferrara's blood on his carpet and was with Robert Wagner the night Natalie Wood died. And for the first time he gives an in-depth description of how that night unfolded.

In *Cloning? I Don't Think So*, the genetically outrageous **Joe Queenan** examines the latest medical accomplishment. Call it future schlock: Imagine a pair of Kathie Lee Giffords fighting for Frank's attention. Watch out, Reege. Looks like **Chris Farley** is ready to split in two any minute now. He's the current king of roly-poly physical humor and has cashed in with such flicks as *Tommy Boy* and *Beverly Hills Ninja*. Contributing Editor **David Rensin** sat with Farley for a big round of *20 Questions* that includes dessert benders and trolling for babes.

Joseph Clark is one of the hottest new fiction writers. You'll know why when you read *Jungle Wedding*, a thrilling tale of libertines at play in revolutionary Latin America. It's illustrated by **Fred Stonehouse.** Associate Editor **Chip Rowe** would rather enjoy his kink in the safety of his own home. The Net results of his lifelong search appear in *Surfing for Sex*. Before we get ahead of ourselves, turn to *Playmate Revisited:* **Karen Velez,** 1985's PMOY. Filtered through the lens of photographer **Arny Freytag,** 12 years seem like yesterday.

LUNDGREN

WAYNE

GROSS

DAVIDSON

SHERIDAN

NELSON

MORGENSTERN

GROBEL

QUEENAN

RENSIN

CLARK

STONEHOUSE

ROWE

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5. Determine your price range. What do you spend on the one woman in the world who is smart enough to marry you? Many people use the *two months' salary guideline.* Spend less and the relatives will talk. Spend more and they'll rave.
6. Watch her as you browse. Go by how she reacts, not by what she says. She may be reluctant to tell you what she really wants. Then once you have an idea of her taste, don't involve her in the actual purchase. You both will cherish the memory of your surprise.
7. Find a reputable jeweler, someone you can trust, to ensure you're getting a diamond you can be proud of. Ask questions. Ask friends who've gone through it. Ask the jeweler you choose why two diamonds that look the same are priced differently. Avoid Happy Harry's Diamond Basement.
8. *Learn more.* For the booklet *"How to buy diamonds you'll be proud to give,"* call **1-800-FOREVER,** Dept. 21.
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PLAYBOY

vol. 44, no. 9—september 1997

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COVER STORY

Jenny McCarthy and Pamela Anderson—two blonde goddesses who have become dream girls. Did we mention where each got her start? Here on our pages, of course. Both have moved on to show business success and celebrity status, and we're so proud we thought it was time for a pictorial honoring them. Our cover shot of Jenny was taken by Arny Freytag; Pamela's by Stephen Wayda. Our Rabbit always has been a good student; he's one of Jenny's prized pupils.

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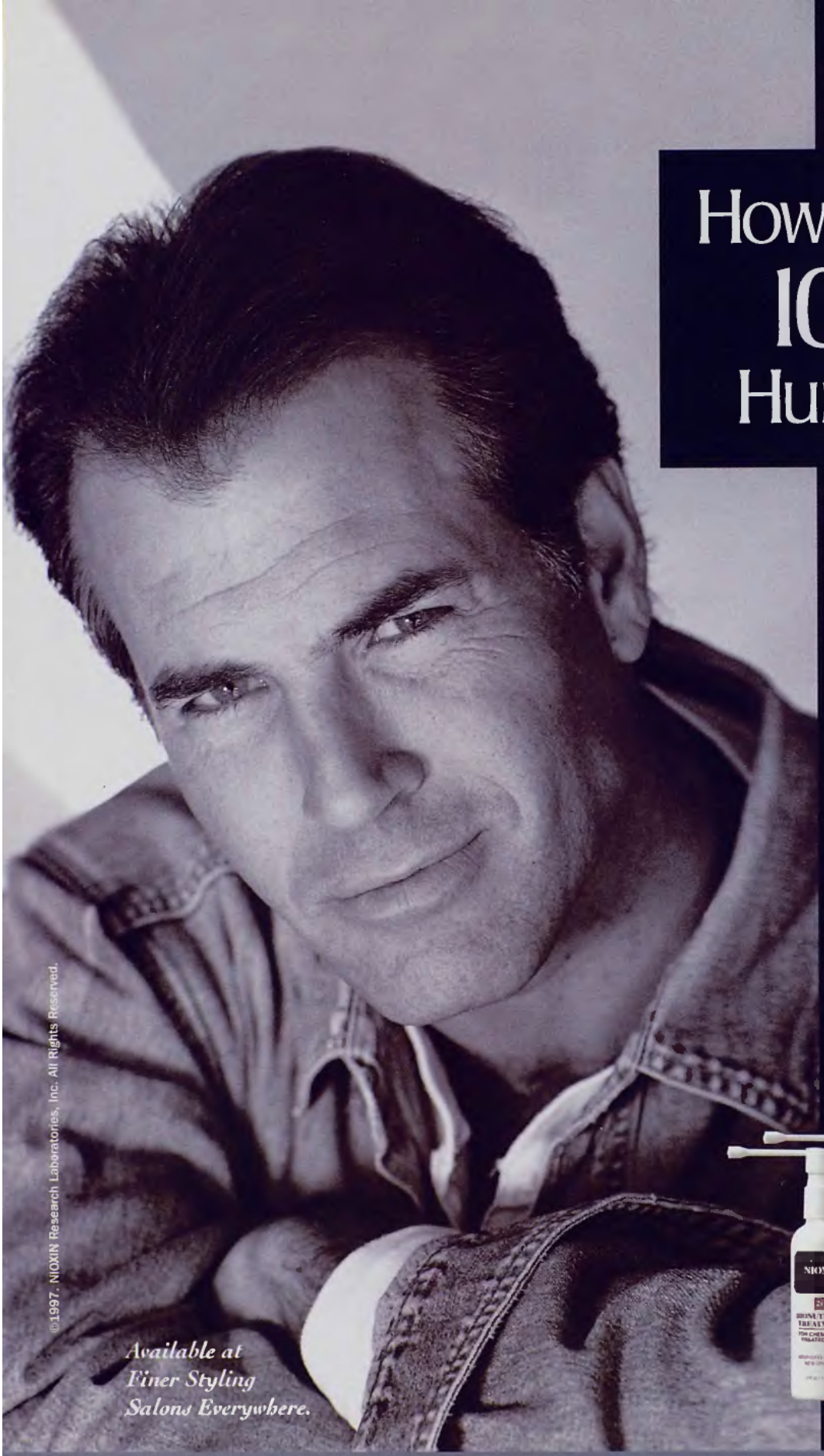

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OKLAHOMA CITY

There's no question that the 1995 bombing of the Alfred P. Murrah Federal Building was a horrible and brutal crime. But running Ben Fenwick's *The Road to Oklahoma City* (June) undercuts a basic right that everyone in this country, including Timothy McVeigh, is entitled to. Every U.S. citizen is presumed innocent in a court of law. I want to see justice served as much as the next guy, but I find it disturbing that PLAYBOY, a champion of constitutional rights, has ignored the Constitution in a rush to judgment.

Wayne Williams
waynew3@juno.com
Fayetteville, Arkansas

We did our job. We had a constitutional right to report the story. McVeigh's constitutional rights were guaranteed in a courtroom.

Your article on McVeigh was allegedly prepared by his defense team, yet it frequently quotes ATF mock-ups and continually portrays the prosecution's contrived case. It has McVeigh pulling backup and primary detonator cords minutes before he parked the Ryder truck. It states that these were irrevocable acts, but he was not yet assured a parking space by the Murrah Building on a busy morning. This is insane. The entire scenario appears to have been written by a stupid young lawyer who wants to incriminate McVeigh.

Richard Reul
richreul@pahrump.com
Pahrump, Nevada

We have confidence in the legitimacy of the documents. Ben Fenwick's article was based on those defense documents as well as other sources. The article was not prepared by the defense team. What's insane here isn't a parking scenario, but the bombing itself.

WORM'S WORLD

Dennis Rodman (*Playboy Interview*, June) claims the NBA is crippled and that he's the crutch. Nothing could be further from the truth. He stopped acting like a professional when he opted to become a media-fueled freak. It's a shame that Rodman is more interested in shocking people than in dazzling them with his on-court talent.

Gregory Roberts
Folsom, California

Rodman compares himself to Jimi Hendrix. I'd like to point out the differences: Hendrix was an egoless soul with a prodigious talent for music, while Rodman is a shameless self-promoter with the ability to rebound. If he's looking for someone to compare himself to, he should try Milli Vanilli.

Michael Slattery
Elizabeth, New Jersey

No doubt you will get hostile mail about Dennis. These days, he's everybody's whipping boy, but the truth is that he's doing now exactly what he did when everybody loved him. Like most kids, he just doesn't know when to quit. I hope it isn't until after the Bulls get their sixth championship.

Mark Cox
Chicago, Illinois

VICTORIOUS VICTORIA

PLAYBOY prides itself on its first-class articles and world-class taste in women. Scandinavian beauty Victoria Silvstedt (*Playmate of the Year*, June) certainly validates that taste.

Brian Rodgers
Grove City, Ohio

Victoria epitomizes charm, beauty and self-determination. I knew she was destined for greatness when she appeared in December 1996. I'm glad I was right.

Daniel Torres
TorresHouse@worldnet.att.net
Chula Vista, California

A MESSY AFFAIR

A.J. Benza's treatment of adultery (*The Perils of Adultery*, June) is callous and

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cavalier. The Popeye excuse—"I yam what I yam"—isn't valid for philanderers, fellas. Don't get married if you can't keep your dick in your pants. Adultery is a problem as old as time, but advising people on how to have affairs is irresponsible.

Juliet Whitted
jewel@sirius.com
San Francisco, California

Benza's primer on how to cheat on one's wife is extremely distasteful. His infidelity statistics come from his circle of friends, certainly not mine. A.J. should stick to what he knows—gossip.

Ed DuBeau
EDubeau@aol.com
Mechanicsburg, Pennsylvania

Why would Benza glorify adultery when sexually transmitted diseases, including AIDS, are out there? He should write an article on the ways couples can keep the spark in their relationships instead of giving men excuses and 100 ways not to get caught.

Jonette Vallon
New Orleans, Louisiana

PENIS ENVY

Michael Parrish's article *Up, Up & Away* (June) is a disservice to men suffering from erectile dysfunction in that he doesn't devote enough attention to psychology as a mode of therapy. If the problem is physiological, a physician should certainly be consulted. If it's psychological, however, there are other treatments, such as sensate focus, which was developed by Masters and Johnson. In the long run, the quick fix may not always be the best solution.

Travis Hill
Germantown, Tennessee

CALLING NURSE CAROL

A note to Julianna Margulies (*20 Questions*, June): I'm a 36-year-old stay-at-home mom from Kentucky. I live in a nice house with indoor plumbing. I have all my teeth and all my fingers, and I wear shoes outside. I've never had sex with my brother, father or any other member of my immediate family. I also have enough class to invite Julianna to my home for dinner if she's ever in Louisville—as long as she can give me a couple of hours' notice so I can defrost a possum, clean off the fancy eatin' table and polish up the pot passers.

Cathy Barden
Louisville, Kentucky

Like Margulies, I too was born in New York, but I was raised in Kentucky. Surely Margulies is aware that the world is much too large for such ugly generalizations and that perpetuating hurtful stereotypes is not witty but the mark of an unimaginative mind.

Christine Gerst Lane
Louisville, Kentucky

There is no more beautiful a woman on television than Julianna Margulies.

John Young
Cleveland, Ohio

CARRIE ON

As far as I'm concerned, you've found the next Playmate of the Year in Carrie Stevens (*Carrie's New Life*, June). Her sexy smile, hypnotic eyes and fabulous body are a delightful combination.

Anthony Fernandez
El Paso, Texas

As a subscriber for more than 20 years, I've marveled at the beauty and sophistication of hundreds of incredible PLAYBOY pictorial subjects. But I've never written to you until now. Carrie Stevens represents all the positive qualities I admire in PLAYBOY's women. Not only is she genuinely beautiful, she's also a woman

who has known tragedy yet carries her experiences gracefully.

David McCarty
Indianapolis, Indiana

I was moved by Carrie Stevens' memories of her former boyfriend Eric Carr. As a former Kiss fan, I felt Eric was the best drummer the band ever had and that his death was a tragedy. God bless Carrie for having the strength to get on with her life.

David Konow
Calabasas, California

I have no doubt that Carrie Stevens will follow in Victoria Silvstedt's footsteps next year. Besides being beautiful, she seems to have a great personality.

Michael Barrett
Maplewood, Missouri

NOT SO SHARP

Touré's *Al Sharpton Has a Dream* (June) reads like a biography without any of the interesting stuff. As for the Reverend, if he truly wants to stop racism in this country, he should stop calling himself a street nigger.

Daniel Statkowski
Cherry Tree, Pennsylvania

The fact that Al Sharpton is running for mayor is uproariously funny, but the possibility that he may be elected is frightfully unnerving.

Joyce Rich
Pasadena, California

CARLIN SPEAKS

Thanks for the genius of George Carlin in the June issue (*Brain Droppings*). Another common unnecessary phrase: new innovation.

David Kloman
Pensacola, Florida

ELECTRAFIED

I enjoyed the Carmen Electra pictorial (*Electra Magnetism*, June). Who says blondes have more fun?

Robert Cosentino
Robocoz@ix.netcome.com
San Jose, California

Carmen Electra's pure sensuality makes *Singled Out* a show I don't like to miss. I look forward to seeing her in a bathing suit on *Baywatch*.

Bill Simpson
Franklin, Tennessee

PLAYMATE REVISITED

When Lisa Baker made her 1966 appearance in PLAYBOY, she touched many of the GIs serving in Vietnam. Her June pictorial brings back fond memories.

Rocky Hanrahan
Wilmington, Massachusetts

Lisa Baker is lovelier today than when she won Playmate of the Year honors in 1967. I'm joyfully mystified as to how this happened. Thank you, PLAYBOY, for allowing us to visit with her again.

Lanny Middings
San Ramon, California

A PLAYBOY-INSPIRED TRADITION

I belong to a group of Civil War buffs who camp and compete throughout the year. A colleague wrote a letter to PLAYBOY in 1969 in which he requested a punch recipe. You replied and started a tradition that continues to this day. Playboy Punch has been served at our gatherings five to eight times a year, and the ingredients are mixed in a 55-gallon drum. Once a year, the veterans of our organization gather at our Shenandoah Valley campsite for a special competition. This marks our 25th year of the punch party. We will make 30 times the original recipe and mix it with a canoe paddle.

Steve Light
Dunkirk, Maryland

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

CLASS ACT

At Northwestern University's Law School graduation this past June, graduate Benjamin Bass spoke to his classmates and observed: "I'm pleased to report that the class of 1997 includes individuals of the highest moral character, people who selflessly put society's interests ahead of their own. I salute both of them."

THE END OF THE RAINBOW COALITION

Toe-loving opportunist Dick Morris has nothing on his San Francisco counterpart, Jack Davis. The campaign mastermind behind the last two mayoral winners managed to do the impossible—he shocked the local electorate. Davis' 50th birthday was attended by, among others, Mayor Willie Brown, the district attorney and a state assemblywoman. It featured live sex and bondage acts (gay and straight), male and female strippers and a glory-hole wall next to the stage. A satanic priest who headlined the bill had a woman carve a pentagram into his back. Then, before the astounded crowd of heavy hitters, she urinated on the bleeding design and sodomized him with a bottle of whiskey. "It was like walking into a Mapplethorpe exhibit. It was so disgusting," said San Francisco sheriff Michael Hennessey. Perhaps most embarrassed by the affair were San Francisco 49ers executives, who had hired Davis to run a campaign to raise $100 million for a new stadium. Naturally, this led some local wits to joke that Davis was secretly working for the Dallas Cowboys.

CALLOUS TREATMENT

Dermatologists in New York City offer to reduce facial wrinkles in patients by injecting them with Botox, a botulism-causing bacteria that deadens tissue. The procedure costs $800. Recently, doctors have been touting an additional benefit of the treatment: It numbs the forehead to the extent that patients are inhibited from frowning or forming other facial expressions that would telegraph emotions during a business negotiation.

THE COLOR OF TENURE

The Wall Street Journal pointed out the growing academic discipline of "white" studies and reported on a meeting of professors and students in the field at, of course, the University of California–Berkeley. Elements under study include shopping malls, the Internet and Spam. May we suggest looking into Lawrence Welk's music, the history of the Weber grill and golf prior to Tiger Woods? In response to the charge that the study of whiteness doesn't carry academic weight, one doctoral student replied, "They said that about Madonna studies, too."

SPICE CAKE

If you can't stand the superhot Spice Girls, then maybe you'd enjoy them dressed in something cooler. The Naked Spice Web page has collected pictures of Geri "Ginger Spice" Halliwell from the days when she was a nude model. The tantalizing raw Spice girl can be viewed at www.thehub.com.au/~sikosis/spice.htm. But what truly made us slaphappy was the accompanying quote from Geri: "Do you wanna come over here, darlin', and tell me while I smack your bottom?" She's not kidding—at a fund-raiser she pinched the royal heinie of Prince Charles.

ILLUSTRATION BY GARY KELLEY

SHIP OF STATE

British elections are always fun. In April, Screaming Lord Sutch's Monster Raving Loony Party proposed in its platform that Britain be towed to the Mediterranean in order to improve the island's damp and foggy climate. Barring that, the party suggested eliminating January and February to shorten the winter. Also on the agenda was a proposal to require dogs to eat phosphorescent food to make their soilings more visible and therefore easier to avoid.

MAIL NAG

Coming to the aid of our deteriorating language skills is Ellen Phillips and her business, Ellen's Poison Pen: Professional Letters of Complaint. For $15 per 100 words, Phillips will boil down your rant, compose the facts in clear and forceful language and mail it off to the offending party. She boasts a 90 percent success rate in righting wrongs and getting redress or compensation, but her skills are not limited to complaints. She is also responsible for a series of love letters that ended in a happy marriage.

SERB SOMEBODY

The troubles in Serbia have apparently spawned a rash of soothsayers. Newspapers are clogged with ads for fortune-tellers, and business is brisk. The queen of the Serbian soothsayers is Kleo Patra, a 36-year-old transvestite whose clients include the wife of Serbian president Slobodan Milošević. His $80 fee is the equivalent of an average month's salary. He sports long red hair and diaphanous gowns, and though he weighs more than 200 pounds, he sells diet teas and pills called Kleo tablets that promise to make the user more vital. He even has a TV show on which he warns that the "Serbs are a doomed people destined to slaughter themselves in catastrophic wars in the next century." As for the U.S., he

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"Bill, I don't do Windows."—SCIENCE FICTION GRAND MASTER RAY BRADBURY TO BILL GATES WHEN GATES RECENTLY ASKED BRADBURY ABOUT HIS COMPUTER NEEDS

RUNNING ON FUMES

According to a recent survey in *Medicine and Science in Sports and Exercise*, average number of alcoholic drinks consumed per week by male marathoners: 14. Average number of drinks consumed by their sedentary counterparts: 5.

MARRY ME, EH?

According to a survey recently conducted by Club Med, the percentage of women who believe that Canadian men make the best husbands: 41.

MULTIPLICITY

Percentage rise in twin births in the U.S. since 1980: 42.

RICH MAN, PORSCHE MAN

Selling price of a 1954 Porsche 356 Speedster owned by Jerry Seinfeld at a recent auction: $82,950. Estimated market value if Seinfeld's name had not been associated with the car: $45,000.

CAUGHT IN A BARE TRAP

Percentage of men who admit to having had sex with a woman they actively disliked: 58.

FAIR-WEATHER FRIENDS

Gross receipts of *Friends* actor David Schwimmer's film *The Pallbearer*: $5.7 million. Of Matt LeBlanc's film *Ed*: $4.4 million. Of Matthew Perry's film *Fools Rush In*: $30 million. Of Courteney Cox' film *Scream*: $100.2 million. Of Lisa Kudrow's film *Romy and Michele's High School Reunion*: $24.8 million. Of Jennifer Aniston's film *She's the One*: $9.5 million. Gross of former *Friends* pet monkey Marcel's movie *Outbreak*: $67.7 million.

FACT OF THE MONTH

In a study of 86 couples in their early 20s, women partnered with the most physically symmetrical men (those with proportional feet, facial features, wrists and so on) claimed to have orgasms 75 percent of the time—more than twice the rate (30 percent) claimed by women with the most lopsided partners.

MICKEY MUTANT

The average cost of a white lab mouse: $1. The cost of a specially bred, genetically engineered lab mouse: $300.

DEBT KNELLS

The average consumer debt per U.S. household in 1990: $38,734. In 1995: $50,529. Projected average debt in 2000: $65,796.

BLUE TUBE

Chances a TV program during the "family hour" will contain sex-related talk or behavior: 75. Percentage increase since 1976: 400.

ALTITUDE SICKNESS

Percentage of women who won't sleep on an airplane: 27. Percentage of those women who won't sleep because they're afraid of drooling: 32.

UNCLE SAM I AM

According to Random House, percentage of firstborn children in the U.S. who have a Dr. Seuss book: 20.

GONE TO POT

Estimated number of Americans who smoke marijuana in an average month: 10 million.

DON'T BLAME DEMI

According to the Motion Picture Association of America, percentage increase in cost of producing and promoting a movie during the past ten years: 148. —LAURA BILLINGS

says, "Don't worry about America. In your country I see lots of floods." Whew. Patra is also sought out for relationship advice. "I tell couples who have trouble that they each have to go out and find new sexual partners. Usually one of them loves the idea and the other has to be persuaded. If you love someone you have to be able to give them up for others to love. For Kleo Patra, physical betrayal does not exist." Patra does not take criticism lightly. When a local paper accused him of being a sham, he said that he was preparing "to beat that so-called reporter like a cat."

HOT PLATE SPECIAL

We admire the Vermont woman whose creative vanity plate reads 3MTA3. The plate number is more interesting when seen through the rearview mirror.

BORIS' SECRET

Capitalism in Russia is risky. Thus, the company that manufactures bulletproof vests for Boris Yeltsin has come out with bulletproof men's briefs. The boxer-style shorts have seven steel plates and what seems to be a drop front for easy johnson withdrawal in case you need to urinate. The shorts are designed to deflect a bullet from an Uzi at five meters or, we assume, the wrath of an angry Russian wife from much closer in.

RHAPSODY IN BLUE

The Eat Me Now soft drink company is marketing a new beverage called Motley Brue, in honor of the band of almost the same name. The cobalt blue drink not only leaves your mouth an intense azure, it electrifies your subsequent bowel movements as well. Eat Me Now says that Motley Brue is for those "who are done with the drugs and alcohol thing but still want to have fun." What could be more sinlessly enjoyable than shitting a Smurf?

ONE-NOTE PALATE

Luciano Pavarotti recently told *Biography* magazine that he becomes totally absorbed when he paints. "I don't feel tired or hungry," the rotund tenor said. "I often forget to eat." The key to his willpower was revealed in a description of a representative Pavarotti still life: "Melon balls poached in Cointreau, on a bed of French vanilla ice cream."

OH SAY, CAN YOU SEE?

Lucy Lawless, a.k.a. Xena the Warrior Princess, converted an arena full of hockey fans into Xenaphiles when she sang the national anthem at an NHL playoff game. As she finished she flung her arms high, which proved too much for her bustier: *voilà!*—braless Lawless. Of course, the fun ended when she was whistled for crossing the blue line.

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MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

THE ONLY sympathetic character found in ***In the Company of Men*** (Sony Classics) is an attractive deaf woman named Christine (Stacy Edwards). Two ambitious businessmen, Chad and Howard (Aaron Eckhart and Matt Malloy), who have had trouble with the women in their lives, use Christine as the target of their sexual revenge. They pretend to love her, then leave her, comparing notes along the way. The cruel prank by these frustrated corporate players is clearly related to their ethics on the job. Feeling threatened from boardroom to bedroom, they trample on Christine's fragile ego with an intensity that won *Company of Men* a Filmmakers Trophy for drama at this year's Sundance Film Festival. Christine's bitter victory is that one of the seducers falls in love with her, but the other one scores. Feminists are divided about writer-director Neil LaBute's well-crafted movie. Is it a put-down of women, or a highly sympathetic portrait of a woman victimized by competitive, mean-spirited men? Either way, LaBute has turned out an edged-in-black tragicomedy that forces the audience to think twice. ¥¥¥

•

Six newly unemployed guys in a British steel town decide to go for broke after noting a crowd of women lined up to see male strippers in a traveling Chippendales show. That's ***The Full Monty*** (Fox Searchlight). The men want to cash in, despite the fact that they're a motley sextet of overweight, overage or merely overconfident local yokels. Directed by Peter Cattaneo and taken from a lively screenplay by Simon Beaufoy, *Monty* features Robert Carlyle (Begbie the psycho in *Trainspotting*) as the group's dogged ringleader, with Tom Wilkinson and Hugo Speer among his exhibitionist chums. More about survival than sex, this droll Anglo sleeper starts with a sly smile and ends with a flourish. ¥¥¥

•

Director Kevin Reynolds, whose previous efforts (*Waterworld*, *Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves*) have been mediocre, redeems himself with ***187*** (Warner Bros.). Written by Scott Yagemann, a former teacher who knows the turf, this taut, provocative thriller stars Samuel L. Jackson in a meaty role as Trevor Garfield, a dedicated high school science teacher in Brooklyn. Stabbed by a student, his resolve severely shaken, he transfers after a yearlong recovery to a school in Los Angeles. Despite the moral support of colleagues (John Heard and Kelly Rowan), history repeats itself for Garfield. He finds his new post just another arena of mindless violence—with amoral, unteachable students in command. The movie has a grainy, natural look and an implacable commitment to truth, however harsh it might be. Bereft of easy solutions, *187* (the section of the California penal code that defines murder) hits you like a hard left hook. ¥¥¥½

Perez and Walker: Bright *Angels*.

Men playing love games, guys blending genders and gals making waves.

•

Twenty years elapse before two school friends, Karl and Paul, meet again on a London street in ***Different for Girls*** (First Look). At first, Rupert Graves as Paul the macho bike messenger doesn't recognize his former chum, now a transsexual named Kim, convincingly portrayed by Steven Mackintosh. Once Paul has absorbed the shock, he teaches Kim how to ride a motorbike, and a strange, close relationship develops. There's no high-camp local color to obscure the sympathetic depiction of Mackintosh's low-profile Kim, who writes greeting-card copy and who would rather concentrate on her career than flaunt her revised gender. Director Richard Spence and screenwriter Tony Marchant handle this story of improbable romance with candor and dignity. ¥¥½

•

Made in New York and variously described as a psychological whodunit or a romantic mystery, ***Sunday*** (Cinepix) scores as an acting showcase for two top-notch British performers. Another audience hit and award winner at Sundance, the movie stars David Suchet (PBS' detective Hercule Poirot) as a down-on-his-luck man, formerly with IBM, living at a homeless shelter in Queens when he is mistaken for a famous movie director by an unemployed English actress (Lisa Harrow). What first appears to be a simple case of misidentification turns into a kind of cat-and-mouse game. The two strangers wind up in bed, the woman's estranged husband appears and complex questions develop as to who's doing what to whom. Co-author and director Jonathan Nossiter's attempts to tantalize the viewer are partly successful, though he fritters away far too much time with the shelter's male occupants discussing the absent IBM man. *Sunday* works best when its two talented principals are left to walk, talk, lie through their teeth and wonder. ¥¥

•

Nobody probes the hearts and minds of the British working class like writer-director Mike Leigh, acclaimed for his 1993 *Naked* and 1996 Oscar nominee *Secrets & Lies*. Leigh scores slightly lower with the modest, wry and rueful ***Career Girls*** (October Films). Ten years after they were London roommates, Hannah and Annie (Katrin Cartlidge and Lynda Steadman) get together again. They're more sophisticated now, referring to their pasts in flashbacks while Hannah hunts for a fancier flat. In the process, they bump into former male friends who jog their memories of the bad old days. Mark Benton is the mentally disturbed Ricky, and Joe Tucker is a macho real estate huckster named Adrian who can't quite remember that he took both women to bed a decade earlier. The English accents get pretty thick, but that's a minor handicap for this touching spice-of-life comedy. ¥¥¥

•

Set in Spain circa 1934, just before the outbreak of civil war, the sleekly produced ***Talk of Angels*** (Miramax) scores with showy performances by two hot European stars. England's drop-dead-beautiful Polly Walker joins France's Vincent Perez in the trite tale of an Irish governess who falls in love with handsome and married Francisco, son of the family that employs her. He's a rich anti-fascist, but forget the political backdrop. Directed by Nick Hamm, this adaptation of a book by Irish novelist Kate O'Brien is lush, old-fashioned schmaltz, just what Bette Davis and Olivia de Havilland used to do. True to formula, the passionate lovers wind up saying goodbye to avoid hurting other people. Backed by a

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Meaney: His Irish is up.

OFF CAMERA

Irish-born **Colm Meaney,** 44, has managed not to be pigeonholed into a son-of-Erin stereotype. He is in his fifth season as operations officer Miles O'Brien on TV's *Star Trek: Deep Space Nine* series and plays in a slew of films, including *The Van*—third in the Roddy Doyle trilogy that began with *The Commitments*. He played the father in that film, a role that still ranks as one of his favorites. "I was a sort of Elvis Presley worshiper. The humor appealed to me."

Meaney left school in Ireland at 17 to be an apprentice fisherman. "That's very hard work, and I wised up quickly. Out in a storm one day, a guy said: 'Why don't you fuck off and get into the priesthood or something?'" Instead, he joined Dublin's Abbey Theater school, which led him to New York, Los Angeles and his first role in a major film, in director John Huston's *The Dead*.

Colm has worked in theater, movies and TV since he moved to the U.S. in the early Eighties. He is now divorced and lives in California with his 12-year-old daughter, describing himself as "a resident alien." The crop of movies on Meaney's résumé this year includes *Con Air*, in which he plays the government man, "a borderline asshole." Recently completed is *Owd Bob*. ("Actually, that's the name of a sheepdog. It's about Irish shepherds, and I play a very nice guy, for once.") He's a pimp in another movie he calls the Untitled Kerrigan Movie, and a small-time Boston criminal in a film directed by Ted Demme. Meanwhile, it's back to Ireland for a week's work. Then he'll be on a two-week holiday in Greece, "with my daughter, who's very into archaeology." He hasn't had a vacation in two years. "I sound like a workaholic, yet I've always thought of myself as slightly lazy." Now that smacks of pure blarney.

solid multinational cast (including Frances McDormand, Franco Nero and Ruth McCabe), Walker and Perez earn points for coating the film's abundant clichés with glamour. ¥¥

•

Made in Australia and adapted from a stage play by David Williamson, ***Brilliant Lies*** (Castle Hill) deals with sexual harassment. Director Richard Franklin charts the case of Susy (Gia Carides), who sues her former employer (Anthony La Paglia) for blatant harassment and wrongful dismissal from her job. It turns out to be a rigged accusation, concealing truths almost more damning than Susy's original statements indicate. That's the surprise payoff that keeps *Lies* clicking along, with nice work by Carides and her sister Zoe (cast as Susy's on-screen sister Katy, a lesbian who has a problem lying for her sibling). Ray Barrett adds another dimension as the girls' alcoholic, abusive father, whose daughters treat him with more respect than he deserves. Laced with wry humor, *Lies* handles a touchy subject with compassion. ¥¥½

•

Cameron Diaz and Rupert Everett walk off with scene-stealing honors in ***My Best Friend's Wedding*** (Tri-Star). Though she's the star, Julia Roberts has the least appealing role. She's a conniving bitch through most of this uneven comedy, scheming and lying to keep her longtime best friend (Dermot Mulroney) from marrying the woman he really wants (Diaz, as a thoroughly charming nitwit). Everett plays Julia's gay boss from New York, who poses as her love interest to make Mulroney jealous. He breezily dominates the movie's very best scenes. When it's good, *Wedding* is pretty good. And when it's just OK, it's a shaky vehicle for Roberts, who's almost impossible to admire until she's slathered with stardust in the final reel. ¥¥

•

If you're partial to monster movies, the one to see is ***Men in Black*** (Columbia), director Barry (*Get Shorty*) Sonnenfeld's witty, inventive spoof of every special-effects epic from *E.T.* and *Alien* to *Jurassic Park*. As K, the main man in black (with Will Smith as his partner, J), Tommy Lee Jones deadpans: "There are about 1500 aliens on the planet, most of them here in New York." Tracking them down—especially Vincent D'Onofrio as the evil Edgar—leads to inspired fun, written by Ed Solomon, about a plot to destroy earth. Smith, after his winning stint in *Independence Day*, seems entirely in sync as Jones' straight man, ably abetted by Linda Fiorentino as Laurel the medical examiner. Here's one of the major pleasures of summer 1997 for those who'd rather be entertained than bombarded by nonstop sound and fury. ¥¥¥¥

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

Alive and Kicking (Reviewed 8/97) Gay British dancer falls for his shrink. ¥¥
Batman & Robin (Listed only) Generic standard mayhem. OK, but the real stars are Arnold and Uma. ¥¥
Box of Moonlight (8/97) John Turturro is a rigid electrical engineer learning to bend a little. ¥¥
Brilliant Lies (See review) A case of sexual harassment down under. ¥¥½
Career Girls (See review) Two former roommates in swinging London. ¥¥¥
Different for Girls (See review) Transsexual dates onetime pal. ¥¥½
Dream With the Fishes (8/97) Would-be suicide elects to live it up instead. ¥¥
The Full Monty (See review) British guys taking it all off à la Chippendales. ¥¥¥
Grind (7/97) Billy Crudup plays a bad boy, and you'll be hearing more about him. ¥¥½
Guantanamera (8/97) Love blooms on a burial trip in modern Cuba. ¥¥¥
In the Company of Men (See review) Two guys set on sexual revenge. ¥¥¥
Intimate Relations (6/97) A dubious lodger beds his landlady and her daughter. ¥¥¥
Late Bloomers (8/97) Lesbian love erupts and disrupts a small-town high school. ¥¥¥½
Love! Valour! Compassion! (7/97) Holiday weekends with the gay set. ¥¥¥½
Men in Black (See review) High-level sf spoofery—and a laugh riot. ¥¥¥¥
Mrs. Brown (8/97) How Queen Victoria shucked off her widow's weeds. ¥¥¥
My Best Friend's Wedding (See review) Julia gets bitchy and places third. ¥¥
Nightwatch (6/97) Ewan McGregor faces serial murderer in morgue. ¥¥¥
187 (See review) Samuel L. Jackson scores as a traumatized teacher. ¥¥¥½
Ponette (8/97) Child actress triumphs as girl whose mother dies. ¥¥¥
Star Maps (8/97) Celebrity-home tours or cheap thrills from Hollywood studs. ¥¥½
Sunday (See review) Homeless man meets actress for mutual deception. ¥¥
Talk of Angels (See review) Love in Spain before the civil war. ¥¥
This World, Then the Fireworks (8/97) Fiasco with screwed-up siblings. ½
Ulee's Gold (7/97) Peter Fonda comes into his own in a role similar to those his father used to play. ¥¥¥¥
Wedding Bell Blues (7/97) Hunting for husbands in Las Vegas, three gals crap out. ¥¥

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

Jersey worn by Bronko Nagurski in 1943 when, after a 6 year retirement, he returned to play three positions for the Chicago Bears, and lead them to an NFL Championship.

Watch worn by Brian McDermott the night he regained his crown as arm-wrestling champ at Michael's Old Town Tavern.

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GUEST SHOT

For **Michael Caine,** video is the best way to feed his passion for his profession. "I have mainly classics in my collection," says the suave Brit, "especially all of those early black-and-white thrillers, such as *The Third Man*, *On the Waterfront* and *Casablanca*. Those were the days when personality and plot led the movie, not just spectacle." Although he admits he owns the blockbusting *Independence Day*, he's quick to add that "the special effects are incredible, but the script is nil." And while the Caine tape library also includes the works of, well, Caine (*Dirty Rotten Scoundrels*, *Zulu*, *Alfie*), he's not his favorite English actor. That honor, he says, is reserved for his late friend Cary Grant. "I have almost every movie Cary made. He was a wonderful guy and a great hero." —SUSAN PICKIN

VIDBITS

News was really news when Walter Cronkite was behind the microphone, and now CBS Video has given the veteran anchorman his due. ***Cronkite Remembers*** ($19.98) is a 95-minute tribute to "the most trusted man in America," featuring highlights from the legendary newsman's six decades of reporting the events of the day. Included are Cronkite's coverage of the Kennedy administration, the space program and the Vietnam war (when Cronkite denounced U.S. military involvement on the air, President Johnson declared, "I've lost Walter Cronkite, I've lost the war!"), as well as archival news footage and rare home movies. And that's the way it is.

ZOMBIES ON PARADE

Green skin, glassy eyes, an insatiable appetite for human flesh. Congressmen after hours? Of corpse not—they're zombies. Stalk right up.

Cemetery Man (1995): Who said zombies aren't sexy? Gravedigger Rupert Everett has a hot tryst with supermodel Anna Falchi before she begins to decompose.

Dead Alive (1992): Director Peter Jackson's audacious, over-the-top gorefest climaxes when Timothy Balme crashes a rockabilly zombie party with a lawn mower—turned sideways.

Night of the Living Dead (1968): George Romero's seminal low-budget shocker about Pennsylvania being overrun by relentless zombies is still one of the scariest films of all time. Don't watch it alone—or with a full stomach.

I Walked With a Zombie (1943): Classic title but not many ghouls—just girls. Nurse Frances Dee uses voodoo to revive a baron's frigid wife. Sure, try it at home.

Zombie Island Massacre (1984): Former congressional wife Rita Jenrette has better luck fending off an army of decaying zombies—while singing—than she does keeping her clothes on.

Re-Animator (1985): Mad med student Jeffrey Combs' serum brings body parts back to life. The film's highlight—involving a naked woman and a reanimated severed noggin—redefines "giving head."

Return of the Living Dead (1985): In this biting (and chomping) spoof of Romero's *Night*, brain-eating fiends and mutilated dogs devour Louisville. Directed with sicko verve by Dan O'Bannon.

The Stepford Wives (1975): The robotic housewives of Stepford, Connecticut keep in shape, obey their husbands and have sex on command. So, uh, what's the problem? —BUZZ MCCLAIN

LASER FARE

It's a second chance for ***Seconds*** (1966), John Frankenheimer's razor-sharp drama about an unhappy businessman who gets transformed through plastic surgery and still isn't happy. Rock Hudson is in top form, and cinematographer James Wong Howe keeps the tension high. The Paramount Deluxe Edition of *Seconds* ($40) has been remastered in a wide-screen format (1.85:1), with added footage and commentary by Frankenheimer. . . . Once DVDs catch on, the game will undoubtedly be: Who can put the most imaginative supplementary material on the discs? Warner's DVD release of ***The Exorcist*** (1973, $25) has a jump on the action, having included a simultaneous French audio track alongside the English version. This will delight trivia buffs who know that French film legend Jeanne Moreau dubbed the voice of Mercedes McCambridge, who provided the growls and curses of the possessed Linda Blair. OK, so how do you say, "Your mother sucks cocks in hell" in French? —GREGORY P. FAGAN

VIDEO STOGIE OF THE MONTH

Its production values are modest, its star power nonexistent and there isn't even an automatic weapon in sight. But ***The Premium Cigar*** (Chameleon, $24.95) is informative, practical and unpretentious—useful qualities when it comes to navigating today's trendy world of cigars. The 60-minute guide covers the basics—how to select, cut, light and smoke a good handmade cigar—and even includes a few tips on cigar etiquette and a study of tobacco blending. Light up, boys.

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
MUST-SEE	***Donnie Brasco*** (FBI mole Depp gains Pacino's confidence and burns the Mob; satisfying swim with familiar fishes), ***Rosewood*** (Florida, 1923: white rage levels a black community; true tale made slick and vivid by John Singleton).
SUSPENSE	***Absolute Power*** (überburglar Eastwood sees the prez engaging in deadly tryst; standard-issue Clint, but worth a look), ***Smilla's Sense of Snow*** (half-Inuit Julia Ormond probes small murder with huge implications; gorgeous Greenland visuals).
DRAMA	***Blood and Wine*** (shady folks finagle over hot necklace; Nicholson and director Rafelson heat up tepid noir tale), ***Lost Highway*** (David Lynch diptych contrasts two twisted love triangles; Patricia Arquette smokes in the closer).
SLEEPER	***subUrbia*** (local slackers wax philosophical when prodigal rock star pal returns; Bogosian's script, crisply filmed by Linklater), ***Gridlock'd*** (junkies Shakur and Roth try to go clean; *Running Scared* meets *Trainspotting*).
ART HOUSE	***Angel Baby*** (mentally ill couple attempts pregnancy sans medication; striking if cliché-ridden Aussie effort), ***Desolation Angels*** (sensitive type turns mocha maniac when a pal rapes his girl; director Tim McCann's jarring debut).

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MUSIC

ROCK

FORMER NIRVANA drummer Dave Grohl played most of the instruments on Foo Fighters' 1995 debut, emphasizing the melodic aspects of his previous band. On ***The Colour and the Shape*** (Roswell/Capitol), Grohl's guitars and vocals are augmented by a full band, including sideman Pat Smear, formerly with the Germs and Nirvana. This time, Grohl leans on his old punk roar and crunch while maintaining his melodic smarts. *Monkey Wrench*, *My Poor Brain* and *Wind Up* are often exhilarating and never a mere carbon copy of Nirvana. Foo Fighters proves it can build on the grunge legacy instead of plunder it.

A few years after the breakup of his country rock band Uncle Tupelo, Jeff Tweedy took Wilco to critical acclaim with the daring double album *Being There*. But his ex-bandmate Jay Farrar's outfit, Son Volt, is even more impressive. On its sophomore effort, ***Straightaways*** (Warner Bros.), Farrar's plaintive vocals are grounded by bristling guitars and the sweet whine of a pedal steel. *Straightaways* sounds like Neil Young and Gram Parsons crossed with early R.E.M.

Even Deadheads will admit that Jerry Garcia's guitar playing could sometimes be mere noodling. But bluesy and soulful? That's the side of Garcia that's revealed on the superb ***How Sweet It Is. . .*** (Grateful Dead/Arista), a live recording by his jazz and rhythm-and-blues side group, the Jerry Garcia Band. Loose but funky covers of Marvin Gaye, Bob Dylan and Lightnin' Hopkins focus Garcia's playing. His slinky explorations are still graceful, but here they're also gritty. Garcia could play with this fire and edginess in the Dead, but never as consistently or joyously. —VIC GARBARINI

The first few times I saw the video for Hanson's single *MMM Bop*, I thought, That lead singer is the hottest babe on MTV since Jenny McCarthy. So imagine my surprise when I read in the press bio accompanying ***Middle of Nowhere*** (Mercury) that Hanson consists of three brothers, and the hot babe is in fact a 14-year-old boy named Taylor. I suspect a record company marketing ploy in Taylor's lip gloss (young women dig innocent androgyny), but I still love that damn song despite my outraged libido. Taylor has an amazing voice, urgent and innocent and ear-grabbing in the way of Michael Jackson's voice at the peak of the Jackson Five. *MMM Bop* consists entirely of three chords: A-D-E, the first three that every guitar player learns. Millions of songs have been written around them. If it sounds new and fresh to my old ears, that's because it's new and fresh to Hanson. Nobody has made A-D-E this catchy since the Troggs, and we should all be grateful. The rest of the album ranges from pretty good to so-so, with Taylor's voice being the redeeming factor. Hanson could be a contender, and it could be a one-hit wonder. But, oh, that one hit.

KONSTANTIN KALOV

Foo Fighters' new *Colour and Shape*.

Foo Fighters build on Nirvana's legacy, Jerry Garcia rocks and the Hanson brothers bop.

Nostalgia television was a load of crap when it came out, and it's a load of crap now. But since it's a part of my childhood, I have some feeling for it. ***Show & Tell: A Stormy Remembrance of TV Theme Songs*** (Which) is an anthology of 35 such songs, and the punk bands on it capture the right balance between contempt and affection. They may even get you some laughs at your next party when you play *Name That Tune*. —CHARLES M. YOUNG

U.K. music is split between techno and pop. Bis, three wiseass kids from Glasgow, is pop. But Bis isn't interested in the Sixties totems that so inspire Blur and Oasis. The Beatles and the Kinks are older than Bis' parents, so when the band digs for roots, it unearths Gary Numan and Duran Duran. ***The New Transistor Heroes*** (Grand Royal) is keyed to punky unison chants and high-pitched keyboards and guitars. The music seems designed to irritate older listeners—as are the attacks on pop stars, homophobes and businessmen. Bis isn't the first band to believe this is the best way to target teens. We shall see.

Like Bis, Tiger extends the guitar-saturated garage-band attitude to various keyboards (including Moog bass) without sounding at all techno. But in general, this quintet from southwestern England takes a more open approach than does Bis. On the EP ***Shining in the Wood*** (Bar None, Box 1704, Hoboken, NJ 07030), Tiger's delight with itself is unmistakable, and in pop, that's the ultimate prize. —ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Skunk Anansie is one of the best young rock bands in the U.K. With some luck, it will make waves on this side of the pond. The band's second U.S. release is called ***Stoosh*** (One Little Indian/Epic). Led by Skin, a black lesbian with a shaved dome and a great voice, an anthem such as *Yes, It's Fucking Political* rips into the lyrics with pit bull gusto. The lyrics dwell obsessively on politics and sex, often viewing both as sides of the same coin. But Skin is also effective on ballads. *Infidelity (Only You)* and *Hedonism (Just Because You Feel Good)* are delivered with poignancy. Skunk Anansie is capable of great intensity. I hope the group can break through.

—NELSON GEORGE

COUNTRY

Ray Wylie Hubbard wrote *Up Against the Wall Redneck Mother*, which became the anthem of outlaw country. Hubbard did what rebellious young rednecks do to render themselves legendary, and then he sobered up, grew spiritual and learned to control his craft. But Hubbard also did the unexpected: He became a powerful artist. ***Dangerous Spirits*** (Rounder/Philo) offers a song cycle that moves from bitterness to revival. The music touches country basics: bluegrass, norteno and honky-tonk rock and roll. At its center is Texas folk blues, best expressed in the wicked slide guitar ballad *The Last Younger Song*. But that's just the craft. As an artist, Hubbard now provides what twice-born outlaws rarely manage: He cuts loose with a palpable sense of joy. On the songs *If Heaven Is Not a Place to Go* and *Without Love*, Hubbard's grave voice glides with the joy of a boy who has become a man.

The soundtrack to ***Traveller*** (Asylum) could be the country concept album of the year, pairing some of Nashville's finest with C&W and rock chestnuts. While Randy Travis singing Roger Miller, and Jimmie Dale Gilmore doing Lefty Frizzell, are pretty obvious, persuading Mandy Barnett to sing anything is right. But getting real rock and roll out of the pallid likes of Bryan White, and a touching *Young Love* from Kevin Sharp, ought to earn an award for producer Bill Paxton. —DAVE MARSH

FAST TRACKS

R&B

OMC's ***How Bizarre*** (Mercury) is a fine, soulful, funky album from a Nuiean-Maori New Zealander. Imagine a multinational Marvin Gaye copping licks from New Order and surf music, and you get the picture. If you can't imagine it, better listen up, because *OMC* brings it off.
—DAVE MARSH

BLUES

How does 80-year-old John Lee Hooker do it? You don't pull off albums as energetic as ***Don't Look Back*** (Point Blank) simply by recruiting younger artists such as Van Morrison and Los Lobos. For that matter, Hooker maintains an intensity that his pals have lacked lately—hell, it's livelier than what he did 30 years ago. Maybe Hooker's limitations have made him immortal. In case that's true, I'd try regular doses of this stuff as an elixir. —DAVE MARSH

RAP

Heavy D checks in with ***Waterbed Hev*** (Uptown/Universal), a 12-track collection that places his playful boasting and double entendres over sample-heavy R&B tracks. Listening to Heavy D is like hearing a compilation of everything that is going on in hip-hop. It's rarely innovative but it's charming.—NELSON GEORGE

Anyone who has concluded that DJ Shadow is what hip-hop is all about should check out Shadow's buddies Lateef and Lyrics Born on ***Latyrx: The Album*** (Solesides, P.O. Box 6254, Albany, CA 94706). —ROBERT CHRISTGAU

JAZZ

The album of duets by pianist Herbie Hancock and saxophonist Wayne Shorter, ***1 + 1*** (Verve), will surprise fans. With no other instruments (or even an amplifier) in sight, these two old friends create a program of introspective acoustic chamber music. When Shorter's soprano sneaks in after one of Hancock's introductions, it may as well be a diva singing of love and loss. The format makes it difficult to sustain variety, and you'll need extra hearings to sink into these intimate conversations. But *1 + 1* is heartfelt.

In the early Nineties, tenor saxophonist Clifford Jordan led a jazz orchestra that critics adored. But the band's one album had such dismal sound, the rest of us remained unconvinced. Now comes ***Play What You Feel*** (Mapleshade, 2301 Crain Highway, Upper Marlboro, MD 20774) to clear things up. Jordan's band featured the same surging power as did his rough-hewn saxophone. Hearing it in detail, you can understand the fuss. —NEIL TESSER

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Bis *The New Transistar Heroes*	8	5	7	4	6
Foo Fighters *The Colour and the Shape*	8	8	9	6	8
Hanson *Middle of Nowhere*	7	7	8	6	8
Roy Wylie Hubbard *Dangerous Spirits*	5	8	6	9	7
Skunk Anansie *Stoosh*	6	8	8	5	8

HELLO, GORGEOUS DEPARTMENT: An auction held in Los Angeles last spring gave **Barbra Streisand's** fans a chance to bid on items "worn, owned or touched" by the diva, including gym socks. And you thought **Elvis** soap on a rope was silly.

REELING AND ROCKING: Producers of a new movie called *Monterey Pop*, starring **Claire Danes** and **Ethan Hawke,** want **Pete Townshend** to do some of its music. The real festival (the **Who** played there) is a backdrop to the film, a love story. . . . **Hammer** is coming out from under his money woes and can be seen in a Showtime movie, *Connections*. . . . *The Player*, which took on Hollywood's dark side, will have a music business counterpart in *Weasels*, about a music honcho who signs a talentless female act. Expect a soundtrack CD and cameos by record-biz types. . . . There will be a film bio of **John Hammond,** who signed **Dylan, Aretha, Springsteen** and **Pete Seeger** to Columbia Records. . . . **Vanessa Williams** will shoot a movie about the world of Latin dance competitions and perform some of the songs on the soundtrack, written by **Gloria Estefan** and her husband, **Emilio.** . . . A documentary of the making of **Carly Simon's** new album will air on American Movie Classics in October. . . . **Ice Cube** has directed *Player's Club*, a movie he also wrote. . . . A film on the life of **Phil Spector** may be made by the *Jerry Maguire* team of **Tom Cruise** and **Cameron Crowe.** . . . **Madonna** may play a Harlem violin teacher in *Fiddlefest*. . . . **U2** has recorded a song with **Sinéad O'Connor** for **Wim Wenders'** new movie, *The End of Violence*. . . . The **Spice Girls** have announced they're making a Nineties version of *A Hard Day's Night*. We'll be the ultimate judge of that.

NEWSBREAKS: *Golden Throats #4: Celebrities Butcher the Beatles* is out this month from Rhino. You can wince through **Bing Crosby's** *Hey Jude* and **William Shatner's** *Lucy in the Sky With Diamonds*, among others. . . . In the five years since its inception, the Smithsonian Institution Oral Jazz History Program has collected more than 100 interviews, and the archives are accessible to researchers, students, journalists and jazz lovers. For more information, call 202-633-9166. . . . MCI will present the 40th Annual Monterey Jazz Festival September 19–21. Headliners include **Sonny Rollins, Arturo Sandoval, Koko Taylor** and **Charlie Haden.** . . . **P.J. Harvey** is in the studio and shooting for a fall release of her next album. . . . **TLC** is also in the studio, with an expected November release date. The women are discussing film work too, both acting and singing. . . . They're back: **K.C. and the Sunshine Band's** reunion album, *Yummy*, will feature all new material (the group's old hits have been covered by everyone from **White Zombie** to **Montell Jordan**). . . . The five-CD boxed set *Genius and Soul: The 50th Anniversary Collection* contains material that spans **Ray Charles'** career. It just went on sale. . . . Cable-TV honcho **Alan Gerry** bought the 37-acre site of the Woodstock Festival and 1000 surrounding acres for a music theme park. Yikes. . . . If you're in Washington, D.C., check out the Starland Café owned by **Joan** and **Bill Danoff** (he of the **Starland Vocal Band**), for an afternoon delight of another kind. . . . Songwriter **Jim** (*Total Eclipse of the Heart*) **Steinman** and **Roman Polanski** are casting a vampire musical that will open in Vienna in October. It's described as "savage rock sounds and opera." —BARBARA NELLIS

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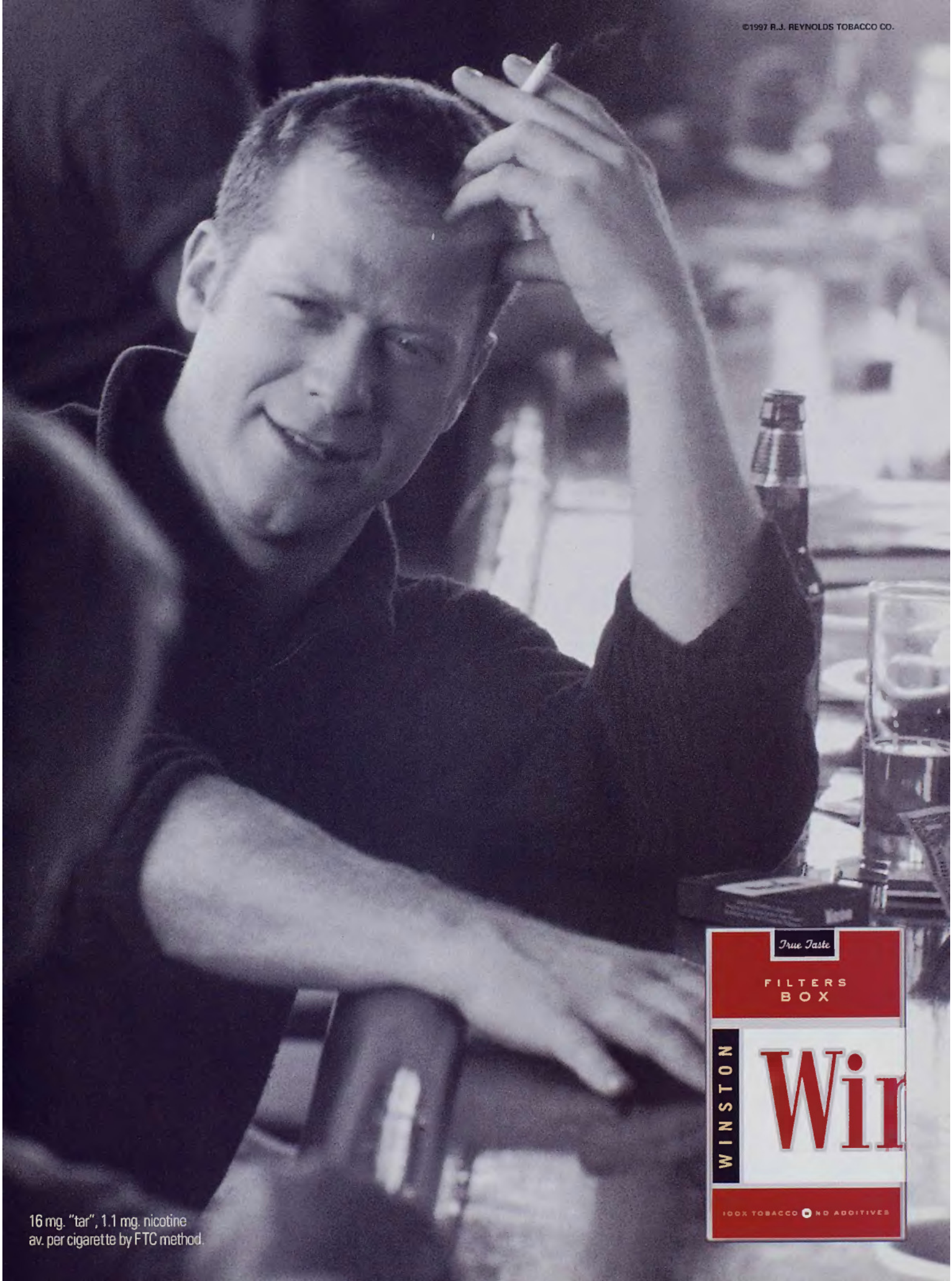

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BOOKS

UNCOMMON CONVERSATIONS

In this dark age of celebrity soundbites, Studs Terkel is a journalistic Diogenes. He has given voice to the rarely heard working men and women of America in eight books of remarkable interviews. For his latest, ***My American Century*** (New Press), he selects 46 unsung people to summarize his life's work in a sort of anthology. Excerpted from classics such as *Division Street*, *Hard Times*, *Race*, *Working* and *Coming of Age*, these interviews reveal the 85-year-old Terkel as our keenest anthropologist. The range of his conversations is wide: He talks with former Klansman C.P. Ellis, cabbie Dennis Hart, former stockyard worker Eva Barnes and Jean Gump, a grandmother who was in federal prison for protesting missile silos in Missouri. All provide riveting testimony. This book condenses a 30-year search for people whose convictions give meaning to their lives—and ours. —DIGBY DIEHL

GRISHAM OR GENESIS?

Say you find yourself on a deserted island without either Pamela Anderson Lee or a Bud but with one book. What would it be? According to a nationwide survey commissioned by *Publishers Weekly*, the big favorite for the lonely sand is the Bible, which was picked by 17 percent of the respondents. That sends novels by Stephen King and John Grisham floating off in bottles (with only four percent each). The survey also reveals that women buy more books than men—as if Oprah's book club weren't proof enough. Guys, on the other hand, are the top readers of science fiction, business and computer technology books. Interestingly, the majority of readers (63 percent) claim to be unimpressed by best-seller lists, and more than two thirds of them decide what to read by checking out the dust-jacket blurbs.

TOM CROSSES THE LINE

As historical romances go, ***Mason & Dixon*** (Henry Holt) is downright strange. But it's no run-of-the-mill bodice-ripper—it's Thomas Pynchon's 773-page take on the two English surveyors who delineated the boundary between Pennsylvania and Maryland. It's actually a complicated shaggy-dog tale, with a cast of characters that includes Ben Franklin, a hemp-smoking George Washington, a mechanical duck and an able ancestor of Pig Bodine. The reader will struggle with the book's anachronistic style, but the effort is rewarded. The slyly named narrator, the Reverend Wicks Cherrycoke, takes Mason and Dixon on their vaudevillian journey to America. But, for all of its picaresque qualities, *M&D* is essentially about the enduring follies of the Age of Reason and the false accuracy and misguided imperatives of straight lines. In fact, after the two surveyors finish running their line through the Alleghenies, they come to recognize it as a "conduit for Evil." A delightful mixture of high and low, of Laurel and Hardy and Diderot, *Mason & Dixon* stands out as one of the best literary novels of the decade.—LEOPOLD FROEHLICH

ABBE SENNETT

MAGNIFICENT OBSESSIONS

August 16 marks the 20th anniversary of Elvis' death, but the King lives—certainly in books. ***Elvis: Precious Memories*** (The Best of Times), by Donna Presley Early and Edie Hand with Lynn Edge: A family book inspired by the King's aunt Nash and cousins Danna and Edie. Their Elvis is tender, vulnerable, humorous and spiritual. ***Memphis Elvis-Style*** (John F. Blair), by Cindy Hazen and Mike Freeman: A definitive guide to the city the King called home traces his life through the churches where he dreamed of stardom, the recording studios and stages where he performed, the restaurants where he ate and even the dealerships where he bought his cars. ***Elvis: In the Twilight of Memory*** (Arcade), by June Juanico: Forty years after "the luckiest girl in the world" ended her romance with Elvis, Juanico wrote her memoirs. ***Child Bride*** (Harmony), by Suzanne Finstad: Priscilla Beaulieu, the woman who married the King, reveals his dark side. ***Down at the End of Lonely Street: The Life and Death of Elvis Presley*** (Dutton): by Peter Harry Brown and Pat Braeske. From the team that wrote the 1996 *Howard Hughes: The Untold Story* comes this downbeat portrait of Elvis' final years that includes the bulk of his medical records. ***I, Elvis: Confessions of a Counterfeit King*** (Boulevard Books), by William McCranor Henderson: The story of a middle-aged professor who trades his chinos and oxfords for a jeweled jumpsuit in his quest to be the King. It's a trip. —HELEN FRANGOULIS

HOLLYWOOD'S FAST LANE

Fast Forward: Growing Up in the Shadow of Hollywood (Knapf) will knock your socks off. Photographer Lauren Greenfield documents children of privilege and of the streets in 79 unforgiving photographs accompanied by interviews. Seduced by celebrity, appearances, money and possessions, these children don't even seem to be aware of their loss of innocence. Nose jobs, modeling, personal trainers and a bar-mitzvah go-go dancer are just parts of ordinary life for these extraordinary California kids. —HELEN FRANGOULIS

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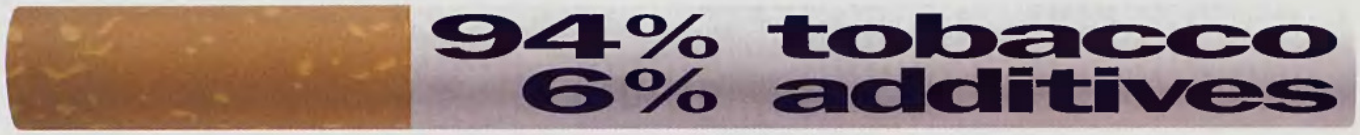

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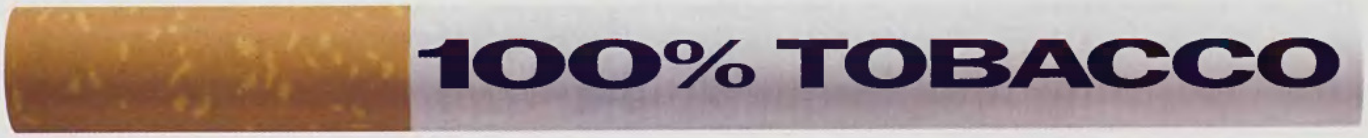

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MORE DISHING

We knew Rupert Murdoch's plans to create a 500-channel service for direct-broadcast satellite were too good to be true. As we reported last spring, Murdoch's News Corp. intended to merge its ASkyB DBS system with Echostar's Dish Network to create a single service called Sky. But Sky was grounded shortly after the initial announcement, leaving the Australian media mogul looking for another partner. According to newspaper reports, Murdoch may have found one in Primestar, the number two satellite service. Although this deal could crash as quickly as Sky did, the buzz surrounding its potential continues to stir up competition in the growing DBS market. Primestar subscribers could find that the

KUNIO HAGIO

merger with News Corp. means smaller dishes (from 36 inches to 18 inches) and significantly more programming options. In the rival DSS camp, program providers DirecTV and USSB have hinted at expanding their 200-channel service by way of technical refinements and options on new satellite licenses coming up for auction soon. And Echostar, now flying solo (with marketing support from its first licensee, JVC), will move forward with its plans to add "spot beaming" of local channels, initially in the eastern half of the U.S. We'll keep you posted on all of the progress.

VHS GOES DIGITAL

Not content to let DVD hog the video spotlight, the 20-year-old VCR is jumping into the digital age. New D-VHS VCRs let you record digital bit streams beamed from direct-broadcast satellites onto special tapes, with virtually no loss of quality. For DSS subscribers, RCA and Hitachi are introducing D-VHS VCRs designed for the system's new high-end Generation III receivers. Late this year, JVC will introduce a D-VHS VCR compatible with Echostar's Dish Network receivers. All will be priced under $1000, but there's a hitch. With such superior recording capabilities, program providers—especially Hollywood studios—are nervous about pirates duplicating their wares. Still under discussion is a copyright protection system for satellite signals. If the system goes into effect, you may not be able to record those pay-per-view movies onto D-VHS after all. On the upside, D-VHS cassettes (which resemble VHS tapes) hold more than 40 gigabytes of data—far more than any storage media available. So even if you can't record movies, the machines are a natural accessory for big downloads from PC/TV appliances.

AMY CREHORE

THE CONVERGENCE PUSH

Dismal sales of the first PC/TV products may suggest that the sofa set prefers its boob tube without a brain. But that's not stopping electronics and PC manufacturers from attempting to computerize the TV. Gateway 2000 recently introduced its second-generation Destination, a combination 32-inch Mitsubishi TV and MMX- and DVD-equipped PC. IBM has modified an office computer for the living room, and Compaq has joined forces with RCA to launch PC Theater, a powerful computer with a 36-inch RCA television. These systems cost $2000-plus, but several companies (including Sony, Philips, Zenith, Proton and Mitsubishi) are going more affordable routes, either by tweaking their television sets to allow for Web surfing, chatting and sending e-mail, or by introducing separate components capable of the same. Our take? This is just practice. When HDTV hits in 1998, TVs will be computers whether we like it or not.

WILD THINGS

Cordless phones don't get much funkier than Astralink's Clipfone (pictured below). Created by San Francisco's renowned Frogdesign—the company that gave Mac and Acer computers visual punch—the 25-channel cordless comes in a variety of color combinations and base-station options. Our favorite, the $160 Clipfone 6300, combines a speakerphone base with a charger that can accommodate four handsets. Each offers two hours of talk time or, when not in use, can go three days without a charge. For those who want to juice their Clipfone independently, Astralink also sells remote chargers with an extra handset for about $60. • If you're into space-efficient electronics, check out Sony's SLV-AV100 Power Cinema VCR. This home-theater component combines a four-head hi-fi videocassette recorder with a Dolby Pro Logic audio-video receiver. The price: about $700. • If you have a big media room, and a bigger budget, check out Panasonic's new 61-inch PT-61XF70 projection TV (about $4000). In addition to its 750-line resolution capacity, this monster set features a built-in DVD player. If you haven't yet experienced DVD, the five-inch multimedia format combines a superior picture and digital surround sound with major storage capacity. (The entire *Star Wars* trilogy could be stored on a single DVD.) • Minolta has introduced the coolest digital still camera to date—the Dimâge V. This slick silver point-and-shooter costs about $900, stores images on a removable PCMCIA card and features a rotating 2.7x zoom lens that detaches from the camera body, allowing you to shoot from any angle.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 160.

Bowlers

Spats

Straw Boaters

Zoot Suits

Fedoras

Grey Flannel Suits

Leisure Suits

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HEALTH & FITNESS

HELP FOR THE HESITANT

Steak or fish? Celica or Mustang? Break up or shack up with Brenda? If you wrestle with such questions, you may be going about your decision making in the wrong way. You're probably thinking too much. New research suggests that people who suffer from the Hamlet Syndrome (self-absorption and doubt when decisive action is called for) can learn to choose wisely. Neuroscientists at the University of Iowa Medical College found that successful decision makers consider logic and fact but discover what's right for them by heeding their intuition. The research compared two sets of subjects: one group with normal brain function, one with damage to the area of the brain that affects decision making. The "normal" group relied on instinct and feeling-based hunches and came out on top. Those whose choices were fact-based made self-destructive decisions and lost. Laura Day, author of *Practical Intuition*, teaches "emotional" decision making by stressing attention to feelings over expert opinion, common sense over preconceived ideas. Relax, breathe, free-associate with your eyes shut, she advises, and ask yourself specific questions such as "Should I marry Brenda?" instead of ambiguous ones such as "Will I ever be happy?"

WILD MAN WEIL

If you've never heard of Andrew Weil, you've probably been on an inadvertent "news fast," the soothing break from world events prescribed in his latest best-seller, *Eight Weeks to Optimum Health*. In it, the guru of alternative medicine—named one of the year's most influential people by *Time*—turns his theoretical opus, *Spontaneous Healing*, into an action plan that includes good nutrition, Chinese herbs, detoxification and advice such as, "Buy fresh flowers" and "Get a puppy." Weil has a medical degree from Harvard, where he and classmate Timothy Leary conducted groundbreaking research on mind-altering drugs in the early Sixties. In *Eight Weeks*, Weil weighs in on everything from cavities to cancer. Noncelebrity docs demand clinical data. Weil replies that he crafts his remedies from anecdotal evidence—though with book tours, speaking gigs and a PBS contract, he's not likely to see any soon. Look him up at www.drweil.com.

Mud is good: Weil in the wild

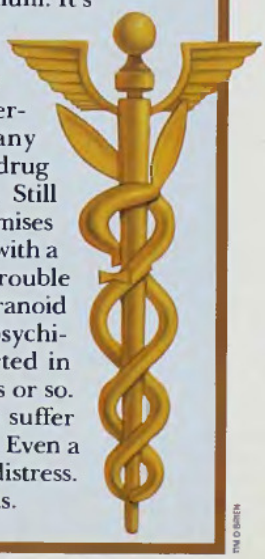
GLIDERS—FLYING HIGH OR HYPE?

So you're up late watching one of those annoying infomercials. It's a Health Walker. No, it's an Airofit. No, it's a Fitness Flyer. "Call now," the announcer says, "for firmer thighs, tighter arms and glutes that stand up and shout hallelujah!" But wait. Are these glider devices the miracles they're touted to be? Not quite. "These machines are not adaptable to all fitness levels and will not produce the promised results to an everyday exerciser," warns exercise physiologist Richard Cotton from the American Council on Exercise. If you're presently inactive, steady use of an air glider can tone muscles, boost endurance and burn calories equal to a slow walk or jog. But look elsewhere if you want a high-intensity workout or muscles with cut or bulk. Many brands are wobbly, noisy and unstable, so try before you buy, meaning shop in a fitness store, not off late-night TV.

DR. PLAYBOY

Q: I've heard there's a new recreational drug on the scene that's better than ecstasy. I never tried ecstasy, but I'm tempted by this one. Can you tell me about it?

A: The drug is most likely ketamine, also known as Special K, Vitamin K, K, Green or Cat Valium. It's a dangerous sedative intended only as an anesthetic for animals. It is particularly popular these days on the club scene in New York, where emergency-room doctors have seen many partygoers after they've snorted the drug and lost control of their muscles. Still tempted? The hype on the drug promises the dreamy, hypnotic effect of heroin with a sexual buzz similar to cocaine. The trouble is, a bad ketamine trip resembles paranoid schizophrenia and can end in the psychiatric ward. Ketamine is mostly snorted in 75–100 mg doses and lasts 30 minutes or so. It's also injected. Regular users can suffer seizures and permanent memory loss. Even a casual dose can cause severe mental distress. This is a high that's not worth the risks.



WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 160.

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MEN

By ASA BABER

GOOFY AND ELLEN

Along with those 100 percent pious, straight and morally perfect Southern Baptists, I was shocked this past spring when stand-up comedian Ellen DeGeneres came out as a gay woman (came out in real life, that is, along with Ellen Morgan, her character on *Ellen*, a mediocre sitcom on Disney-owned ABC).

Having had no clue that Ellen was anything but a heterosexual woman with a great lust for men (and having developed an enormous crush on her), I started going to group therapy with several male friends to handle the shock I felt on April 30.

To hear the hypemeisters tell it, Ellen's revealing of her homosexuality was a radical and risk-taking adventure and an exercise in conglomerate courage. (Did you ever notice how often high-level executives talk about their courage?) And if you listen to what some of my buddies in group therapy are saying, the hypemeisters may be right.

Timmy the Trader, a 30-year-old commodities broker at the Chicago Board of Trade, echoed our universal confusion about the matter: "Ellen's announcement that she is gay destroyed me. I wasn't prepared for it. I used to be six feet tall, but that show sucked all the marrow out of my spine and now I'm a foot shorter. My shrink says it's called post-traumatic Ellen disorder. She thinks I should sue ABC and Disney for exposing me to it. But she also thinks they were incredibly brave to air such a sensational episode."

Dirk the Turk, a 40-year-old private investigator from Gary, Indiana, agreed: "As I watched *Ellen* that evening, my world fell apart. What is ABC trying to do to us? Boy, they sure pulled the wool over my eyes. I had placed Ellen on a pedestal as the ideal woman for me. I've never been married, but Ellen was my first choice for a bride. I could see the little bungalow in the glen, the white picket fence, Ellen cooking dinner for me in the kitchen while I sat on my butt and drank beer in the living room. It was an unrealistic fantasy, but a man can dream, can't he? I even had her poster taped on my bedroom ceiling. But I was thoroughly fooled by an entertainment conglomerate. They had me so bamboozled. Ellen is gay? I'm ashamed I didn't see it until now."

Boomer the Tumor, a 50-year-old trucking executive from Cicero, Illinois, had the same reaction. "The first time I saw Ellen on her show, a couple of years ago, I got completely turned on. Biff-boom-bop, that's the chick for me, I said to myself. I can be a charming guy, you know. I make great lasagna, I sing like Pavarotti and I put a clove of garlic up my ass every time I take a broad to bed. I do all the right things, in other words. And most women love me, so I was ready to hit on Ellen if I ever met her. But Disney should have prepared me better for the fact that she likes only girls, because that really screwed with my head, man. I may never be able to love or trust a woman again."

Mac the Hack, a 20-year-old Northwestern University student majoring in computer sciences, had similar problems. "I usually go into the computer lab with a toothbrush, a case of peanut butter and my laptop for a few months at a time, so I miss a lot of ordinary things. But I always tuned in to *Ellen*, no matter what else I was doing. Ellen was a major sex symbol for me and all my computer-geek friends. We had envisioned her as the Marilyn Monroe of the Nineties, real slinky and seductive. She kept sending out these vibes that said, 'Take me, take me, you great big hunks of masculinity.' She gave guys like us hope. But we crashed like hard drives when she came out of the closet. She had us deleted before we had even booted up, and we didn't know it."

Given the extraordinary hype about Ellen's coming out—about how spectacular it was going to be and how bold the executives were to broadcast it—you might think that those of us in the straight world would never be able to recover our equilibrium. We learned, supposedly for the first time, that: (1) human sexuality is a complicated matter, (2) some women are not attracted to men, (3) some women are sexually turned on only by other women and (4) some women find men unimpressive in the sack (DeGeneres told Diane Sawyer on *20/20* that she had tried sex with a couple of men and found that she didn't like it. "I kept hearing the song *Is That All There Is?*" she reported. With some condescension in her voice, I thought).

•

Even in this age of hype, the efforts to sell *Ellen* were pretentious in the extreme. Most of us understand that there are women not attracted to the male gender. That concept has been made quite clear to us for several decades. Furthermore, most of us are not prejudiced or antigay, and to be told repeatedly that we are is insulting and boring. This is the last taboo, of course: to tell those people who would portray us as bigots that we are not bigots, that the straight-versus-gay debate has been vastly overhyped and that it is time for influential forces such as Disney and ABC to stop painting us as biased and stupid. With *Ellen* they sold us a revelation that was not a revelation. They hyped an orchestrated pseudo-confession that neither shocked nor surprised us.

It is said that when Disney acquired ABC, some of ABC's executives were sent to Disney training seminars in order to learn the ways of Chairman Walt. It is also said that those same executives were stuffed into costumes and sent out into the crowds at Disneyland so they could see through Goofy's eyes the power of the public's infatuation with the Disney myth.

That was a good idea, and whoever thought of it should get a promotion, but somebody should tell those executives to take off their Goofy costumes and get back to work.

Obedience School Graduate.

Valedictorian.

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

My girlfriend and I have been together a little over a year. We are both sophomores in college. Being sort of old-fashioned, I don't believe in premarital sex. For the past three months, she has been trying to push me into it. Last week I overheard her talking with a friend and got the impression she may start looking elsewhere for sexual fulfillment. I don't want to lose her, but I don't want to compromise my values, either. What should I do?—N.S., Indianapolis, Indiana

Before your girlfriend leaves, reconsider why you wish to remain a virgin until you're married. Sometimes sex can teach you lessons about yourself that can help strengthen a relationship. Other times it keeps people in bad relationships from moving on. While many people believe sex should be part of only a committed relationship such as marriage, others embrace chastity because they have deep-seated fears of the alternative. Where does the Advisor stand? We believe in great sex. If you sleep with your girlfriend to keep her from leaving, it won't be great sex. And she'll leave anyway.

A while back you printed a letter from a college student asking if it was abnormal for a man to wear women's underwear. The letter reminded me of the first time I wore a woman's panties. My date and I were on a skiing weekend. As I was getting ready for bed, she asked if I had any extra underwear. I thought this was peculiar but erotic. She rummaged through my duffel bag and pulled out a pair of clean white briefs. She giggled as she pulled them up over her curvaceous ass and let the elastic snap across her flat stomach. She then pulled on one of my T-shirts. She jumped into bed, saying she had her pajamas on and wanted me to tuck her in. I had never felt so sexually charged. She said there was one more thing to put on before we started. I said, "My socks?" She laughed and told me to lie down and close my eyes. I could sense something smooth and feathery being pulled over my feet and up my legs. I lifted my butt and felt her slide the silky fabric between my cheeks. When I opened my eyes, I was wearing purple thong panties that fit snugly over my erection. My date stroked my throbbing cock through the fabric until I told her we had better fuck before I came in her panties. Would you classify this as abnormal?—L.W., Toronto, Ontario

Clean underwear got you laid? This changes everything.

Does a condom have to be used immediately after it is opened? I would like to keep my girlfriend guessing.—C.J., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

If you want to keep her guessing, play

"Jeopardy." Putting on a condom too long before intercourse could allow the latex to dry out. That increases the risk of breakage and could make intercourse uncomfortable. Other tips: Open the package carefully so you don't nick the condom with your teeth or nails. If the condom feels brittle or sticky or looks discolored, discard it. If the condom won't roll on easily, you have it inside out. Squeeze the tip to create room for the semen. And it's best to wrap a used condom in tissue and throw it in the trash rather than flush it down the toilet, where it could clog the plumbing.

I'd like to comment on the letter in May from the reader whose wife wouldn't let him come in her mouth. Has he considered that she might not like the taste or texture of come? I have stilled many of my wife's apprehensions by going down on her after intercourse. She doesn't like the feeling of come oozing out of her as she falls asleep, so I clean up by performing oral sex on her. Usually it ends up being foreplay, with the second climax (or the third) being even more intense. I have to say I'm not crazy about the taste or texture of ejaculate, but it has become an incredible turn-on for my wife. She's now more inclined to let me come in her mouth once in a while. It was a big step, but it's a start, and we have been married for 20 years. Would that reader's wife be willing to take it into her mouth if he would?—J.H., Boise, Idaho

Isn't this how parents get kids to eat beets? As the editors at Bust (www.bust.com) advise men in a guide they call "Don'ts for Boys": "Don't ask me to swallow anything you wouldn't swallow yourself." We admire your fortitude, and we like how you manage to rev your wife's idling engine.

Your response to the reader whose wife didn't want him to come in her mouth included the verdict, "She won't finish because she thinks your ecstasy is her degradation." That could be the problem. But there are other possibilities. Like many women, I have had negative experiences when guys have ejaculated in my mouth. This happens when an excited lover places his hand on the back of my head at the moment of climax, then pushes down while he thrusts up with his penis. Even though men have not meant to hurt me, I've choked, and it's frightening. I've learned to communicate my concerns now and it's no longer a problem. I love giving blow jobs and having men come in my mouth. You would have been of more service if you had encouraged the reader to gently explore the problem with his wife or suggest she discuss it with a female friend who enjoys the full blow-job experience.—L.N., San Francisco, California

We're talking about the same thing: communication. Unfortunately, that reader's wife didn't seem open to discussion. Instead, she offered an ultimatum and a lame excuse ("They only do that in the movies"). As for the suck and choke, other female readers wrote to express the same concern. One woman said she harnesses her husband's unbridled orgasms by tying his hands and midsection to the bed. First she brings herself to orgasm using his erection like a dildo. Then she sucks him until he ejaculates. The moment he begins to come, she lifts her lips off of his penis so he can see himself squirting into her mouth. As a finale, she "corks the geyser" by deep-throating him. "I love taking control of his cock," she says, and for some reason, he never complains.

Thanks for the question in August about sex in space. But what about masturbation? Surely an astronaut could be more discreet with that sort of sexual activity. In its literature about the space shuttle, NASA points out that "the bathroom on the orbiter is a private room where the curtain is drawn, with a normal-looking toilet, a light over the right shoulder to read by and the hatch window on the left to look down at earth." The toilet includes a flex tube that uses airflow to pull urine (or come) into a receptacle. Unfortunately, NASA doesn't provide specifics on the force of this airflow, or suction created by this tube, or how closely it fits the penis.—R.B., Miami Beach, Florida

It is difficult to believe that at least a few astronauts haven't yanked their emergency cords in-flight. A former NASA flight

ILLUSTRATION BY ISTVAN BANYAI

surgeon reported "anecdotal evidence" that arousal and ejaculation can occur in zero gravity. As if every guy on earth doesn't already know erections can happen anywhere.

One of my pet peeves is when the waiter opens the wine without putting it on the table and thus allows it to shake. In France, the wine opener sets the bottle on the table while extracting the cork and never shakes or stirs the wine. When I complain about this to servers, they treat me like a boor. What does the Advisor think?—B.T., Oakland, California

We're with you. A good restaurant will store a bottle of wine on its side. If it needs to be decanted when it is ready to be served, it should be carried so as not to disturb the sediment on the side of the bottle. Anything a server does that shakes the bottle is unnecessary showmanship—the sommeliers of France and most in the States know this. You aren't being a boor for asking that your wine be served properly.

My lover and I enjoy a ritual that we've never seen mentioned in the *Advisor*. Her pubic hair is dense and grows so fast that I get to trim it monthly. We aren't content with bikini trims but prefer artwork instead. I've created an arrow (guess where it points), my initials, a Christmas tree and a Dallas Cowboys star. We take a snapshot of each creation and enjoy reminiscing with our private photo album. My lover also gets a kick out of predicting what my next sculpture will be. The only expense is the batteries for my mustache trimmer. What do you think?—R.M., Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

You're an artist. Have you tried the Rabbit Head?

Eighteen months ago my wife of nine years was diagnosed with multiple sclerosis. She feels sick much of the time, so I don't make advances. I love her and want to continue the relationship, but I have this desire to go out and get royally laid. One wild weekend would do the trick, but I'm sure my conscience would kick in. What should I do?—C.T., Los Angeles, California

You don't have to have a sick wife to want to get royally laid. This is a common problem with couples where one partner has a chronic illness—the healthy spouse often feels more like a caretaker than a lover. But who says your wife doesn't want to be intimate? Buy a vibrator to stimulate her and allow her to stimulate you. Seduce her in the morning when she's likely to be most energetic. Touch and be touched. Watch an adult movie or read erotica together. Even lying in bed naked and stroking each other can be satisfying. Intercourse may not be possible, but there's more than one way to have wild sex.

Have you ever heard of anyone having a hand fetish? I asked my girlfriend what first attracted her to me, and she said she loved my hands. Is she pulling my leg?—H.G., Baltimore, Maryland

Every woman will develop a hand fetish if her lover uses his digits wisely. Lisa Carver, editor of the zine "Rollerderby" ($3 from P.O. Box 474, Dover, New Hampshire 03821), once interviewed a hard-core hand lover about what turns her on. "The thumb is very important," she explained. "It represents strength. My father has great hands—they're honest. The puffy part of his thumb is big. That indicates kindness. Anyone with hands like his—especially older men—I'm drawn to. I trust them. I want to be safe under their hands. Another quality I look for is the handling of small things, like stereo knobs. I know he'll treat my nipples and clit the same way. If he's subtle and articulate in how he adjusts the volume knob, then I'm his for the asking." Don't crank that dial, fellas, caress it. If your girlfriend says she adores your hands, cup every part of her body with them.

In May you suggested to a reader that he and his wife be direct when inviting a female friend to join them for sex. My own experience demonstrates that frankness is the best way to turn a potential ménage à trois into reality. While working out at the fitness center, my girlfriend and I met a great woman. She was not only beautiful but also had a flawless body that was equal parts muscle and curve. A flirtatious friendship ensued, and after weeks of suggestive talk my girlfriend and I decided to propose a threesome. My girlfriend made the first move by asking our new friend if she'd enjoy sharing a candlelit bubble bath with us (we have a wide sunken spa in our master bedroom). We spent more than an hour talking, necking and petting before moving into the bedroom. The women performed cunnilingus on each other while I watched, and then each took turns riding my cock. Afterward we treated one another to sensual full-body massages, which eventually led to three-way oral sex. It was the most erotic lovemaking any of us had experienced, and it might never have happened if my girlfriend hadn't been direct.—W.A., Detroit, Michigan

Told you so, although we still hem and haw asking the fourth, fifth and sixth woman to join us.

I enjoyed the response last month to the question about the sexual position called the Chuukese hammer. Have you ever heard of a variation called *gichigich*, invented by the Yapese?—R.R., Berkeley, California

Who hasn't? Gichigich is essentially the same position. The woman sits on the man's lap, facing him, and he inserts his erection between her outer labia. He then moves the head of his penis up and down and sideways, varying the speed and direction. Eventually this stimulation makes the woman "frenzied, weak and helpless," writes anthropologist Edgar Gregersen, working from field notes recorded near the turn of the century. "The woman experiences one orgasm after another and involuntarily urinates a little after each orgasm (the sensation for the man is that he is on fire)." The position is supposedly practiced only by single men and women; married Yapese fear it could leave them unable to work the next day.

My girlfriends have never been big PLAYBOY fans (one almost cried when I pointed out where her collection of Cynthia Heimel books originated). When my new lover began reciting all the "facts" about PLAYBOY that only come from people who have never opened the magazine, I pulled a random issue from my collection and we read together. Later we had sex, but her mind seemed elsewhere. She said she shared a problem with a woman who had written to the Advisor: She experienced orgasm only through masturbation. In addition, her method to masturbate was to roll over on her fist and press her hips down, a position that made it hard for me to be involved. We tried several positions to create the pressure she needed but with no success. That weekend, while I was lying on the floor watching television, my girlfriend lay on top of me and started to hump me. Just when I was about to roll over to kiss her, she discovered my tailbone or, as we now call it, "my other coc(cyx)." The sound of my girlfriend reaching orgasm on my back was more than I could handle. Suffice it to say, our sex life improved tremendously. After a few weeks learning to feel comfortable reaching orgasm in my presence, my girlfriend had her first orgasm through intercourse. And then her second and third. We would both like to thank you. Even years after you gave your advice, it helped improve our sex life.—E.S., Playa Del Rey, California

You're welcome. We've always invited our readers to come on back any time, but your girlfriend was the first to take it literally.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The most provocative, pertinent questions will be presented in these pages each month. Write the Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or advisor@playboy.com (because of volume, we cannot respond to all e-mail inquiries). Look for responses to our most frequently asked questions at www.playboy.com/faq, and check out the Advisor's latest collection of sex tricks, "365 Ways to Improve Your Sex Life" (Plume), available in bookstores or by phoning 800-423-9494.

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JUNK SCIENCE

when is a fact not a fact? two case studies

TAKING IT ON FAITH

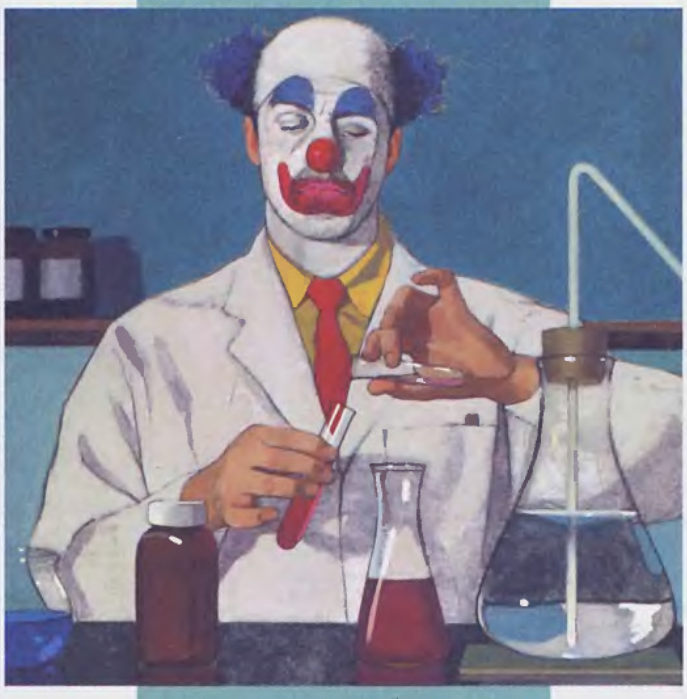
In 1962 the Supreme Court ruled that organized prayer in public schools violated the Constitution. A year later the high court banned devotional Bible reading in the schools. William Murray, plaintiff in that historic case (his mother was atheist Madalyn Murray O'Hair), subsequently became an evangelist. In hearings held before Congress in 1980, he told legislators: "If it were within my personal power to help return this nation to its rightful place by placing God back in the classroom, I would do so."

William Bright, the founder of the Campus Crusade for Christ, was even more adamant. He feared for the nation, citing "the plagues which followed the court's decision banning school prayer included the assassinations of President Kennedy, Senator Robert F. Kennedy and the Reverend Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., acceleration of the Vietnam war, escalation of crime, disintegration of families, racial conflict, teenage pregnancies and venereal disease."

Pat Robertson, founder of the Christian Coalition, also resorted to old scripts of paranoia and persecution. In his book *The Turning Tide*, he charged that "for more than 30 years, liberals have forbidden little children to pray in schools." He invoked images of "the vendetta against religious values" that was being conducted by "liberal predators."

Not one to mince words or avoid overworking a metaphor, Robertson claimed in an article entitled "Religion in the Classroom" that the Supreme Court decision amounted to "a rape of our nation's religious heritage, a rape of our national morality, a rape of time-honored customs and institutions."

Rhetoric and tales of divine vengeance are familiar tools of the pulpit. But preachers such as Robertson no longer stop there. Increasingly he (or one of his Christian Coalition clones) tries to bolster his crusade with the trappings of science. The true believers pull out charts and graphs to cite the numbers. Since the Supreme Court "pronounced the final amen to school prayer," writes Nita Weis in her book *Raising Achievers*, "violent crime has increased from 16.1 per 10,000 people to 75.8, and the illegitimacy rate has soared from 5.3 percent to 28 percent."



Heads nod in agreement: The Supreme Court banned prayer in the Sixties. Crime rose in the Sixties. Ergo, the prohibition of state-sponsored prayer caused the increase in crime.

If you accept this, you must accept, as Robertson argues, that the restoration of school prayer would reduce crime. The congregation nods again. Children who pray together won't prey together. You don't have to be an atheist or an agnostic to question this assertion. All you need are basic reasoning skills and an understanding of coincidence versus causation: Unrelated events often occur sequentially. In 1962 the world watched John Glenn orbit the earth in a Mercury capsule and Johnny Carson debut as the host of *The Tonight Show*. *My Fair Lady* closed on Broadway after 2717 performances. We could just as well blame crime on the space program. Instead of forcing children to pray, we should abolish NASA and late-night television. Or we might demand the return of Professor Higgins to the Great White Way.

Even if we accept that prayer represents a powerful moral force, we are tempted to demand a more rigorous test. Claiming to stop a hurricane through prayer is fine for the revival-tent crowd, but how strong is the correlation between lack of prayer and crime? One critic, for example, pointed out that Robertson presumes that before 1962 all children prayed in school. Actually, only about half of U.S. schools had official prayer. A scientist might try to isolate one variable by comparing crime rates in school districts that had prayer with those that did not. Or, taking another approach, he might examine school systems unaffected by the Supreme Court decision. Catholic schools have continued to include prayer in their daily curricula. Are we to believe that no graduate of nun-assisted education has committed a crime or had a child out of wedlock? Has crime among Catholics increased over the past few decades?

There is nothing mathematical or scientific about Robertson's link

By WENDY KAMINER & JAMES R. PETERSEN

between increased crime and the end of school prayer. You have to take it on faith, and many who believe in the virtue of prayer probably do. Faith, not reason, is the engine of pseudoscience.

Religious faith is not necessarily inimical to science. Isaac Newton was a devout Christian who took the Bible literally. According to one poll, some 95 percent of Americans say they believe in God. It's unlikely that all scientists are included in the unbelieving five percent. But religious faith needs to be contained in the realm of the unknowable. It is an inappropriate basis for understanding the material world. The will to believe, regardless of evidence, which underlies the sense that God exists, can undermine efforts to comprehend mundane realities.

The irony is that real science proceeds from a posture of uncertainty. The accumulation of scientific knowledge is painstaking, requiring the testing of theories, the duplication of experiments and a willingness to admit mistakes. Science posits hypotheses and tests them. Pseudoscience states conclusions and looks for evidence to back them up. If you force pseudoscientists to concede that their research is flawed, they will persist in their beliefs. You can tell when people are relying on junk science: They're not really committed to it at all.

THE MYTH OF CRACK BABIES

We sometimes aspire to be a rational society, and quite often we put our faith in experts. We are just as likely to be led astray by the passions of scientists as we are by the politics of preachers.

Consider the widely held belief of the late Eighties that children born to women who used crack suffered severe, permanent emotional and mental disabilities.

In 1985 Dr. Ira Chasnoff, a Chicago pediatrician and director of a program for drug-addicted mothers at Northwestern University, observed a group of babies born to 23 crack users. Dr. Chasnoff thought he detected a tragic syndrome. He declared: "These babies can't focus on a human face or respond to a human voice." They exhibited "gaze aversion," turning away from people observing them.

The press quickly spread Chasnoff's sensational story. We learned that "crack babies" showed some symptoms associated with autism: lethargy, lack of emotion and inability to form attachments to caretakers. Other reports described them, conversely, as jittery, agitated and beset with tremors.

Articles about such infants became increasingly apocalyptic: Crack babies were monsters, born mad. They would be practically uneducable and unemployable. According to Coryl Jones, a research psychologist at the National Institute of Drug Abuse, prenatal exposure to crack was apparently "interfering with the central core of what it is to be human." University of California pediatrician Dr. Judith Howard opined that prenatal exposure to crack "wiped out" the part of the brain that "makes us human beings capable of discussion or reflection." Conservative commentator Charles Krauthamer predicted that crack babies would form a new "bio-underclass," doomed to "a life of certain suffering, of probable deviance, of permanent inferiority."

There was, however, relatively little evidence of such dire claims. The myth of the crack baby was not simply perpetuated by journalists who misrepresented research; the research community was itself blinded by bias. Journals ignored articles—based on sound scientific studies—that showed maternal crack use had no effect on children's behavior.

Claire Coles, professor of psychiatry at Emory University, was one of the first scientists to criticize the crack baby stories. All Coles did was ask the proper scientific questions. Was crack the only variable distinguishing these babies from a control population? Were the so-called symptoms of tragedy really unique to crack babies, or did they describe normal infant behavior?

Generally, the researchers who "discovered" crack babies didn't separate the effects of prenatal crack from the effects of excessive prenatal exposure to alcohol, tobacco or other drugs. Nor did they account for poverty, which many of these children shared. Coles found that some babies labeled crack babies were merely colicky. Others were the victims of gross neglect. One baby—labeled a victim of crack—was being raised by her five-year-old sister. Another so-called crack baby had trouble concentrating in school because of persistent hunger, not drug damage. Perceived developmental problems were blamed on cocaine by people inclined to assume the devastating effects of cocaine on the fetus, just as crime is blamed on the absence of school prayer by people who assume that prayer makes children behave.

Bad science about the effects of prenatal drug exposure led to bad policy, as well as to the inappropriate treatment of infants presumed afflicted. Crack babies were supposed to be tightly swaddled, kept in dark places and shielded from eye contact with their caretakers. We can only speculate about the effects of such treatment on essentially normal children eager for stimulation and human contact.

The effects of the crack baby propaganda on national drug policy, as well as on race relations, were easier to discern. The myth of the crack baby played to racist anxieties about a presumptively sociopathic African American underclass. It helped antivice crusaders demonize drug use, justify the futile war against drugs and ignore the poverty that afflicted more children than prenatal exposure to crack.

By 1992 even Chasnoff, now head of the National Association for Perinatal Addiction Research, reconsidered his creation. He tracked 300 children prenatally exposed to crack and found that their IQs were the same as those of unexposed children raised in the same environment. "Poverty," said Chasnoff, "is the worst thing that can happen to a child."

You can't throw someone into jail for being poor, or cure their children by keeping them in dark places.

The crack baby scare wasn't science; it was, in part, politics, which lacks the precision and objectivity offered by science. Political decisions are bound to be, at best, somewhat arbitrary. This is not to suggest that advocates knowingly perpetuated myths about drug-afflicted infants. They probably acted in good faith, but they perpetuated bad science and bad policy.

TRIAL BY ANECDOTE

Earlier this year, the Independent Women's Forum sponsored a conference in Washington, D.C. to explore "women's health, law and the junking of science."

The organizers were concerned that lawyers were using dubious claims to win huge settlements from the manufacturers of contraceptive sponges, pills for morning sickness and other medical products. The conference weighed the value of emotional evidence (anecdotes) against objective evidence (long-term studies), focusing on the controversy surrounding breast implants.

The chronology of the breast-implant panic is well known. On December 10, 1990 five women appeared on *Face to Face With Connie Chung* to claim that they had become seriously ill—and that their illnesses had been caused by the silicone gel in their breast implants.

Doctors hired by lawyers told reporters that breast implants caused lupus, rheumatoid arthritis, polymyalgia and scleroderma. In each of these diseases, the body's immune system turns against itself. The women interviewed by Chung, as well as other women who showed up on talk shows, complained of fatigue and damaged joints and skin. Their list of ailments grew to include colds, sinus infections, rashes, sore throats and bladder infections. The so-called experts explained the link: Silicone that had leaked from the implants triggered the immune response. This theory was unsupported by any objective evidence. Millions of women with breast implants had none of these symptoms.

In 1991 a California jury awarded $7.3 million to a plaintiff who had blamed her misery on the manufacturer of her implants, Dow Corning. At the trial several expert witnesses offered educated guesses about the cause of her suffering. One witness had authored an article on silicone and autoimmune disease for *Medical Hypotheses* in which he posited a link. But a hypothesis is not a fact.

The jury ignored testimony from one of the woman's own doctors, who said he believed the woman had symptoms of autoimmune disease before she had implants. They also reviewed Dow Corning memos, including one which suggested that in order to conceal the oiliness of the implants, its salesmen should wash samples before showing them to doctors. Jurors found Dow Corning guilty of fraud and malice in the marketing of the implants.

In 1992 Dr. David Kessler, head of the Food and Drug Administration, banned silicone-gel breast implants, saying they were never proved safe.

The frenzy began. According to Marcia Angell, executive editor of *The New England Journal of Medicine* and author of the book *Science on Trial*, more than 1000 lawyers filed more than 16,000 lawsuits on behalf of women with breast implants. Lawyers recruited clients and then sent them to have their implants removed.

There are between 1 million and 2 million women in the U.S. who have had breast implants. And, as recently as 1990, some 90 percent had expressed pleasure at the results. In the space of a few months, such pleasure turned to panic.

We may find ourselves without reliable contraceptives—simply because junk science will have driven manufacturers bankrupt.

In April 1994 the major manufacturers of implants agreed to settle a class-action lawsuit by paying $4.25 billion to women with breast implants who showed any suspected symptoms. A year later, almost half a million women registered to collect awards based on the type and degree of their suffering. The lawyers pocketed the first $1 billion.

Unfortunately, science does not support the finding of harm. Angell describes a study published two years after silicone-gel breast implants were taken off the market and two months after the class-action suit was settled: "Mayo Clinic researchers compared a group of 749 women who had received breast implants between 1964 and 1991 with 1498 of their neighbors matched for age. The researchers found that the implant group was no more likely to develop connective tissue disease (or related symptoms and abnormal tests) than the group without the implants."

In June 1995 *The New England Journal of Medicine* published a study involving almost 90,000 nurses with similar results. Two other studies severed the link between implants and scleroderma.

And subsequent investigation has shown that Dow Corning and others did not hide damaging studies. Studies that had allegedly been tossed out were duplicated by other studies. These led the FDA to conclude eventually that "there was not enough evidence to establish a cause-and-effect relationship between gel-filled breast implants and immune-related or connective tissue disorders." If no cause-and-effect was found, what is the basis for the settlement?

The lawyers whose greed and initiative launched this judicial sideshow have moved on to other targets: men who have had silicone penile implants and Norplant users who say the birth-control device causes connective tissue disease. We may someday find ourselves without reliable contraceptives—simply because junk science will have driven manufacturers bankrupt.

Researchers focusing on women with breast implants found that these women exhibited a host of behaviors that could increase the risk of illness. They tended to drink more, get pregnant at a younger age, have more abortions, be on the pill longer, have more sex partners and use hair dye more frequently than those without implants. Unfortunately, you can't sue yourself.

In 1996 an Oregon judge hearing breast implant cases that involved 70 women excluded testimony from experts with theories unsupported by research. The judge would act as a gatekeeper, screening out testimony that was not supported by hard science. Not surprisingly, the Oregon judge's panel of four independent experts found no compelling evidence linking silicone leakage with immune disorders. This policy may slow down justice, but it would do much to prevent injustice. —JAMES R. PETERSEN

READER

PUFF AND STUFF

Dr. Lester Grinspoon and James Bakalar suggest in "Smoke Screen" (*The Playboy Forum*, June) that marijuana is an innocuous recreational drug that should be embraced as a medicine and household remedy. As usual, they tell only part of the story.

Crude marijuana is unreliable in its absorption, and the dose delivered is unpredictable. The major active ingredient, THC, is already available as the oral prescription medication Marinol. If the oral delivery route is not useful for some people, it could be reformulated as a suppository or inhaler. The more important issue is that numerous safe and effective medications preclude the need for marijuana or pure THC. Suggesting that marijuana be smoked as a medicine would be like proposing tobacco use for anxiety or weight control, or smoking foxglove to treat heart disease.

Used acutely, marijuana causes changes in memory, coordination and concentration. Its use is associated with vehicular accidents and trauma as well as with 30 percent to 60 percent of nonalcohol DUI offenses. It has caused toxic side effects in around 25 percent of all studies in which marijuana or pure THC have been used. Chronic use such as that necessary for treating glaucoma, multiple sclerosis or chronic pain is associated with respiratory damage and higher carbon-monoxide and tar levels than tobacco use. It is associated with head and neck cancers, bronchitis and chronic cough, abnormalities in lung immunity and precancerous changes. It has been recently shown that marijuana causes difficulty with executive functioning (a form of prioritization of problems) and persistent memory defects even after marijuana use ceases. Marijuana is also addictive. Ask chronic users of marijuana to cite the longest time they have been off the drug, and the answer is usually only days or weeks out of years of use.

Numerous contaminants have been identified in marijuana smoke, making its use by patients with immunosuppressed cancer or AIDS very risky. Marijuana decreases both male and female sex hormones. The effects on the unborn include decreased birth weight and length, neurologic irritability and birth defects. Recent evidence has demonstrated behavioral abnormalities, learning difficulties and sleep disturbances in three- and four-year-olds after prenatal exposure.

The U.S. Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia considered the issue of making crude marijuana available as a medicine. The court soundly struck down the notion, saying that marijuana in its crude form does not meet the criteria to be considered a medicine, and it further dispelled the allegation that the administrator of the Drug Enforcement Administration violated statute or was biased in his decision. In addition to a thorough discussion of the evidence, the court stated, "The administrator reasonably accorded more weight to the opinions of the experts than to the laymen and doctors on which the petitioners relied," which included Dr. Grinspoon.

On the medical front, the National Institutes of Health reviewed the issue and determined in 1993 that crude marijuana adds nothing to currently available medicine and indeed creates increased risk to patients. The NIH is in the process of further review.

The American Medical Association considered the issue of smoking marijuana as medicine. It determined that smoking is not an appropriate route of administration for a medicine. Last, the American Cancer Society does not recognize crude marijuana as a medicine. In studies conducted on the issue, THC in any form is a last choice of oncologists.

In a recently published study of 1500 oncologists that I coauthored with Dr. Richard Schwartz, only 12 percent of the respondents had ever recommended marijuana to patients, and only nine percent said they would recommend marijuana to patients more than ten times annually if it became available as a medicine for prescription.

An inescapable fact is that the medical marijuana movement is driven by those who seek to legalize marijuana for their own use or profit. Unfortunately, they have recruited well-meaning but poorly informed supporters for their cause.

The voters of California and Arizona were sold a bill of goods with propositions 215 and 200. While thinking they were expressing compassion for the sick and suffering by allowing access to marijuana and other illegal drugs, they in fact were pawns in a game of legalization and media hype financed to the tune of several million dollars by individuals or organizations seeking to legalize marijuana and other drugs. The organizer of the San Francisco Cannabis Buyers Club admits that he considers all marijuana use medicinal.

Practically speaking, how would legal medicinal marijuana work? Would all street pot be considered medicinal? If so, there would be no way to standardize the drug or ensure even a modicum of purity. Would the government provide pot? And if so, at what strength? Would the patient or the government carry the cost? As taxpayers,

FOR THE RECORD

DON'T KNOCK IT

"You're asking me about people who hold kooky beliefs. You're talking to someone who believes that a 30-year-old day laborer who was executed 2000 years ago for disturbing the peace in a country that no longer exists happens to be the clue to the meaning of the universe."

—J. GORDON MELTON, DIRECTOR OF THE INSTITUTE FOR THE STUDY OF AMERICAN RELIGION, IN A *St. Petersburg Times* INTERVIEW ON RELIGIOUS GROUPS AND THE MYSTERY OF FAITH

RESPONSE

we should also be incensed that a federal program continues to provide smokable marijuana to only eight patients and costs $200,000 annually ($25,000 per patient) to administer. Is that fair to the millions of other medical patients who carry the full cost of legitimate medicine? The pro-marijuana lobby would seek to extend legal protection to those who sell marijuana supposedly for medicinal purposes.

We must have compassion for the sick and suffering, and we must offer them reliable and quality medicine, not crude substances that threaten their well-being. Crude marijuana is not medicine.

Dr. Eric Voth
Chairman
International Drug Strategy Institute
Topeka, Kansas

Grinspoon and Bakalar provide a thorough account of the complexities involved in trying to investigate the medicinal uses of marijuana. Having been caught in a maze for the past four years, I agree that the government would be better off spending money that supports clinical trials rather than reviewing the collected literature. When it comes to the use of marijuana by people who are HIV-positive, in fact, no data exist to review.

Those of us who care for HIV patients who smoke marijuana—particularly for appetite stimulation and antinausea effects—have long wanted to investigate the benefits of this treatment. Considering the conflicting evidence on the immunologic impact of marijuana, we felt a need to determine just how smoking affects immune function in patients with HIV. What happens to the amount of virus in the blood following marijuana smoking? Do these patients really gain weight? These questions need answers.

The passage of Proposition 215 in California made it even more urgent that we begin to answer these important questions. Unfortunately, Proposition 215 does not provide us with access to a legal source of marijuana to study. That needs to come from the federal government. We have once again submitted a proposal to study these questions. In the meantime our patients have no problem obtaining marijuana for medicinal use, but the medical profession remains ignorant of its risks and benefits.

Dr. Donald Abrams
Professor of Medicine
University of California–San Francisco
San Francisco, California

We would like to hear your point of view. Send questions, opinions and quirky stuff to: The Playboy Forum Reader Response, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Please include a daytime phone number. Fax number: 312-951-2939. E-mail: forum@playboy.com (please include your city and state).*

FIVE TO TEN, VACANCY

It may be the worst example of public officials sending the wrong message since George Bush threw up on the prime minister of Japan. I refer to the growing tendency of American jailers at both the state and local levels to charge inmates for room and board.

This policy is in place at correctional facilities throughout the U.S., with more legislatures taking the notion under advisement every week. The going rates are in the $40-to-$70-per-day range, depending, presumably, on the quality of the accommodations, amenities and view.

Considering that 50 bucks will get you a private room plus free soap, shampoo and unlimited ice at the average Travelodge, this fee scale seems presumptuous. But then, commercial accommodations don't throw in that hearty prison food, those convivial made-for-networking showers and the impeccable dental care our penal institutions are known for.

Maybe this pay-as-you-go-nowhere gambit makes sense in the case of well-heeled embezzlers, pyramid scammers, ex-congressmen or Dallas Cowboys, but what happens when you present the tab to that junkie shoplifter whose former address was a Maytag crate? If a convict refuses to pony up, what exactly do you do? Kick him out? Extend his unpaid stay? Attach his wages? File a lien against his trust fund?

Something about this tactic reeks of stupidity. And it's not just the room rates. It's also the cable TV, laundry service, weight-lifting equipment and other correctional amenities that blur the line between house of detention and cheap roadside motel.

You have to wonder where the privatization-of-prisons movement is going to take us—to penitentiaries administered by credentialed penologists, or "involuntary lodgings" run by Hyatt International?

Consider the possibilities: nationwide chains of calabooses with names like 90 Days Inn, Courtdate by Marriott, Motel 6-to-10. Then there are the catchy marketing slogans:

"There's always a vacancy for you here."

"Don't say prisoner, say Inn Mate."

"Slamada Inn: Where we *expect* you to steal the towels."

The fallout is disturbing, to say the least.

For openers, it conveys the notion that one can avail oneself of what amounts to $50-per-night quarters simply by breaking a reasonably serious law—not a bad trade-off in the eyes of a growing "chronically indigent" demographic. And if you think prisoners are clogging the courts with nuisance litigation now, wait till you give them legal status as paying guests!

The lesson, apparently, is that stone walls do not a prison make, but rocks in the head may qualify you for a policy-making position in your state or local department of corrections.

WHERE DO YOU READ PLAYBOY?

A longer version of Sam Jemielity's "Whipping It Out" appeared in *New City*, an alternative weekly published in Chicago. The article made the rounds of our office, inspiring much laughter but also raising an interesting question. Is PLAYBOY meant to be read only in private?

We don't for a minute believe that reading the magazine in a coffee bar or bookstore is the moral equivalent of flashing. (The headline writer at *New City* christened Jemielity's odyssey a "public display of erection.") We don't think of our readers as antisocial. During one *Seinfeld* episode, when George came out as a PLAYBOY reader, it did not make headlines.

Jemielity's experiment met with little outrage and just the usual amount of hypocrisy. Does that mean PLAYBOY has become so mainstream that it is no longer considered rebellious to be seen reading it? We hope not. If a time comes when we're not offending someone somewhere, then we'll worry.

We are fierce defenders of an adult's right to read what he or she wants. But where? Narrowing that freedom to your favorite easy chair is limiting. (One man's privacy is another man's prison.) We know some people read the magazine at work (firefighters in Los Angeles County fought for and won the right to keep PLAYBOY in their firehouses). We applauded when one reader, told by a waitress to put away his favorite magazine, organized a read-in at Bette's Ocean View Diner in Berkeley.

Jemielity, however, went out of his way to provoke comment, something we've never asked of our readers. Yet the question he raises is fascinating—his article assumes that reading PLAYBOY means something. What do you think? Do you take the magazine on an airplane? Do you keep it folded over on your commute home? If you don't read PLAYBOY in public, what's stopping you?

WHIPPING IT OUT

taking playboy to the people

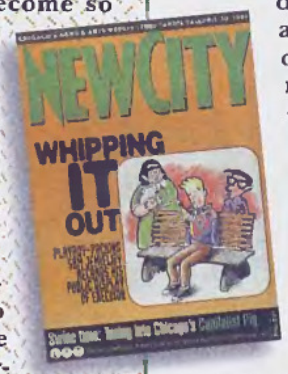
By SAM JEMIELITY

What sort of man reads PLAYBOY in public?

- A man who doesn't care if women think he's a pervert.
- A man who shrugs off the giddy mockery of teenagers.
- A man who feels no compunction at offending the moral conscience of passersby.
- A man from whom mothers usher away their children, who meets the glare of protective husbands with cold confidence.

But the Lord doesn't make men like that anymore. PLAYBOY is meant to be read in private. No man dared break that unspoken law. Until now.

You could argue that PLAYBOY doesn't appear in public because Americans don't read much of anything anymore. On a bus or at a café, you might see a few newspapers or the latest John Grisham novel. But PLAYBOY's circulation of 3.2 million puts it on a par with *People* and *Newsweek* and dwarfs the circulations of such men's magazines as *GQ*, *Details* and *Esquire*. Who hasn't seen someone reading those magazines?



It's not just to prevent theft that PLAYBOY subscribers receive the magazine wrapped in black plastic. Northwestern University's Charles Whitaker, professor of magazine journalism at the Medill School of Journalism, notes that "there's a considerable stigma attached to reading PLAYBOY. It's still viewed as a girlie magazine, a magazine of titillation and salacious material." A young woman of my acquaintance puts it more bluntly: "You'd never see someone read PLAYBOY for almost the same reason you'd never see someone masturbate. You know it goes on, but you don't see it."

What would happen, I wondered, if I simply carried PLAYBOY around like any other magazine? Not that I see myself as some pro-porn Rambo slaying the puritan hordes, or a sleek James Bond battling the specter of antiporn villains. I'm more the reluctant adventurer; I will set aside concerns of personal taste, safety and potential embarrassment in a quest for the naked truth.

My odyssey begins at a Barnes & Noble in Chicago, where the porn section has been reduced to one well-thumbed *Penthouse*. I gamely lope to the information desk, not wanting to project the least reluctance about purchasing PLAYBOY. The pleasant if slightly bookish clerk narrows her gaze.

"I'm sorry to put you out," I say.

"It's just that I find it morally offensive," she informs me (customer be damned!). The issue has sold out. She suggests I try another vendor.

At Borders, the customer-service attendant, a cheerful woman, pulls a copy of the May issue from behind the counter. ("It gets stolen a lot.") Claudia Schiffer is on the cover. I fork over my cash—$4.95. The price of knowledge. She slips the issue inside a paper bag, though I didn't ask for one.

To accurately gauge responses to my public display of PLAYBOY, I'll need to clean up my scruffy appearance. The first step is getting my shoes shined. I position myself in the chair. The man shining my shoes looks up, but he seems oblivious to the neon-pink PLAYBOY logo and Schiffer's come-hither look. Instead he scolds, "First time these have been shined, isn't it? They're sucking up lots of polish."

Chastened, I press on to the hairstylist. As I settle into the chair, it crosses my mind that it might not be a good idea to offend a woman holding scissors near my head. And yet the stylist shows no reaction to the magazine plopped faceup in my lap on top of the plastic bib. She runs through the usual questions about my hair. I ask about her accent; she's from Puerto Rico, but is half Spanish. I mention the clerk at Barnes & Noble who found my reading material morally offensive.

"I don't understand her," she says, clipping away. "It's natural. In Spain, they have naked people on TV, even on programs kids watch." Still, as I walk out, the woman can't resist a send-off: "Enjoy your magazine!"

I'm ready to run the PLAYBOY gantlet. At a coffee shop, a cheery Australian *barista* sings along with the elevator music. I slap the PLAYBOY down on the counter, expecting a needle to scratch across the song in his heart. Instead, he grins broadly and booms, "Now, there's a schoolbook."

I hop a crowded bus downtown. I decide to turn up the heat a notch and open to the *Morrell Sisters* pictorial. Then I flash through the entire issue, displaying the cover prominently several times. I put my arm over the seat back and turn sideways.

"The bus is slow," I say to the guy behind me.

"It's always slow on weekends," he replies. We chat about the city, the Bears, the Cubs. He doesn't seem in the least offended.

A woman hops off near my stop, so I follow and ask if she noticed what I was reading. Nervously, she says no. She says that if she had seen me reading PLAYBOY, she would have thought I was a pervert. She's gone before I've finished scribbling "perv" in my notebook.

As I approach the periodicals desk at the Harold Washington Library, the third floor teems with kids researching papers and adults poring over newspapers. The library carries PLAYBOY and *Playgirl*. I ask for the April issue.

A guy in a Neville Brothers hat and Martini & Rossi racing jacket looks up from his *Chicago Sun-Times*. "You get that PLAYBOY here?" he asks.

"Yep," I respond. Nearby, a skeptic says, "They don't have PLAYBOY at the library." That's a common misconception, but the periodicals attendant tells me that "not a day goes by that someone doesn't check out the magazine." The library has issues on microfilm dating back to the 1953 inaugural issue; only the past year's actual magazines are available. All I can find out about what happens to the year-old paper copies is that they're "discarded." Someone check under Mayor Daley's mattress!

When I leave the library, the sun is shining, but it's cool. I zip my coat and head up State Street. At Marshall Field's, I stand by the display windows, the PLAYBOY cover turned strategically toward oncoming pedestrians. I pretend to be engrossed as passersby stare hard at my back. Two cops nearby seem not to care. High school kids point. Feeling exposed, I meld into the bustling crowd. At a stoplight, a large man holding his wife's hand looks surprised when he sees what I'm holding. His expression changes to rage. We're standing a foot apart. I cross against the light.

The Michigan Avenue bridge is up, and people pool on Wacker Drive. I lean against the stone wall, my back to the river, and start reading a James Bond story. When I glance up, it's always to a pair of hastily refocused eyes, looking over my shoulder toward the bridge, up in the air, down at the sidewalk. Conversations grow louder, stutter, then continue in hushed tones. A kid scrambles up the wall to look at the river. "Let's go over here," says his mother, "here" turning out to be far away from me.

The bridge doesn't budge, so I follow the herd over the Wabash Avenue bridge and back to North Michigan and pop into a Starbucks. Despite the shopping throngs crammed in for a cup of joe, no one confronts Mr. Public Indecency.

Back outside, a man veers off his path. "Excuse me," he says, closing in quickly. I wonder, Christian Coalition or smut-bashing liberal? "Excuse me!" he repeats.

"Yeah?" I say, tensing.

He gestures at my coffee. "Is there a Starbucks around here?"

By now, the walk, the sun and a caffeine buzz have transformed this clean-cut PLAYBOY reader into a twitching, red-eyed reject. I need a rest. So I spin through the doors into the bustling Crate & Barrel store, head up to the furniture department on the third floor and plant myself in a cozy Dunhill chair. I dig into the Saul Bellow interview. The weekend shoppers coming up the escalator—roughly the population of Indiana—get an eyeful of Claudia. Three women stop to inspect my chair, debating whether the slipcover is included in the price. Two college-age guys collapse on the other chairs in my makeshift living-room set. "That guy has a PLAYBOY," one whispers, nudging his buddy. His friend pretends to examine the coffee table's centerpiece, then peers at the cover. A man with a baby smirks my way—is that envy, or scorn? I turn my attention back to the interview and wait for someone to come kick my smut-reading ass back onto the street.

No one does. After half an hour, recharged, I head downstairs and wander over to a bookcase. From the half a dozen books used as props, I select Joan Collins' tawdry novel *Prime Time*. "She had just finished her massage," I read, intrigued. "Her skin felt taut and tingly. She always relaxed after Sven's hard Scandinavian fingers manipulated her bony frame. A few years ago Sven's hard Scandinavian cock had manipulated her, too." Crate & Barrel is more sex-friendly than I expected! (Second floor, the bookcase in the back right corner, next to the colorful throw pillows. Page 188.)

On to Bloomingdale's. In one corner, an elderly gentleman in a leather chair reads a book. Has he ever, in all his years, seen someone reading PLAYBOY in public? "Now that you mention it," he says, "I don't think I have." And what would he think of such a person if he did see him? "Well, if he were actually reading it . . ." he says. He has a Southern accent. "But most aren't reading it, are they? I would probably think he were a bit shallow." A 40ish man concurs that he has never seen a public display of PLAYBOY, but says if he did he wouldn't be fazed. "Why would I? People might think it's not the thing to do in public, but I wouldn't care. I've never done it, but I would."

It's time for a drink. I want to finish reading the Bellow interview, but a drunk guy starts bugging me and a fellow barfly for being sticks-in-the-mud.

"Hey, look at this guy over here," the boozer slurs to the lone wolf. "He's reading some art magazine."

"Art?" I snort, defiantly flipping to the cover. "Hardly."

"Boo-yaah!" yells the drunkard. "And you're just reading the articles, right?" Andrea Dworkin herself could not have sounded more dubious.

"He is reading the articles," says the lone wolf.

"Well, screw that," responds the drunk, grabbing the issue and flipping to the Morrell sisters.

Suddenly, I'm feeling like Pee-wee Herman in that movie theater. But my day of being a social pariah is nearly at an end. Soon I'll be back perusing magazines in which the only nudity appears in fragrance ads. Shoulder-to-shoulder with the drunk, I scope out the Morrell clan one last time.

Boo-yaah! indeed.

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

PEYOTE POWER

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*The Department of Defense rewrote its guidelines on drug use to allow members of the armed services who belong to the Native American Church to*

eat or smoke peyote during religious ceremonies. The new rules enable church members who enlist to answer "no" when asked if they have ever used drugs. Peyote is a cactus with hallucinogenic properties, but only small amounts are used in ceremonies.

GODLY MANNERS

ROME—*A new etiquette guide for Catholics states that congregants should not wear miniskirts to church. "New Bad Manners" also condemns high heels, cutting in line for confession, making the sign of the cross too quickly, sticking gum under the pew and answering your cellular phone during Mass.*

DIRTY TOONS

OKLAHOMA CITY—*A group calling itself the Center for a Family Friendly Internet has targeted Web sites that include parody images of Alice in Wonderland and Disney characters engaged in sexual activities. The group sends an intimidating, quasi-legal notice to site owners that refers to child pornography and obscenity laws, then e-mails copies of the letter to the FBI and to local and federal sex crime investigators. (If the site actually had child porn, why would you tip off the pornographer?) At least two sites have closed, but the owners say the letter had nothing to do with their decisions. One offered personal reasons (he was receiving e-mail from kids) and the other said Disney had complained.*

A LITTLE RESPECT

SAN FRANCISCO—*The dancers at the Lusty Lady strip club formed a union and negotiated a pay increase to $25 an hour. They also demanded the removal of one-way mirrors that allowed customers to videotape the performances. "We are intelligent women doing a very hard job," said one dancer. "We know how to fight for our rights."*

ORLANDO—*Ten dancers from the Club Juana Cocktail Lounge held a topless car wash and raised $3500 to fight breast cancer, but a research center and the American Cancer Society refused the money. "It does not fit our ethical standards," said a spokesman for the research center. Two radiologists will use the funds to provide mammograms for uninsured women.*

REGISTRY FOLLIES

MANHATTAN, KANSAS—*The Kansas Bureau of Investigation mistakenly informed a man's neighbors that he was a sex offender, prompting residents to harass him. A federal law requires states to track convicted sex offenders. A sex offender had lived at the address but moved without telling authorities (imagine that). "All we can do is apologize," an official said.*

PORT WASHINGTON, WISCONSIN—*A jury convicted an 18-year-old high school senior of the sexual assault of a child after he impregnated his 15-year-old girlfriend. Although he took responsibility as the father, asked the girl to marry him and got a full-time job to support the child, he faces prison and a lifetime branded as a sex offender on state and federal registries.*

PROMISES, PROMISES

PHILADELPHIA—*A federal judge upheld a company's right to monitor employee e-mail, even if its policies state that electronic communications are private. In 1994, a Pillsbury employee sent e-mail from home to his supervisor threatening to "kill the backstabbing bastards" in management. When the company fired him, he sued for wrongful termination. The court ruled that despite promises of privacy, Pillsbury had the right to monitor e-mail sent over its system.*

DID YOU SEE THAT?

AMES, IOWA—*Researchers are finding that eyewitnesses are often unreliable and easily influenced by police. A psychologist at Iowa State University asked 172 students to watch a holdup captured on video by a surveillance camera. He then asked each student to identify the suspect in a photo lineup. Although the criminal was not in the lineup, each student fingered someone. The researcher suggested to some of the eyewitnesses that they had made the right choice; that group expressed the highest confidence in its selections. Another study found that eyewitnesses helped convict 24 of a sample of 28 people later exonerated by DNA evidence.*

EXCESS CHANNEL

LOS ANGELES—*Got a problem? The Recovery Channel is on the air. Beamed two hours a day to 11 million homes, the cable channel broadcasts three programs aimed at people addicted to alcohol, drugs, gambling, food, sex—you name it. "Full Circle" features footage of support groups, "Testimony" consists of half-hour monologs*

and "Bottoms" asks addicts to describe the moment they hit rock bottom. Future programming includes "The Recomedy Special," "The Recovery Game Show" and "This Old Halfway House." What if you're addicted to bad television?

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KEVIN POPE

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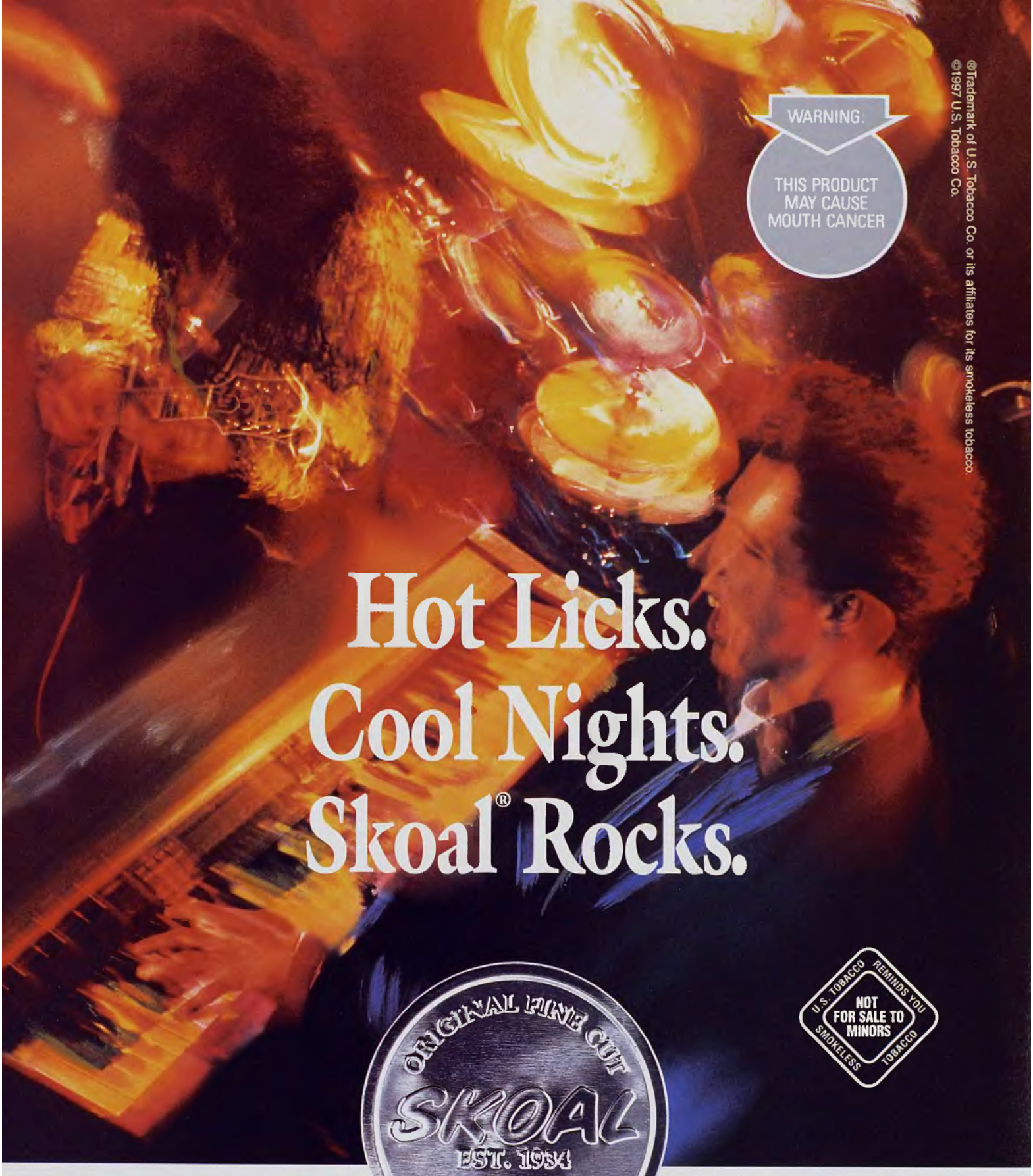

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: CHRISTOPHER WALKEN

a candid conversation with the spookiest actor on film about why he gets all the weirdo parts, what really happened with natalie wood and his secret regimen to prevent baldness

People who know him only from his films usually ask the same question: Is Christopher Walken really as weird as he seems?

They're curious because (a) he looks otherworldly, (b) he speaks in a strange, clipped manner often parodied by comics, (c) he specializes in playing bad guys, often in especially chilling and original ways, and (d) he's been around for as long as anybody can remember but has never quite gotten his due.

So they'd be surprised to see how laid-back Walken is when confronted by a messy situation created by Abel Ferrara, who directed him in "King of New York," "The Addiction" and "The Funeral." Ferrara has entered Walken's West Side brownstone apartment on a rainy New York afternoon. Walken suggests the director remove his wet shoes before stepping on the soothing green Chinese rug in the living room. The two men are contrasts in style and manner: Walken is neat, meticulous, groomed, studied; Ferrara is unkempt and anxious. Walken observes the trail of blood Ferrara leaves as he steps from the wooden floor onto the expensive rug. When he points out the blood, Ferrara says he must have stepped on some broken glass on Walken's floor. Walken is incredulous. His home is so spotlessly clean you could eat off his floor without finding a piece of lint, let alone a shard of glass.

"He must have cut his foot before he came," Walken explains to his wife, Georgianne, after Ferrara leaves. "His sock was all bloody."

"I'll send the rug out," Georgianne says, "but you know how tough it is to remove bloodstains."

"So we'll be able to point out that this is where Abel Ferrara bled for his art," Walken says, laughing.

In his kitchen he starts cutting up brussels sprouts to relax. When he's done he wipes already spotless counters with a cotton dish towel. "I can't stand mess," he admits.

His face is beginning to wrinkle. Bags are forming below his eyes. Walken is thin, 175 pounds on a six-foot frame. When he talks he pokes at his hairline with his fingertips in some strange ritual that has something to do with either stimulating the roots or tapping his brain for inspiration. He also briskly strokes his cheeks and neck with the backs of his fingernails as if trying to scrape away any loose skin. When he's not wiping counters and tables clean, he's constantly using his hands to play with his face. But there is something else about this unique actor, whose face has sent chills down the spines of audiences. He is very funny, with a droll sense of humor. He also has a great, inhaling laugh. When he tells a story and it has a punch line, he tells it with gusto. And then he laughs. This aspect of Walken comes as a surprise, because his public image is of a man who might be crippled from the neck down, as he is in "Things to Do in Denver When You're Dead," but who can still force Andy Garcia onto his knees in quivering fear. He may not be able to unzip his own pants, but he's perfectly capable of instructing one of his movie goons to do that for him, and then take out his dick so the guy he's tormenting can suck it. That's the Chris Walken we've grown to love. As a "Los Angeles Times" reviewer observed, Walken "can embody pure, scary evil better than just about anybody." And "Film Comment" noted that if there is such a thing as menacing vulnerability, Walken has personified it: "He understands scary-funny better than anyone."

He has been influenced by show business his entire life, so much so that he marks time by what was playing in theaters, who was on TV, what he was doing at the time of a star's death (when James Dean died, Walken was at a roller-skating rink in Queens). He was born, he points out, on the opening night of "Oklahoma!"—March 31, 1943. His father was a baker, his mom a woman so enamored with show business that she pushed her three sons into crossing from Queens into Manhattan to study at the Professional Children's School, then took them on stage and television auditions. The brothers learned to dance, to playact and to stand behind Milton Berle or Ernie Kovacs, Steve Allen, Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis or Jackie Gleason whenever some kids were needed as

"I'm glad I'm not a woman for a lot of reasons. Guys have a better deal, that's all there is to it. There's no comparison in terms of anything. Getting a hard-on, that's something a woman will never understand."

"All sorts of dopey people go crazy. Going crazy has a certain amount of vanity connected to it. I found that I was the least interesting when I was introspective. I did the least interesting work."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MIZUNO

"I hope I'm not creepy. Creepy is not a mammal. Creepy is like an insect. Spooky is OK. Anybody who gets to know me is surprised. I am a good guy, no doubt about it. Just ask my family."

background for a TV skit. "Those guys were kings," Walken recalls fondly. "They were big stars and they were treated that way."

Until he danced for a nightclub singer named Monique Van Vooren, Walken went by his given first name, Ronald. But that changed after he told the chanteuse he didn't like the sound of it. "She tried out some other names on me. One night she called me Christopher and I kept it."

His first dramatic role was as the king of France in a Broadway production of "The Lion in Winter." He was almost fired for having the shakes, but he somehow managed to calm down enough to keep the job. Other plays followed, and Walken honed his talent doing everything from Shakespeare to David Rabe. Actors still talk of how he crawled on his elbows like a crab in "Caligula" or how he played Stanley Kowalski for laughs in "A Streetcar Named Desire" because he didn't want his performance to be compared with Marlon Brando's. "It was a stitch," he says, "but a lot of people criticized me for doing that. But what the fuck was I supposed to do? I never was Stanley to begin with."

The movies came somewhat late for him—he was 26 when he got a bit part in a film called "Me and My Brother." He followed that two years later, in 1971, with "The Anderson Tapes." It took five more years before he landed a role in Paul Mazursky's "Next Stop, Greenwich Village." Then came "The Sentinel" and "Roseland" before Woody Allen cast him as Diane Keaton's demented brother in "Annie Hall." But it was Michael Cimino's "The Deer Hunter" that made Walken a star—he landed an Oscar for best supporting actor for his portrayal of a battle-scarred Vietnam soldier. The first real money Walken made as a movie actor was for "The Dogs of War," in which he played a mercenary attempting to oust a dictatorial government. In 1983 came "Brainstorm," a film remembered because its star, Natalie Wood, fell off a yacht and drowned one evening while her husband, Robert Wagner, and Walken sat in an onboard room. For years reporters have tried to get Walken to talk in detail about the event. Until now he has refused.

After "Brainstorm" came more movies: "The Dead Zone," based on Stephen King's novel, the James Bond film "A View to a Kill," "At Close Range," "Biloxi Blues," "The Milagro Beanfield War," "Homeboy," "Communion," "King of New York," "The Comfort of Strangers" and "McBain." He was a villainous tycoon in "Batman Returns" and the evil movie producer in "Wayne's World 2." His scene with Dennis Hopper in "True Romance" took that movie to another level. Walken also appeared in "Pulp Fiction." His latest film is "Excess Baggage," with Alicia Silverstone.

He's been married to casting director Georgianne Thon for 28 years. They have a house in Wilton, Connecticut as well as the apartment in Manhattan. When he's not working (which is rare), Walken likes to cook, paint and observe his cats.

We sent Contributing Editor **Lawrence Grobel** *(whose last interview for us was with author Saul Bellow) to find out what makes Christopher Walken tick. Grobel reports:*

"Walken is most comfortable standing in the kitchen, peeling vegetables and cooking meals. We stood in the kitchen of his rented house in Los Angeles for three hours at a time over five days, debating whether or not his behavior was obsessive (I said it was; he didn't think so). In his apartment in New York I finally got to sit on a couch in his living room, where we shared a bottle of red wine and went over his latest appearance on 'Saturday Night Live.'

"In a moment of clarity he marveled that when he turned 53 he celebrated his half a century in show business, a claim few actors in the world can make. He still worries when he completes a project and doesn't have the next one lined up, and he compared his career to a roller coaster. 'I've come and gone a number of times,' he said. 'It's not that I went away, but I became much less visible. Then I do something and I'm back.'

"He's so funny and such a natural storyteller that it's sometimes easy to forget that he makes his living playing some of the most chilling characters known to movies."

I've always been recognizable, even before I became famous. The way I dress, my hair, I stick out a little.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel when you read an article about yourself that begins: "There are lots of spooky actors in the world, but none more spooky than Christopher Walken"? Or, "Christopher Walken is the creepiest man on the screen"?

WALKEN: I hope I'm not creepy. Creepy is not a mammal. Creepy is like an insect. Spooky is OK. Racehorses get spooked, they're emotional.

PLAYBOY: Still, spooky doesn't often translate into heroic or good-guy roles.

WALKEN: I am a good guy, no doubt about it. Just ask my family. Whatever you are in the movies comes from what you actually are. One thing an actor does in his life is to try to find the pure place.

PLAYBOY: So you would like some romantic leads?

WALKEN: I'd like to be acting, and acting in ways that surprise people. If that would be a surprise, sure.

PLAYBOY: And how would you describe yourself?

WALKEN: Unexpectedly conservative. Anybody who gets to know me is surprised. My life is quiet. I like it that way. I'm very sensible and pragmatic. If somebody were to do the story of my life, not that anybody would, it would be about my wife and me around the house. It would be like watching paint dry.

PLAYBOY: What does stardom mean to you?

WALKEN: I don't know what stardom is. Somebody once said to me, "I saw you in this play." And I thought, Wow, somebody saw me, because only about three people saw that play. I felt very famous. I've always been recognizable, even before I became famous. The way I dress, my hair, I stick out a little.

PLAYBOY: Would you consider yourself flamboyant?

WALKEN: A little, yeah. Garish. Especially when I was younger—I was always a bit exotic. Never wore a hat because the hair was more important.

PLAYBOY: You seldom get top billing. Why is that?

WALKEN: Usually the villain is the supporting actor. But you know that before you make the movie; that's all decided by your lawyer. Whenever I go to do a movie, my agent and lawyer always fight for things. One will say, "If we don't argue about the billing it will be easier with the money." And I'll say, "Yeah, right." And then the other guy will call me and say, "Look, Chris, you have to put your foot down. We have to fight for this." And I'll say, "Yeah, right." So then they argue, and usually they know what I want, which is basically: Take the job, who cares? It's much more important to stick around. Being an actor is hard. So many people want your job.

PLAYBOY: It's been said that you bring to your roles a special way of seeing pain that other actors rarely come close to. Do you understand this?

WALKEN: I hope I bring a special way of seeing something. People are so mysterious, you can't ever really know anyone. I never know what anybody's thinking. When my nephew was five and his mother was going to have another baby, he said to me, "Uncle Ronnie, my mother and father think I'm upset because there's a baby coming. I want you to let them know that I'm not, that I'm looking forward to it, because I've been lonely." That's at five!

PLAYBOY: Are you always Ronnie to your friends and family?

WALKEN: Oh yeah. My wife, people who knew me as a kid, sure. Anybody who met me after I was 25 calls me Chris. I asked my agent if I could change my billing to Chris Walken. It's what everybody calls me, and it takes up less space. It's easier to say. But people don't like change. Producers say, "If I paid for the full name, I'm getting the full name." Why can't I go to Chris? I wish PLAYBOY would use Chris.

PLAYBOY: OK, Chris, are you concerned about your roles as a bad guy capable of killing children, friends or co-workers? You have said you tend to play mostly

villains and twisted people because of the way you look. Do you think you look evil? Is there a concern that you might become a parody of yourself?

WALKEN: You know what I think it is? I've been in show business since I was three, and it has left its mark on me. I come from the planet Show Business, not Hollywood—I didn't know anything about that until I got older. But I came out of show business: The way I talk, the way I think, the way I look—those things make me good for certain kinds of parts, somebody from the outside, from the border. When I was young I never knew anybody who wasn't in show business.

Remember Brandon de Wilde? He was a great-looking kid and a big star, he was in *Shane*. I went to school with him. He taught me how to tie a necktie. I was in class with Marvin Hamlisch. I knew him when I was seven. When he was ten he had already written an opera. Tuesday Weld used to come to our house. Sal Mineo was in school with Elliott Gould and my brother. Sal was a bigger star than anybody. He had an older brother named Vic, and these guys wore suits, had bodyguards, played cards on the weekends. These guys were 40 when they were 16. I was always at the edge, looking on.

PLAYBOY: Were you jealous of their success?

WALKEN: I don't have a big jealous streak. But sometimes I feel depressed about not being better.

PLAYBOY: Did many of those showbiz kids continue like you did?

WALKEN: Not many. It's unusual if they're still in the business. They grew up and had something else they wanted to do. But not me. I got to be 25 and realized I was in show business whether I liked it or not.

PLAYBOY: Is that when you made the transition from musicals to dramatic stage roles?

WALKEN: I knew I couldn't stay in musicals. Even if you are great at it, there's only so long you can do it, like an athlete. I was in a musical and a casting agent saw me and asked me to audition for *The Lion in Winter*, which was a play in New York before it was a movie. I got the part of the king of France. It had great actors in it: Robert Preston, who was like Booth, a great American actor; Rosemary Harris; Jimmy Rado, who later wrote *Hair*. It was a good show. Preston was sweet to me. He used to say, "Don't worry, just enjoy yourself. Don't stand in the wings and say your lines over and over before you go on. You know your lines—just relax." And I'd grit my teeth and say, "Yeah!" Anyway, I'd go out there and pour a cup of wine and hand it to somebody, and my hand would be shaking so hard that the wine would jump out of the goblet. I really stunk. People would come backstage afterward and say to me, "I'm sorry." And one night after the show the producer asked me to get a bite to eat and took me to this Greek restaurant. He said in the middle of our meal, "We're going to have to let you go." I said, "I know that. But give me three days." He said OK. Within those three days I got my shit together.

PLAYBOY: Why stay with acting if it made your hands shake?

WALKEN: What else could I do?

PLAYBOY: You won a Clarence Derwent Award for that play. What did this mean to you?

WALKEN: I had gone from tap dancing to getting an award for being an actor in a play I nearly got fired from. This showed me things weren't so bad after all. I got a job as Romeo and I had never read Shakespeare. I'm convinced I got that job because somebody had seen me wearing tights in *The Lion in Winter* and thought I could play Romeo. It's dopey, but I think that's what happened. I was terrible as Romeo. And I got the worst reviews ever.

PLAYBOY: Do you have many actor friends? When you're working here in Hollywood, who do you see?

WALKEN: I know people here like Harry Dean Stanton. I'm trying to think of who else actually lives here. Oh, Jon Lovitz. [*Laughs*] I'm 54 years old. You ask, "Who do you know?" I say, "I know Harry

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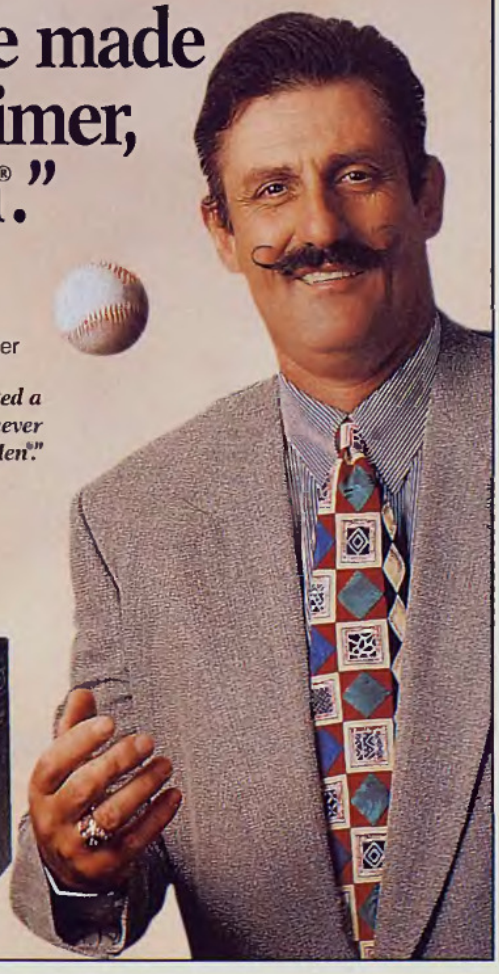

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PLAYBOY: What playwrights are you most comfortable with?

WALKEN: My best work onstage has been in Tennessee Williams' plays and in Chekhov's. American stage actors for some reason go very well with Chekhov. Some sort of temperamental thing. And Williams was the great American playwright of my time. One thing I know about playwrights: Every character they write is them. Shakespeare wrote all those characters, and somewhere in his head he could imagine them. It's the only thing good playwrights and bad playwrights have in common: Their characters are basically them.

PLAYBOY: Does that hold true for actors who write?

WALKEN: Sure. I've never met an actor who hasn't written a movie. I've got volumes of them. Cabdrivers write screenplays. My dentist told me he wrote one.

PLAYBOY: Did he give it to you?

WALKEN: No. But he wants to. I think I said to him, "I don't want to know about it. What's it about?" "It's about a dentist." They don't make movies about dentists!

PLAYBOY: Has anybody ever read any of your screenplays?

WALKEN: No, because they stink! [*Laughs*] I've got a trunkful of shitty scripts. When I finish one I say, "OK, that's pretty good for a lousy rotten actor."

PLAYBOY: What was your mother's fascination with show business that led her to encourage you in that direction?

WALKEN: It was different in those days. There was a thing called the Stage Mothers' Society, 300 women who had kids. There were three professional children's schools that catered to those kids. I went 12 years, from the first grade until I graduated from high school.

We went to dancing school on Saturdays and it was as much a social event for the mothers as it was tap class for us. They would all sit and drink black coffee and smoke cigarettes and argue. I don't know about what, but I remember big arguments. It was pretty tough.

PLAYBOY: Were you a good student?

WALKEN: I was never good in school. I didn't like it and always resented having to attend.

PLAYBOY: Why?

WALKEN: I don't have children, and I know the law makes you do things, but I think you should basically teach a kid to read. A little arithmetic, a little writing, but if you can read, that's the big thing. That's the biggest thing my education gave me.

PLAYBOY: If you had kids, would you encourage them to go to school?

WALKEN: No, I wouldn't. I think school may do as much damage as good. It did to me. It was just something you did every day. It was taken for granted. You waste tremendous amounts of time.

PLAYBOY: You apparently felt that way about Hofstra University, which you left after a year.

WALKEN: I mean, it wasn't Harvard. I was in a play by Archibald MacLeish, *J.B.*, when I was 16 or 17. I was about to get out of high school. One of my teachers said, "You're working with Archibald MacLeish?" He was teaching at Harvard. She said, "Why don't you ask him to put in a word for you? You could probably go to Harvard." I didn't want to go to Harvard.

PLAYBOY: What musical did you leave college for?

WALKEN: *Best Foot Forward*. I was 19, making $55 a week. Liza Minnelli sang a song for this investor—she made quite an impression. That's how we got the money to do the show. Her mother threw a 16th-birthday party for her, and the cast was invited. I danced with Judy Garland.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't it at this time that you met Anthony Perkins, who gave you some essential advice about your hair?

WALKEN: Right. He had a great head of hair. He said the reason men go bald, aside from genes, is that as they get older, the scalp gets tight, the blood gets cut off and the follicles die, particularly with stress. He knew a lot about it. He said that women have a layer of lanolin under their skin that men don't have that keeps their scalps loose. He told me what you do is pull your hair forward five minutes a day, and I've done it every morning since. You take your whole scalp and just pull it pretty hard, yank it around. I heard that Kennedy, when he was in the White House, had somebody come in every day and do it for him. He had a great head of hair.

PLAYBOY: What other beauty secrets do you know?

WALKEN: If you've got red eyes from staying up too late you should put warm, wet tea bags on them. It's very soothing.

PLAYBOY: After *Best Foot Forward*, you did the road show of *West Side Story*, during which you met Georgianne Thon. Describe that meeting.

WALKEN: She played my girlfriend in the show, so we were together every day, touring on the road.

PLAYBOY: Was it love at first sight?

WALKEN: She was a fox. She is a fox. We loved each other right away. We've been married 28 years. I was 22 when we met.

PLAYBOY: Why haven't you had kids?

WALKEN: I never had it checked out. My wife and I were never interested in having kids. We're both relieved that we don't. We've been careful, and we've deliberately avoided it. Until I was 35 I moved around all the time. The truth is, I don't really enjoy the company of children. When I'm with them I think, Gee, I wish this would end so I could have a conversation or something.

PLAYBOY: Is your wife your best friend?

WALKEN: Definitely.

PLAYBOY: She has said that she stays away from you when you're playing darker roles. True?

WALKEN: She's told me that, too.

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PLAYBOY: You must not be seeing much of her lately.

WALKEN: There are some roles that are difficult for her. People won't say, "Come on, honey, let's take the kids to see *The Comfort of Strangers*." That's not going to happen.

PLAYBOY: You've said that your character in that movie got to you. In what way?

WALKEN: I did something I never do for movies: I deliberately gained weight, 20 pounds. And I don't do things like that for parts. I don't like to be fat. I felt lousy.

PLAYBOY: You called your character a terrible man and said the fact that sex equals death in that movie scared you.

WALKEN: He and his wife did make that equation, yeah. And not in a funny way, like Woody Allen might do. That is the most mentally unhealthy person I've ever played, which says a lot.

PLAYBOY: You played a pretty unstable guy, Annie Hall's demented brother, for Allen.

WALKEN: Somebody at a press conference came up to me and said, "I know why you get these strange parts. It's because you did that Woody Allen movie." I thought, Could that be? Everybody saw that movie, in which I played Duane, who wanted to drive into oncoming cars. It could be I got the part in *The Deer Hunter* because of that.

PLAYBOY: *The Deer Hunter*, it's been written, established you as an intellectual James Dean. Do you buy that?

WALKEN: No, certainly not.

PLAYBOY: Many saw it as a political film, but you didn't. How come?

WALKEN: Because I see movies as movies. But if you want me to be more specific, I don't think it had anything to do with being about a particular war. It had more to do with young men's romantic notions of war, the idea that war's an adventure. They think they're going to go and have a good time, get out of the house. In reality, though, they get their legs blown off. But you could have made that movie about cavemen. It's really more about young men's naivete concerning war.

PLAYBOY: Where did you stand on the Vietnam war?

WALKEN: It's maybe not a good thing about me, but I have never paid attention to what's going on in the world. I knew peripherally, but I had no views.

PLAYBOY: What about your brothers?

WALKEN: My younger brother volunteered to go, and he went for four years. He was in action in Vietnam. He never talks about it, but I have a feeling he was in rough stuff.

PLAYBOY: What did he think of *The Deer Hunter*?

WALKEN: He's never talked about it.

PLAYBOY: How uncomfortable did it get shooting in the River Kwai?

WALKEN: There were little things nipping at our legs. That's why I liked making *Nick of Time*—it was all inside the Bonaventure Hotel. You'd go to your room for lunch, go back downstairs and get to work. That's the way to do it. *The Deer Hunter* was in the jungle, with lizards, spiders. We stayed in this hotel, and at night there'd be a noise. You'd turn on the light and there would be a lizard on the wall, white with big orange dots on it. I'm very squeamish about that stuff. I don't like bugs. But it got to the point where I'd hear a noise, turn on the light, see something on the wall, turn off the light and go back to sleep.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever smoke opium in Thailand?

WALKEN: Somebody gave me some and I didn't know what to do with it, so I ate it after we finished the movie. I stayed in Thailand for a while and went up to this place called Pe Lot. It was like a town in a Western, with wooden sidewalks and guys carrying guns. I ate the opium and got very, very sick. It was an intestinal thing. When I got back to America I saw a doctor, who said that they mix the opium with water buffalo shit and that I had some bacteria in my stomach. It lasted a long time.

PLAYBOY: What were the Sixties like for you? Did you go through a drug phase?

WALKEN: Sure.

PLAYBOY: Did it affect you?

WALKEN: Yes, but it affected me for the

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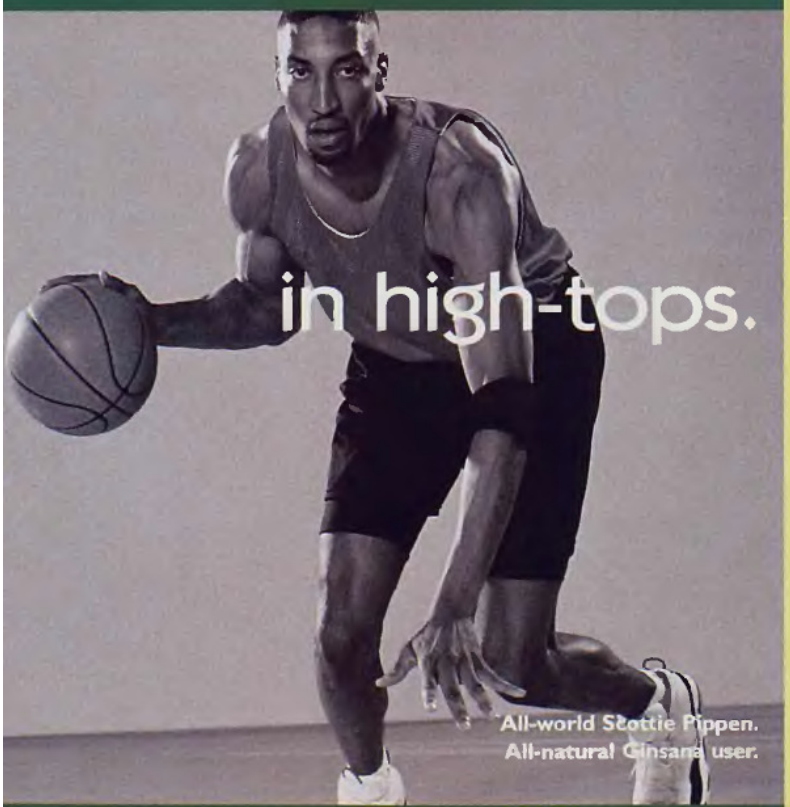

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better. It's the reason I don't do it anymore and wouldn't even be inclined or tempted. When it stopped being interesting, I stopped being interested in it. It was a relationship. We gave up on each other.

PLAYBOY: You never had a bad acid trip?

WALKEN: Oh sure, sure, and when that happened I stopped. I don't even hear acid mentioned anymore. But it was commonplace then. It's like smoking cigarettes—there was a time in my late 30s when they started to make me feel sick, so I quit. I'm very lucky that way. There's a point where your body and your mind say what you should do, and if you ignore that, you're a fool.

PLAYBOY: How good was winning an Oscar for *The Deer Hunter*?

WALKEN: I remember exactly how good. We went to the thing and there was a little party afterward and we sat with Meryl Streep and her family, then went back to the hotel early. The management had sent up a bottle of champagne, my agent was in the room with a couple of people, I was holding the Oscar. Then everybody left and we went to bed and I said to my wife, with the Oscar in my hand, "This is a house." And it was. I was holding our house in my hand—I knew that's what it meant.

PLAYBOY: Another controversial film for you was *Brainstorm*, which was delayed when Natalie Wood drowned after falling off the yacht that you, she and Robert Wagner were staying on. You have maintained a strict silence about the incident——

WALKEN: Out of respect for the family. It's not my place to talk about that. The other thing is, there really is nothing to talk about. Anybody there saw the logistics—of the boat, the night, where we were, that it was raining—and would know exactly what happened. You hear about things happening to people—they slip in the bathtub, fall down the stairs, step off the curb in London because they think that the cars come the other way—and they die. You feel you want to die making an effort at something; you don't want to die in some unnecessary way. What happened that night only she knows, because she was alone. There were four of us on that boat, not three of us. There was a captain too. She had gone to bed before us, and her room was at the back. A dinghy was bouncing against the side of the boat, and I think she went out to move it. There was a ski ramp that was partially in the water. It was slippery—I had walked on it myself. She had told me she couldn't swim; in fact, they had to cut a swimming scene from the movie. She was probably half asleep, and she was wearing a coat. She apparently moved the boat around, slipped, hit her head, fell into the water. She was discovered separate from the boat: Why would she get into the boat, then get out of it and into the water? She couldn't swim. She hit her head, went into the water, the boat floated away, she floated away. In the meantime, we were sitting in the living room, the three of us, talking. And I remember distinctly that about 45 minutes after she had gone to bed, R.J. went down to her room, came right back and said, "Natalie's not there." And then the Coast Guard was called.

I feel funny talking about it in such detail, but the fact that she had gone in the dinghy the night before made it sound like we were on the high seas. We were 50 feet off the beach, moored to one of those balls, and there were boats all around. It was a drizzly night, so it wasn't like people were sitting out on their decks. But there were a lot of people around. There was a hotel with a restaurant on the shore. She had gone there the night before to call her kids because the phone on the boat wasn't working. The first assumption was that that's what she had done. She was very spontaneous. The idea that she had gotten into the boat to go call her kids was not far-fetched. The first reaction was: I hope everything's OK. But then time passed.

PLAYBOY: Thomas Noguchi, the Los Angeles County coroner, reported that an argument between you and Wagner may have been the reason she went off by herself.

WALKEN: Wasn't that guy Noguchi kicked out as chief medical examiner for being an asshole?

PLAYBOY: He said you guys were fighting.

WALKEN: I remember that. There was a quote in the paper from me saying I didn't recall the coroner being there. How the hell does the coroner know what was going on?

PLAYBOY: What was reported in the *Los Angeles Times* was that you and Wagner "argued heatedly aboard an anchored yacht" on the night that Natalie Wood drowned. "It may have been the reason she left the two men."

WALKEN: She left to go to bed. And there were three of us. Noguchi was a bad man. How would he know? If a policeman had said it, it would be one thing. The police thoroughly investigated the whole thing, everybody was questioned. If there had been anything wrong, certainly the police would have looked into it. The story I just told you is the absolute truth. Nobody can know, but I believe she went to move that dinghy, slipped, fell, hit her head and died. Not a good way to go. The woman was not self-destructive. Everybody cared about her. This is the first time I've ever talked more than two minutes about it.

PLAYBOY: When did they find the body?

WALKEN: A few hours later.

PLAYBOY: What was your reaction?

WALKEN: Oh man, forget it. My reaction was for R.J. To receive that kind of news.

PLAYBOY: Have you two seen or talked with each other since then?

WALKEN: I bump into him occasionally, and, you know, it's sad. He married her twice. They really were a glamorous couple.

PLAYBOY: Were you close to her?

WALKEN: They were very nice to me. They invited me to their home. We had a lot of fun. To have something like that happen to someone who really was loved and who was legendary—the sadness of it makes it hard to talk about. I was in a restaurant about a year ago, and there was a young, beautiful girl. I was looking at her and somebody said to me, "You know who that is? It's Natalie's daughter Natasha." There was a resemblance.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever talk to Wood about her early films?

WALKEN: I did, yes. She talked about those people. She had dated Elvis. She was Elvis' girlfriend at one point. She talked about what a gentleman he was. She knew everybody.

PLAYBOY: Elvis is someone you've been fascinated, almost obsessed, with since you were a teenager. When was the first time you laid eyes on him?

WALKEN: I was about 15. I asked this girl to go to the prom and she said she would but that she had a boyfriend, an older guy. Then she took out her wallet and showed me a picture of this handsome guy with the hair, the teeth, who looked like a Greek statue. I thought, All right, and then I asked to see it again and said, "This is not a photograph. You cut this out of a magazine." She got *farmisht* and said, "Yes, you're right, I did. I'm so madly in love with him. His name is Elvis Presley." She went with me to the prom. I had her in a compromising position. That's what you get for lying.

PLAYBOY: How did Elvis' look affect you?

WALKEN: I saw all his movies. I still comb my hair like his to some extent.

PLAYBOY: You played archetypal bad guys in *A View to a Kill* and *Batman Returns*. Are they more like cartoon villains? Way over the top?

WALKEN: Yeah, sure. Those were costume movies. In the Bond film I had my hair dyed an impossible yellow color, and that became my motivation in a lot of scenes: I had a secret subtext, which I never discussed with anybody. Every time I had a scene with somebody I'd be thinking: What do you think of my hair? Do you *like* my hair? Do you like what they *did* to me? That they made me look like *this*? So next time you see the movie, every time I torture somebody I'm really thinking, You see what they *did* to me with this hair?

PLAYBOY: Did you really ask *Batman Returns* director Tim Burton for cuff links made out of human molars?

WALKEN: I didn't ask, but it's an example of what a really good director he is. At the beginning of the shoot I was standing with him, waiting for them to light the set, and I said that in *The Great*

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Gatsby, Gatsby and Nick Carraway are having lunch with the gangster Meyer Wolfsheim, and Nick notices that Wolfsheim is wearing cuff links made out of human molars. Burton calls over his assistant and says, "Get him cuff links made out of human molars." Within half an hour the guy comes back with them, and I wore them throughout the movie. It's something the audience wouldn't know, but Burton knew it would be good for me to have them.

PLAYBOY: Didn't Sean Penn also know what would be good for you when you acted with him in *At Close Range*?

WALKEN: Yeah, he really scared me. You can see it on the screen, because he did it very quickly. In the middle of the take, he ran off the set and I heard him say to the propman, "Give me the other gun." When he came back I was concerned that this wasn't the gun he had left with. Who knows? He's acting like some crazy actor and pointing it at my face, and it really scared me. It was near my eye.

PLAYBOY: Why did he do it?

WALKEN: Because he's a good actor. That's what good actors do, they help each other. It was an empty gun—he knew exactly what he was doing. He just wanted to scare me, which is what he did. I got mad afterward and yelled at him, then I said thank you. It's great when actors do that for each other. It's very generous.

PLAYBOY: Penn said that you had poetry in your blood, though it was hard to know whether it was angelic or satanic.

WALKEN: That's a lovely thing to say. If you can play one, you can play the other.

PLAYBOY: What about believing in one or the other?

WALKEN: Heaven and hell? No. Afterlife, absolutely. I don't believe in death. I remember standing as a child at my uncle's funeral, looking at him and thinking, I don't believe it, it doesn't make any sense. And I still feel that. The other night I was watching a movie on TV and there was an actor in it I really like. Then it crossed my mind that he's dead. But he's not dead; there he is, you know? Life is so amazing to me that I find it hard to believe it stops.

PLAYBOY: You sound a bit like Whitley Strieber, who wrote about being abducted by aliens in *Communion*, in which you appeared when it was made into a film. Did you get to know him?

WALKEN: Yeah, it was interesting spending time with him. We went to his house once. Talk about eccentric guys. He had about a dozen people there who claimed to have been abducted. They were regular people talking about waking up with six hours missing or with scars.

PLAYBOY: You've said he's like a radio show—he does the sounds, the screams. Is this in a one-on-one conversation?

WALKEN: Absolutely. All you have to do is say, "Whitley, did you really get abducted?" He'll pretend at first that he's reluctant to talk about it. He's so bizarre. I asked him what happened once they got him in the spacecraft. His voice starts to shake a little, then he gets into it. He goes, "No, no!" [*Laughs*] He does sound effects. This guy, he's his own show.

PLAYBOY: You were friendly with Andy Warhol. Did he ever want to take your picture or paint you?

WALKEN: No. Andy Warhol was famous for being reticent, but whenever I was with him we talked about movies, New York, show business. He was very congenial, very intelligent, big mind. He never said anything silly. He said things like "I believe tomorrow is another day." Which is silly, except when he said it you could see the mind behind it. I always thought he was rather droll. He was certainly unique.

PLAYBOY: Warhol mentioned you in his diaries a few times, often having to do with a reporter named Tinkerbelle. Do you remember her?

WALKEN: Yeah, sure, I knew her. She's gone.

PLAYBOY: Warhol wrote: "She was saying how she makes out with everybody she interviews, that she was making out with Christopher Walken and that his wife was getting upset." How did your wife know?

WALKEN: I never knew Tinkerbelle that way. I knew her from the days I used to go to the clubs. I used to see her at Studio 54.

PLAYBOY: Do female reporters often come on to you?

WALKEN: No. I wouldn't mind, but——

PLAYBOY: Warhol wrote in his entry for January 16, 1979: "Tinkerbelle said how could I tell people that she'd given Chris Walken a blow job, and I told her I didn't tell anybody, that I didn't even know."

WALKEN: Look, I don't know, these people, really—there are things you can say about me, but I'll deny that one absolutely.

PLAYBOY: On March 14, 1985, Warhol wrote, regarding you and actor Mickey Rourke the night of Dino De Laurentiis' dinner at Alo Alo, that before Rourke left with some girls, "he and Chris Walken kissed each other goodbye on the lips so tenderly, it looked so gay. And Chris Walken was really drunk, he said he was tired of his hair, he'd dyed it blond, and it needed retouching."

WALKEN: [*Laughs*] I remember Mickey was there. He handed me some sort of strange green drink. Actors do kiss one another, I don't think on the lips. I don't think there's anything going on between me and Mickey. Sounds like a nice book.

PLAYBOY: In 1973 you said in *After Dark* that you thought of Bassanio in *The Merchant of Venice* as bisexual, "and I suppose that's how I think of myself, too. I'd hate to think that I was harnessed to heterosexuality . . . my head is bisexual."

WALKEN: Did I say that? I think an actor's head has to be not bisexual but asexual. I like the term actor, it's genderless. I call actresses actors. An actor has to see as many sides of the story as possible. That's probably what I meant. But that production of *Merchant of Venice* had a gay bent. The director wanted it that way.

PLAYBOY: What does your wife think when she hears or reads these remarks?

WALKEN: My wife is so used to me. She's heard people say many things about me.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that until you were 35 you never earned more than $11,000 in a year?

WALKEN: That's right. That was my top pay for a year until I made *The Deer Hunter*, for which I was to be paid $14,000. But it took longer than it was supposed to, so I made $25,000. I told Michael Cimino there was this great Cadillac that I wanted, but he didn't give it to me. I've always liked Cadillacs, but I don't like to drive.

PLAYBOY: So when did you finally make money?

WALKEN: Right after *The Deer Hunter*, when I did *The Dogs of War*. That was the first time I was the main character.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever made more than a million dollars for a film?

WALKEN: No. I made a million dollars once, but never over a million. I don't pay an awful lot of attention to money.

PLAYBOY: If your films haven't always been successful, your two appearances on *Saturday Night Live* have been. What kind of feedback do you get when you do that show?

WALKEN: It's very good, people think it's funny. They remember certain skits. The most popular one is the Continental. A lot of people remember the stalker. We did a James Bond skit in which I played a bad guy. I was designing a shark tank, and I was going to throw people in.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the show can ever return to its early glory days?

WALKEN: I don't know. I've been watching it as a fan for 22 years. Naturally when I think about the time I watched every week, it was in the beginning, with Steve Martin, Bill Murray, Dan Aykroyd, John Belushi, Gilda Radner, Jane Curtin. That was an amazing time. When Belushi would do the news and go insane, or do takeoffs on Sid Caesar or do the samurai, or Steve Martin would do his Egyptian dance, that was funny stuff. There was that white-hot thing when somebody gets very big overnight. I remember running around the halls of the Château Marmont with John Belushi, who lived there. I used to live on the sixth floor. There were a lot of parties in room 54, which is a nice, big suite facing Sunset.

PLAYBOY: Legend has it that the *SNL* parties were heavy on drugs, with plates of cocaine on tables.

(concluded on page 64)

WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

He's a man with a taste for adventure. Last year his passion took him to Australia's Great Barrier Reef, this winter it's the Caribbean. PLAYBOY reaches more than twice as many men who enjoy diving and boating as *Men's Health*. PLAYBOY men are more likely than *Sports Illustrated* men to buy sports equipment. Purchasing gear, PLAYBOY men outspent the male readers of *GQ* and *Men's Health* combined. PLAYBOY—the place to take the plunge. (Source: 1996 Fall MRI.)

THE ISSUE ISN'T WHAT WE WOULD DO WITH ANOTHER MOZART. IT'S WHAT WE WOULD DO WITH ANOTHER JOHN TESH

CLONING? I DON'T THINK SO

BY JOE QUEENAN

ROUGHLY ten minutes into the 1990 romantic thriller *Ghost*, Patrick Swayze is shot to death by a hired killer. However, due to deceptive camera work, the audience does not immediately realize that the male lead has slipped this mortal coil, because while Swayze's girlfriend, Demi Moore, kneels weeping in the street, trying to console her apparently doomed fiancé, a second Patrick Swayze—his ghost-to-be—appears at her side. Thus, in a single frame, in a single instant, in a single dramatic sequence, the unsuspecting audience is subjected to not one performance by a man widely viewed as the worst actor of our times, but two.

The possibility that two separate but equal Patrick Swayzes may inhabit the same planet at the same time constitutes the strongest argument ever devised for opposing the cloning of human beings. In dwelling upon such abstract questions as how society could benefit from the cloning of an Albert Einstein or suffer from the cloning of a Saddam Hussein, most scientists, politicians, religious leaders and ethical experts have completely missed the real issue, foolishly ignoring the long-term cultural fallout from producing two Patrick Swayzes, three Pauly Shores, four Arsenio Halls or 11,000 Barbra Streisands. The truth is, the machinations of a Saddam Hussein or the cerebrations of a Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, or even ten Saddam Husseins and 457 Wolfgang Amadeus Mozarts, have little practical effect on the lives of most Americans. Patrick Swayze, on the other hand, exerts a subliminal cultural influence 24 hours a day, via endless reruns of *Dirty Dancing*, *Road House* and *Ghost* on TNT, TBS, HBO2, et al. And even when he's not, Eric Roberts and Gary Busey are. The experts, by confining their speculative horizons to the mighty, the monstrous

ILLUSTRATION BY RANDALL ENOS

and the misbegotten, have overlooked the mundane, yet infinitely more catastrophic, uses to which cloning could be put by friend and foe alike. Judging from Americans' obsession with entertainers of all stripes, it can be argued that the routine, unregulated cloning of toxic celebrities poses the single greatest threat to this society since the Civil War. America can survive the cloning of a John Dillinger. It can survive the cloning of a John Hinckley. It can even survive the cloning of a John Wayne Gacy. What it cannot survive is the cloning of a John Tesh.

As noted before, wizened pundits, canny prognosticators and keen observers of the human condition have dwelled on the most extravagant, albeit obvious, applications of cloning. What scientists and politicians have overlooked in their cookie-cutter ruminations about cloned Mozarts and genetically engineered Van Goghs is the extreme unlikelihood that such cloning would ever take place. For cloning to work, the subject must either be alive or only recently dead. That rules out Mozart and Van Gogh. But even if their cells were still in a readily cloneable state, it is unlikely that anyone would bother to make copies of them. Mozart, like most composers, died flat broke. He was also not terrifically popular. And he had terrible manners. This being the case, why would anyone jump up and say, "Great! He's dirt-poor, he's dying of syphilis, he's eating his own feces and he's a jerk. Let's clone him." As for Van Gogh, if someone were hell-bent on cloning the miserable Dutch genius, he could save himself a few bucks on the genetic mapping by not bothering to give him a left ear. Genius or no genius, the tormented late–19th century artist had far too many personal problems to make him a good candidate for cloning.

The truth is, artistic geniuses are far too mercurial to bother cloning. Because of their moodiness, unpredictability and affection for drugs, the amount of downstream revenue they would generate for their adoptive parents or guardians isn't realistically quantifiable. On the other hand, it's easy to understand why studios would want to clone movie stars with reliable box-office histories: money. Had an Errol Flynn clone been around when Kevin Costner was making *Waterworld*, the film wouldn't have been such a bust.

The ethical problems underlying such cloning decisions are enormous. Although a clone may be a perfect biological duplicate of its progenitor, it will still have a heart and mind of its own. Because it will be raised in a different environment than its biological "parent," it will not grow up to be a perfect replicant. Thus, had Van Gogh grown up in the Amazonian rain forest, he probably would not have become a mad painter who cut off his ear. In all likelihood, he still would have been a tad quirky, but probably not a complete lunatic. There is absolutely no guarantee that the clone of a genius will grow up to be a genius. In which case, you might just as well clone your mother.

Prospective clone parents also need to be aware that once a clone attains the age of reason, it will have its own feelings, its own value system, its own perspective on life. And one thing it will surely want to know is why it was brought into the world in such an unconventional fashion. How was the decision reached? How much cash was involved? What do the parents hope to get out of it? Consider the plight of a middle-aged stepparent who must explain to her now-grown, cloned child that she deliberately chose to bring her into the world as a clone of Kathie Lee Gifford rather than as a clone of herself.

"We figured you'd make more money being perky than you'd make being fat and lovable," the parent would explain. "Perky sells." The mother might also point out that there were worse options than Kathie Lee Gifford: The child could have been a clone of Willard Scott. In saying this, it is not our purpose to heap abuse on the high-profile talk-show host or the corpulent weatherman, particularly during a period when Mrs. Gifford has been subjected to profound emotional duress by her errant husband's extramarital harpooning expeditions. But clearly, the cloning of Kathie Lee Gifford is not something this society should assent to without first conducting a vigorous nationwide debate. Ian Wilmut, who ignited an international furor by cloning Dolly the sheep last year, points out that one of the major child-rearing problems lurking down the road is when parents have excessively high expectations of their celebrity-clone children. As Wilmut puts it, "If you made a copy of Einstein, and the kid failed in his homework, you would say, 'You're not supposed to fail your homework.'" And then, of course, you would probably hit him.

One major element hampering the cloning debate is the public's woeful ignorance of the technology involved. People erroneously assume that a genetic engineer is e-mailed a DNA blueprint of some sort, or is handed a beaker filled with a filmy substance and marked MOORE, DEMI, and that the clone is conceived in a futuristic incubator. Not so. The procedure is a simple process of trial and error. It doesn't always work on the first try. Indeed, the incredibly high failure rate of cloning was recently spelled out in *The Wall Street Journal* by none other than John Cardinal O'Connor, the archbishop of New York:

"The Scottish-cloned sheep, Dolly, came into being on the 300th attempt," writes Cardinal O'Connor. "The first 299 attempts essentially fell apart. Switch to human beings. The first try is blue-eyed. Only brown is acceptable. Boy wanted. Get rid of this girl. How many human beings will be destroyed before whose ideal is achieved? Who does the cloning? Who would own the clones? Are they to be marketed? Is the idea of clone slaves, or clones created to meet particular needs of warfare, ridiculous? I think not. I shudder."

O'Connor has good reason to shudder. Suppose a music-loving couple decided they wanted to fill their home with the sounds of a child's laughter and the noble strains of Sergey Rachmaninoff. To facilitate this dream, they order up a clone of David Helfgott, the stammering, once mentally ill, loopy but lovable pianist depicted in the film *Shine*. But what happens if the first Helfgott clone, like the first Dolly clone, turns out to be a dud? What if he grows up to like Liszt? Or Garth Brooks? Or Marilyn Manson? Do they simply take him back to the shop and get another one? What kind of paperwork is involved? Do you get a full refund? Are the dud clones then shipped back to Australia? And how does this stuff get handled by the IRS? That's not all. What happens if a second Helfgott clone grows up to twitch or yodel instead of stammer? What if he talks like a mad Kiwi instead of a barmy Aussie? And what if hundreds of other movie buffs make a similar decision about the families they wish to raise? What happens to the teaching faculty at Juilliard 18 years from now when 300 mentally ill Australian American pianists show up for class on the same day all because their parents fell under the irresistible spell of a heartwarming film from down under that celebrates the triumph of the human spirit and makes you want to stand up and cheer? Who's going to want to teach that class?

Or suppose a couple seeks out a respectable bioengineering firm and requests a clone of Adam Sandler. The bioengineers try to manufacture a first clone, but it is not a complete moron, so they put it off to the side. The scientists try again, but the second attempt is also merely a partial moron, so they put it off to the side. The scientists keep trying and trying until they have created 299 semimoronic Adam Sandler clones. Then finally, after countless hours, they produce a perfect likeness

(concluded on page 170)

"I was just passing by and happened to have an erection."

CHRISTOPHER WALKEN *(continued from page 58)*

I found myself staring at him, like, Kid, should I eat you from your toes or from your nose?

WALKEN: Honestly, that's like a movie. We had a scene in *King of New York* where there was a plate of cocaine, but I have never seen anything like that in my life. It was much more people sitting on couches, passing joints. I don't know if it's still like that. I hear all kinds of things about what people use. It's changed. The pills that put you in an ecstatic state—people didn't used to take pills. And I've heard that heroin is getting cheaper. That sounds pretty nasty.

PLAYBOY: Is there a lot of jealousy among your peers? We've heard that you get jealous of men but not of women. True?

WALKEN: Not as an actor. In life, it's a guy taking away your girlfriend. Nowadays, getting older, I find myself around guys who are annoying because they're a little too young, a little too good-looking, a little too sure of themselves. I'm like that with my wife. The other day we had a driver who was a young, good-looking guy. He was talking to her and I thought he was a little cocky and flirty. I found myself staring at him, like, Kid, should I eat you from your toes or from your nose?

PLAYBOY: Are you glad that you are not a woman?

WALKEN: I'm glad I'm not a woman for a lot of reasons. Guys have a better deal, that's all there is to it. In every way. It's just better to be born a boy child. I'm not saying that men are better; it's just that men and women are very different. There is no comparison in terms of anything. That whole thing of giving birth? That's a frame of mind that's impossible for a man to know. Getting a hard-on, that's something a woman will never understand. It has nothing to do with more or less or better or quality of mind, but it's like men have a better agent or something. They come into the world with a better shake at a career and all sorts of things. John Gielgud just had his 93rd birthday and had to rush off to do a shoot somewhere. So he's working. That's what I want. I want to do a Pinter play when I'm 92.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever worry about that not happening? What is your greatest fear?

WALKEN: I'm afraid of crazy people. I'm afraid of speeding cars. I'm afraid of accidents. I'm afraid of disease. I'm very nervous getting on the L.A. freeways with a driver. They drive so fast that if something were to happen you'd be creamed. The 50-mile-per-hour limit was very sensible.

PLAYBOY: What's the most scared you've ever been?

WALKEN: The time I was trapped in an elevator with an 800-pound gorilla.

PLAYBOY: Seriously.

WALKEN: Baudelaire once said, "I have felt the wind of the wings of madness." That happened to me once in my 40s and I got really scared.

PLAYBOY: Did you need professional help?

WALKEN: I tried that once, two or three visits. He was a very nice man, and I said to him, "I don't think this is the thing I should be doing." And he said, "I think you're right." You have to have a sense of yourself and a perspective on life, sometimes taking a broader view and realizing you can be more daring with your mind, not be so afraid, just dive in.

PLAYBOY: How far in does your mind take you sometimes?

WALKEN: That's the problem—I found in my life that I was the least interesting when I was introspective. I did the least interesting work, I was the least interesting to be around. But a lot of my troubles were absolute bullshit compared with people who have cancer or have had something happen to their family.

PLAYBOY: Well, feeling the wings of madness is pretty serious.

WALKEN: Yeah, but all sorts of dopey people go crazy. Going crazy has a certain amount of vanity connected to it. Realizing there's a sort of self-centered, whining thing in you—just be brave. Somebody said to me once, "We're all dealt a hand." Some people get dealt better hands than others. That's why it's no good to be jealous of others. Everybody's at the center of something. The most you can do is to be your own unique self.

PLAYBOY: After spending some time with you, it's impossible not to notice how fastidious you are. Are you obsessed with cleanliness?

WALKEN: It's funny you say that. To me it's an absolute necessity. Everybody should be that way. Cleanliness is a good thing. I'm very clean. I don't like things that aren't cleaned up. But I hardly use soap at all. I don't use a lot of soap because it makes me feel sticky. I don't like to use it in my hair—I usually just run it under the water.

PLAYBOY: Which housekeeping chores do you do?

WALKEN: I do most of the cooking. My wife cleans. When I'm in a hotel I make my own food and I clean up, too.

PLAYBOY: Why is everything good fattening?

WALKEN: That's not true. The food I eat is good, and it's not fatty. I'm sort of a Japanese–Italian cook. In California you can get Chilean sea bass, which I can't get back East. The Chinese say there's only one way to cook fish—steam it. I take my collapsible steamer with me wherever I go. I cut the tops of leeks and steam them soft, then lay the sea bass on them and add a little dill, salt, pepper. When you take it out the sea bass flakes off in slabs. Absolutely divine.

PLAYBOY: Do you chew gum?

WALKEN: No.

PLAYBOY: Eat chocolate?

WALKEN: No. I don't do sugar. It has a chemical effect on me. There are very few things that get me tense. I can drink a lot of coffee. But if I have half a soda I get wired.

PLAYBOY: How superstitious are you?

WALKEN: Very. About everything. Not the standard stuff. My superstitions are mysterious and very powerful. They do not have names. I pay attention.

PLAYBOY: Tell us a little more than that.

WALKEN: I can't. You're saying don't be mysterious about something mysterious. What I'm saying is, if I have a feeling, I obey it.

PLAYBOY: If you could change one thing about yourself, what would it be?

WALKEN: I'd be more entrepreneurial. I'm lazy. I wish I could be more of a business guy. I admire that. I read the business section of *The New York Times* every week. I'm amazed by guys who understand how companies are run. Managerial types of things. It's so foreign to me. It's being like a general, which is sort of what directing is. Having a finger in many different pots and pies at the same time.

PLAYBOY: Well, we've come to the end. Is there anything you regret talking about?

WALKEN: There was one thing that bothered me, and it was my fault: when I said I'm 54 years old and the only person I know is Harry Dean Stanton. It's the only thing I said that I wish I hadn't because it's not nice to Harry Dean, and I didn't mean it that way. It's actually sort of the truth, but I don't want Harry Dean to take it the wrong way.

PLAYBOY: Harry Dean should be honored to be in such exclusive company.

WALKEN: You think?

SPORTS BABES

whether it's with a horse, a harley or a six iron,
these women are out to win

Beneath her racing silks, Stacey is a passionate woman who writes poetry and dreams about romance. "I believe that someday my prince will come," she says. "Here's my fantasy: We'll ride horses into a pasture in the moonlight, drink wine and look at the array of stars. Then I'd like to buy some land, build a great house and a huge barn and grow old with my prince. Thinking about it makes my heart melt."

STACEY SWAYZE For 27-year-old Texas native Stacey Denise Swayze, the decision to become a jockey was easy: "I love being outside and I've owned horses all my life. Riding came naturally to me." She's just the right size, too: 5'2" and 110 pounds. "I eat like it's going out of style," she says, "but riding keeps me in shape. It uses every muscle in my body." Stacey describes herself as a "tough competitor" and says nothing can keep her from jockeying—not even the accident she had in 1995, when her horse stumbled, she was thrown over its head and the horse ran over her. Her injuries included a torn biceps, a torn rotator cuff and a bone fracture, but Stacey was back on the track after a year of physical therapy. Chalk it up to her strong will. "I don't ever want to be helpless," Stacey says. "I can change a tire, or my oil. I have things under control. Besides, riding gives me a feeling of freedom. I wouldn't be happy doing anything else. I don't want to go to heaven if there aren't any horses there!"

NANCY DELGADO There's not much about road racer Nancy Delgado's life that's ordinary. For example, why she learned to ride a motorcycle ("I was tired of taking the subway," she says) or the way she and her fiancé fell in love ("I crashed in front of him, fractured my skull and that was it"). She was also the first woman to road-race a Harley-Davidson and the first female road racer in the U.S. to win a national championship, in 1995. Who needs normalcy when you can stir things up? "I've always been around controversy," Nancy says with a laugh. "It's second nature to me. Every track I go to, I get mobbed by the press, not because I'm a woman but because I'm a woman who is doing well in a male-dominated sport."

Nancy became an amateur road racer in 1988 and went pro in 1991. Although she's sitting this season out, waiting for a sponsor, she's eager to compete again. "At home, I'm a girly girl, but on the track, I'm a total tomboy. I'm addicted to speed and adrenaline!"

PowerBar
SYED
PowerBar
SPEED
PRO
PowerBar

"People have misconceptions about female golfers—that they can't play because their boobs get in the way or that they're all gay. It's ridiculous." Lisa encourages young girls and working women to head to the links. "It's no longer only a men's sport," she says. "I'm a big advocate for women's golf. I look up to the LPGA highly." An instructional video, book and calendar are next on her busy agenda.

LISA ANN HÖRST Note to Tiger Woods: Next time you need a golf partner, call Lisa Ann Hörst, a Ladies Professional Golf Association instructor from Pennsylvania. We guarantee she won't be intimidated. Born into a family of avid duffers, Lisa hit the links when she was seven and was competing by the age of nine. "When you have three brothers, you want to play better than they do," she says. "My father saw my talent and tried to feed it." His coaching worked—Lisa was the only girl on her high school golf team. Then came a scholarship to Penn State, where she earned a degree in exercise science and racked up a slew of wins, including the Pennsylvania Women's Amateur, sponsored by the United States Golf Association. Now, when she's not spending 11 hours a day teaching, Lisa is hard to pin down. You might find her at the gym, on a Colorado ski slope or in Europe, scaling a crag with her husband, Eric, a world-class climber. And there's always www.horstnet.com/lisa_ann, where you can view Lisa Ann's cyberspace golf site.

fiction By JOSEPH CLARK

JUNGLE WEDDING

the happy couples twirl and spin. but who is the shaman and why are there soldiers here?

We fly at night out of New York on a small chartered jet, an ancient but refurbished DC-8 that lumbers down the runway and struggles for lift. My girlfriend, Gwyn, holds my hand until we've reached cruising altitude. People mouth silent prayers, some mumble chants and not a small number of them clutch crystals hanging from their necks. These are Gwyn's friends and acquaintances, people with money who follow alternative gods and goddesses, shamans and theories of aliens among us. The woman who organized this wedding expedition, Louise Sanderson, is aboard. When she saw my video at the Whitney Biennial, she told Gwyn I had a "very primal, pagan touch." She called me, sounding a little like Bette Davis on the phone, a Thirties upper-crust New York accent, a no-nonsense voice with a hint of sardonic wit. She said that she wanted a "video artist" to tape a wedding she was organizing, a special and unusual wedding to take place in a location she was not willing to disclose. She needed someone who would be able to "capture the essence of what we are all about." She said "video artist" as if she were saying "automotive technician."

"I'll pay you a flat $50,000 fee, amenities included," she said, not waiting for my answer. "Tomorrow morning someone will stop around with the contract."

A long silence passed until I snapped out of it and said, "Yes. I'll be here. Thank you . . . um——" The phone went dead. Fifty thousand dollars is an awful lot of money just to tape a wedding, and

PAINTING BY FRED STONEHOUSE

I don't tape weddings. I'm an artist who uses film and videotape to create "moving canvases." The *Art in America* review of the Whitney Biennial described my work as "certainly disturbing; whatever meaning can be discovered in these works is buried beneath layer upon layer of howling dogs, defecation noises, cockfight outtakes and mock-porno 'acting' sequences. At its best it is blatantly primal and pagan—self-aggrandizement bordering on narcissism." That review resulted in my first sold-out installation show.

"Who is she?" I asked Gwyn.

"You met her. Blaine's solstice party, remember? You asked me about her."

I did remember Louise Sanderson: her ineffable projection of power, a crackling certainty in the way she possessed the room as soon as she entered it. Gwyn showed me a spread in *Elle Decor*, interior shots of Louise Sanderson's two-floor co-op apartment overlooking Central Park, an otherworldly version of life in New York.

I read the contract as the waiting courier fidgeted. An invitation and a timetable were attached, but still no destination. It was a short itinerary with few details—where to meet the plane and when we were to return to New York. "Wear tropical clothing and be prepared for insects," the note said. A small Post-it note added, "Please use your discretion in completing this project. I leave it to you to edit the document as your artistic sensibilities see fit." It was signed "L.S." in a tight but florid scrawl. I signed in the marked places and removed the check for $25,000 for the upfront payment. After the courier left, I read the fine print; the contract stipulated that I could not make dubs of the tapes for my portfolio nor talk to any member of the press about anything I would see or hear. I would be sued into submission if I failed to live up to this contract. I should have demanded copyright, I realized, but I decided to make dubs anyway. *Edit the document as your artistic sensibilities see fit*, is what she wrote. As far as I'm concerned that is an open-ended contract, without limitations.

•

The five-hour flight is uneventful. Gwyn passes out as soon as we've reached 30,000 feet, her hand going limp in mine. She's been excited about the mystery of an unknown destination. Gwyn has always been into alternative ways of looking at the world. She has acupuncture and exotic massages, mixes up foul-smelling tinctures and makes tea from raw herbs. These remedies often work, even on an extreme skeptic such as myself.

Many of the people on this plane she met at her yoga class. They live in owner-occupied, single-family brownstones in the Village and on the Upper East Side. Their dinner parties often end with interminable drumming circles and group massages or chants to some recently invented pagan goddess. I think of this crowd as a little sloppy. I find their thinking disorganized, without any theoretical or scientific basis.

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It's 5:30 A.M. local time when the pilot announces our descent into a fog-covered Puerto Verde. The landing is perfect despite the fog and we taxi toward the tower, where we are met by military jeeps, armored personnel carriers and a fleet of armored black Chevy Blazers whose headlights show dimly through the predawn fog. The air on the exit ramp is sentient, thick with smoke and diesel fumes. I am first out of the plane, ready with my camera as the others descend. When I point it at Gwyn she shifts into runway swagger. Maybe it's the presence of the carpet or the long straight walkway and the diamond-white light, but she's pouring it on, twisting her body and swaggering through the gantlet of soldiers waiting at the bottom of the ramp. The soldiers are all shorter than the women climbing down from the plane. The officers in charge lean their heads together and whisper when they see me moving toward them with the camera on my shoulder.

Louise Sanderson gets off last; walking slowly down the gangplank, she gives a little movie-star wave, then adds a little wink meant just for me. My friend at the *Times* says that it's prewar Texas oil money that gives her all that autonomy and power. This security must have been expensive, but Gwyn says Louise has friends in the State Department. The man welcoming Louise at the bottom of the steps looks professorial and anemic, not at all like a general or secret operative. Whoever he is, he's not an ambassador. There won't be any high-ranking government officials meeting this bunch of Americans. This event is not officially taking place, though I am already busy documenting it.

The airport road is encased in reinforced concrete like a California riverbed. Contained and protected from view, this fortified bridge is without a breakdown lane, stop signs or speed markers. Fires burn on the horizon. We come to an elevated section of roadway where, spread out as far as the eye can see, there are the shacks of half a million or more people. Around the circumference are devastation and ruin, a shanty encampment after a natural disaster—maybe an earthquake or a hurricane. The phrase is "indigenous population never recovered." Nothing on the horizon is more than ten feet tall, a vast plain of cardboard and tin houses, plastic sheeting nailed to scrap wood, old trucks and cars. Television antennas sprout from many of the makeshift houses. Groups of people huddle around open fires. A helicopter gunship appears, flying flanking maneuvers to our left. Faces turn toward the sound of the chopper and express not shock nor wonder at the sight of this exotic bird but terror. Some people run, others are numb and defiant, like the woman near the road who stands up and holds out a baby toward us. Her mouth is open and she's screaming something that makes the baby vibrate at the ends of her arms. The message remains oblique as they disappear in the roaring jump cut.

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There is no gradual change as we enter the city. The rubble is built right up to and against the foundations of the high-rises and colonial buildings. The streets are empty of civilians. Bedraggled soldiers leaning against 50-caliber machine guns mounted on ancient jeeps watch over deserted intersections. Solid concrete walls topped with broken glass and razor wire surround every important building, including the Buena Vista Intercontinental Hotel. The Blazers file into the underground parking garage at top speed, powering the brakes hard into the turns. Armed guards keep a wary eye on us until we've entered the private elevators. Gwyn and I get into an empty one and a man wearing an earphone holds the door as Louise hustles in carrying a kid-leather Italian handbag. She smiles at Gwyn. "Hi, darling," she says, and leans in to give her a tiny peck on the cheek. I sense Gwyn tense up. Louise nods in my direction. "Hello," she says, as if addressing the hired help. There is a tiny vibration on her upper lip, and the eye visible only to me winks again. She smiles, showing off porcelain of the highest quality.

"Is there a civil war going on here?" I ask Louise as the elevator door closes.

"Not anymore," she says, putting her bag between her feet and moving errant hairs out of her face. "I believe this is how the rich protect themselves from the poor." She gives her head a shake, and the growl in her voice makes me laugh out loud. Gwyn looks at me, surprised.

"Louise," I ask, "I wonder whether we might discuss this project some more. I'd like a clearer idea of what events you want me to record."

"Record them all, starting now."

(continued on page 163)

"There she goes. She'll think I'm in the bar and won't miss me until I don't come to our cabin to dress for the Captain's dinner."

PLAYBOY'S FALL & WINTER FASHION FORECAST

DRESS THEM UP OR DRESS THEM DOWN—NEW DESIGNER SUITS ARE CASUAL COOL

FASHION BY HOLLIS WAYNE

FASHION FLASH: This season's youth movement has nothing to do with age. It's all about how you wear your suit. With stretch fabrics and earth-tone colors, designers are striving to create a suit with many lives, one for all occasions this side of a tailgate party. The same suit that will make you look good at work is also designed to project a young, fresh attitude. Simply add a style statement such as a clingy V-neck or a dark shirt and tie and act as if you're about to meet a woman. Ignore the setting or potential dry-cleaning bills. If you move around comfortably, the crowd will follow. In fact, women like suits so much, they're wearing them, too. Be really cavalier and loan her your jacket as a mini-bathrobe. The only style that won't work for the loose look is a double-breasted jacket—it's too formal. Nightlife is getting dressier, the corporate world is growing more relaxed and, thanks to long hours, casual Friday is looking an awful lot like Friday night. You can't dress up a pair of jeans (we tried that in the Seventies, thank you), but these days you can make a suit work better for you than your best one-liners. Your friends will be impressed with the results—just make sure your new ladyfriend returns your jacket after breakfast.

This is not your father's pinstripe. We selected three different styles of the venerable suit to show that it's not just for bankers anymore. Facing page: On the left, a horizontally striped turtleneck ($270) provides a subtle contrast to the navy wool suit ($1100); both are by Joop. The jacket is a three-button job and the flat-front pants are loose-fitting and drapey. The round-toe loafers (by To Boot New York Adam Derrick, $285) and the belt (by Boss Hugo Boss, $125) are made of calfskin. The flanker to the right is also sporting a three-button suit ($1700). It's by Ermenegildo Zegna, and this time the pants have a double pleat. The dress shirt ($225) from the Calvin Klein Collection has a snap collar. Boss Hugo Boss did the brown tie ($85); the matching leather loafers come from Prada ($495). She's wearing a suit by Whistles of London at Showroom Seven, boots by Patrick Cox, a tie by Camouflage and not much else.

At left, this chalk-stripe suit is topped by a one-button jacket. The outfit is by Donna Karan Collection: The jacket ($1395) and matching wide-cut pants ($595) can be bought separately. The iridescent shirt costs $350, the dork tie is $90. The one-button stance is back this year. It presents a narrow wedge of shirt, elongates the torso and makes you look taller.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHUCK BAKER

Facing page: For a suit that counts, look to Boss Hugo Boss. Stay with us, now. It's a three-piece suit made of wool stretch; the jacket is single-breasted and has four buttons; the vest has six buttons; the pants have one pleat. It all adds up to $1050 and looks even richer thanks to the wild mock turtleneck by Missoni ($610). This season, low-cut turtlenecks and shallow V-necks lend an energetic air to your outfit—everyone should own at least one. The trick is to treat the most elegant garment in your wardrobe as if it were sportswear. Of course, for this approach to work it helps to stick with solid tones. The wool mélange, four-button suit ($990) and olive wool T-shirt ($150) on this page are from the Calvin Klein Collection. The wool V-neck—let's call it pumpkin—gives the outfit pop. It's by Ermenegildo Zegna and costs $650. One reason suits hove supplanted sports jackets this season is that you can always wear the top alone. Also, if you wear the full ensemble at times when you would normally wear a sports jocket, you'll elevate your look without appearing uptight. It's more of a European notion. Boa girl is wearing a sweater by Han Feng; the smiling beauty on this page is wearing a dress by Calvin Klein.

Pick up the pace. Emporio Armoni joins the party with a wool-ond-viscose suit and double-pleoted pants (this page, left; $895). Notice how the one-button jocket displays the embroidered shirt (also Emporio Armoni, $290). The squore-toed loofers by To 8oot New York Adam Derrick cost $255; the rose-tinted sunglosses are by Paul Smith Spectacles from Oliver Peoples ($240). This season also marks the return of tweed (right). With such modern elements as a three-button jacket and o stretch fabric of wool and cashmere, the Donegal tweed suit by 8oss Hugo 8oss ($950) comes olive paired with a royol blue 8oss Hugo Boss shirt ($125) and tie from Protocol by Robert Talbott ($105). For o minimalist opproach (at left on the facing page), we've matched a three-button flonnel suit ($1530) with a poplin oxford shirt ($303) and a solid silk tie ($98). The outfit is by Prada. The three-button suit by Trussordi at far right ($2145) has flat-front pants and is made of conservotive wool twill. The calfskin belt is by Boss Hugo Boss ($125). The suit is set off by o striped wool-blend V-neck from Ermenegildo Zegna ($250) for a loose, debonair look. It's for the mon who knows the basics but is not, to twist a phrase from *Seinfeld*, a suit nozi.

HAIR BY GABRIEL SABA FOR JOHN SAHAG WORKSHOP N.Y.C.
MAKEUP BY ROBERT DE ROOZE FOR ZOLI ILLUSIONS
WOMEN'S STYLING BY ANTONIO BRANCO FOR TRILISE

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 160.

SURFING FOR SEX

TYPING "S-E-X" INTO AN INTERNET SEARCH ENGINE WILL TAKE YOU TO ALL THE WRONG PLACES. THAT'S WHY YOU NEED US

BY CHIP ROWE

ADULT MOVIES

1 THE ADULT MOVIE FAQ

http://w3.gti.net/director/faq
So you want to be a porn star? Jeff Knapp's Frequently Asked Questions document tackles the basics, including questions such as "How much do the actors make?" "Why do porn babes wear shoes all the time?" and "Who writes those groovy soundtracks?"

2 BRANDY ALEXANDRE HOME PAGE

http://www.kamikaze.org
Most porn starlets' pages are poorly disguised commercial sites. Brandy's is homemade. That this Webmistress appeared in *Bend Over Babes* and *Honey, I Blew Everybody* just gives her something to write about.

3 NINA HARTLEY HOME PAGE

http://www.nina.com
Nina's site includes a friendly FAQ, an article she wrote titled "Frustrations of a Feminist Porn Star" and a link to *U.S. News & World Report*, which put her on its cover for a report on the business of porn. Don't miss the great photo behind those piercing green eyes.

BACK TO BASICS

4 FIRST TIME

http://myfirsttime.com
More than 1300 surfers, ranging from a 66-year-old recalling her deflowering behind a gas station 50 years ago to a teenager writing about a tryst on his parents' bed, describe the first time they had sex.

5 JACKIN' WORLD

http://www.jackinworld.com
Dedicated to former Surgeon General Joycelyn Elders, this site offers an expert guide to successful masturbation.

6 THE SOCIETY FOR THE RECAPTURE OF VIRGINITY

http://www.thebluedot.com/srv
You can't go back—or can you? Peruse the fact sheet about virginity (food tastes better to virgins; Donald Trump started off as a virgin), the heartfelt testimonials of former nonvirgins and a forum where surfers discuss their first and second first times.

BEDTIME READING

7 AND ADAM KNEW EVE

http://www.mindspring.com/~hobrad/andmain.htm
Ron Ecker's dictionary of sex in the Bible includes fair-minded discussions of what the good book says and doesn't say about issues such as contraception, virginity, prostitution and the outlandish sexual tastes of King Solomon.

8 THE LOVE TEACHINGS OF KAMA SUTRA/THE PERFUMED GARDEN

http://www.bibliomania.com
Short-attention-span surfers: *Kama Sutra*, part two, chapter six; *Perfumed Garden*, chapter six.

9 PLAYBOY

http://www.playboy.com
Visit for the articles.

COMICS

10 THE WARPED WORLD OF FRITZZ

http://www.fritzz.com
Follow the energetic and immoral adventures of *Nick Fitts: Private Dick!*, *Alien Sex Fiend*, *Puss and Boots* and *Malice in Wonderland*. Fritzz also offers tips on how to create your own digitally enhanced erotica.

FETISHES

11 THE LONG HAIR SITE

http://www.tlhs.org
Frank Ploenissen's home page includes photos of women with long hair, interviews with long-haired women and links to the home pages of women who happen to have long hair.

12 NAVEL BASE

http://nightspy.com/navelbase
An archive of photos of female belly buttons, along with erotic stories about navel sightings, trivia (Barbara Eden was never allowed to show hers on *I Dream of Jeannie*) and even poetry ("I offered my belly as a bowl . . .").

HANGOUTS

13 BIANCA'S SMUT SHACK

http://bianca.com
Join hundreds of other "biancanauts" as they discuss sex and other perversions. (First stop: the sacrificial altar.)

14 HEARTLESS' HOLEY HAVEN

http://www.aimnet.com/~mijo/HHH.html
This site includes the hilarious and divinely illustrated Stupid Penis Tricks page, thoughts from adventurous women on what they'd do if they had a penis for a day and tips for enjoying better "cuntilingus."

JUST FOR FUN

15 BABES ON THE WEB

http://www.toupsie.com/BABE.html
At last count, Rob Toups' site included links to the home pages of more than 400 Web babes. In his FAQ, Toups explains he created the site "to bring about the termination of the Clinton administration through excessive Web browsing by government officials."

16 FLASH MOUNTAIN

http://www.thatguy.com/splash
Near the end of Disneyland's Splash Mountain, a mounted camera snaps a souvenir photo of riders that they can purchase as they exit. Occasionally an exhibitionist bares her breasts at just the right moment. Disney employees

PAINTING BY ED PASCHKE

typically destroy such shots, but at least 13 have slipped through the cracks.

⓱ Urban Legends: Sex

http://snopes.simplenet.com/sex
By now you've heard of the amorous couple rushed to the hospital because of penis captivus, or the woman impregnated after a bullet had passed through a man's testicle and into her abdomen. This site collects the tales that always happen to a "friend of a friend."

RELATIONSHIPS

⓲ Cyrano Server

http://www.nando.net/toys/cyrano.html
Fill in the blanks to write a love letter or dump someone on her ass.

⓳ "I Just Want to Be Friends"

http://www.wizard.net/~joelogon/platonic
The care and feeding of your new platonic female friend.

SEX ENHANCERS

⓴ Good Vibrations

http://www.goodvibes.com
The highlight of the Good Vibes site, besides sex-toy home shopping, is founder Joani Blank's Antique Vibrator Museum.

㉑ Johan's Guide to Aphrodisiacs

http://www.santesson.com/aphrodis
An entertaining guide to love potions, including recipes for such do-me dishes as spicy onion paste and fennel soup.

SEXUAL EDUCATION

㉒ The Adult FAQ Website

http://www.adultfaq.com
A collection of links to the sexual instruction manuals of the Net.

㉓ Go Ask Alice

http://www.columbia.edu/cu/healthwise/alice.html
The next best thing to *The Playboy Advisor*. The Columbia University Health Service answers questions posed by visitors to the site, from "What is the missionary position?" to "Which parent carries the gene for penis size?"

㉔ The Safer Sex Page

http://www.safersex.org
You gotta have it.

㉕ Society for Human Sexuality

http://weber.u.washington.edu/~sfpse
This volunteer group maintains hundreds of files on sexual activism, sex books and movies, massage, nudism, "nonmonogamy," prostitution, spiritual sex, toys, bondage, body modification, censorship, regional resources, organizations, mail-order suppliers, etc. Its huge archive is a reminder that sex can be a noun, verb or adjective.

STILL KINKY?

Body Politic

http://the.arc.co.uk/body
A British Web zine that examines the meeting points of politics and sex.

Messy Fun

http://www.messyfun.com
Photos and video clips of women covered with mud, chocolate, mustard or whatever substance might be handy.

Girls Who Eat Ribs

http://gwer.com
Includes a saucy pictorial called "Fast Hot Delivery."

Blowfish

http://www.blowfish.com
A catalog of sex toys, journals and objets d'art (an erotic cross-stitch design, a vulva hand puppet, rubber stamps).

Eros Comix

http://www.eroscomix.com
You have to like a site that includes navigation buttons such as MORE SMUT! and PREVIOUS SMUT.

Mile High Club

http://www.milehighclub.com/tales
Stories of great in-flight sex, including the flight number and arrival time (of the plane).

Internet Sex Radio

http://www.radiosex.com
Because the show originates in Canada and airs over the Net, the FCC is not involved.

FIND YOUR OWN

Kinky Flavors

http://www.viaverde.com
Mistress Blanca and Peter's helpful guides to finding sex info online.

Naughty Linx

http://naughty.com
Because sex sites come and go, Naughty Linx checks addresses every few hours to make sure they're still valid.

BARING IT ALL

Excerpts From Porn Starlet FAQs

From the Brandy Alexandre Site

Q. What do your parents think?
A. I didn't know they knew until one day we were at the zoo and my mother asked, "Do people recognize you when you go out?" After that she went back and forth between "Be careful around those people" and "One of my students has three of your movies." My dad never says anything, not even when he's doing my taxes and I'm writing off 50 panties as "supplies."
Q. Does being a porn star affect your personal life?
A. I get disgusted when people offer to pay me for sex, and even more so when they don't offer, thinking I would give it away for the asking. If I were a surgeon, the last thing on my mind would be taking out someone's gall bladder after a hard day in the operatorium.

From the Minka Site (http://www.minkaxxx.com)

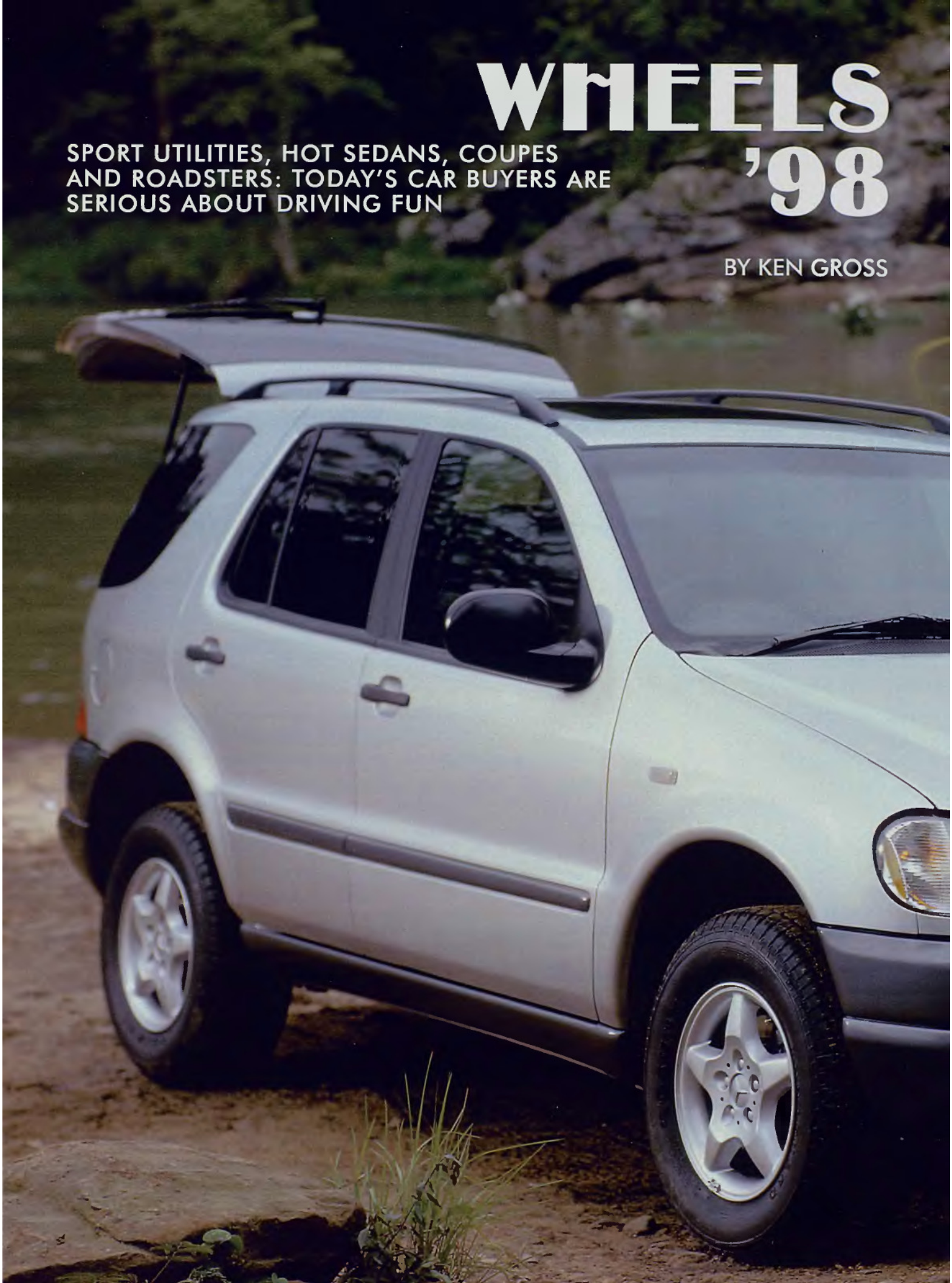
Q. Are your tits real?
A. Yes. Real big!
Q. How big are they?
A. One size bigger than your head.
Q. Do guys make comments when you are out shopping or on a beach?
A. Most guys are friendly. It's the women who are nasty. Most of the time, they're 200-pound Hostess Twinkies who wish they looked like I do. I have seen women strike their husbands or boyfriends for looking twice at me.
Q. Who are some of your friends among the big-breasted girls?
A. Kayla Kleevage, Kimberly Kupps, Nikki Knockers, Tawny Peaks, Staci Staxx, Traci Topps—I like all of them.
Q. What do you do in your free time?
A. I am a gourmet cook and I like working in my garden. I grow lots of vegetables in my backyard.

When Jean-Claude Maillard came to America from Switzerland in 1988, he tried his hand at magazine photography. "It was my dream," says the former antique-car dealer. Today Maillard shuttles between Manhattan and Beverly Hills, and his work appears throughout the advertising community, where his clients include Neiman Marcus and Avon. But we took a shine to his less-dressed work. The two chassis pictured here: a model named Meg Register and a 1953 Caddy.

WHEELS '98

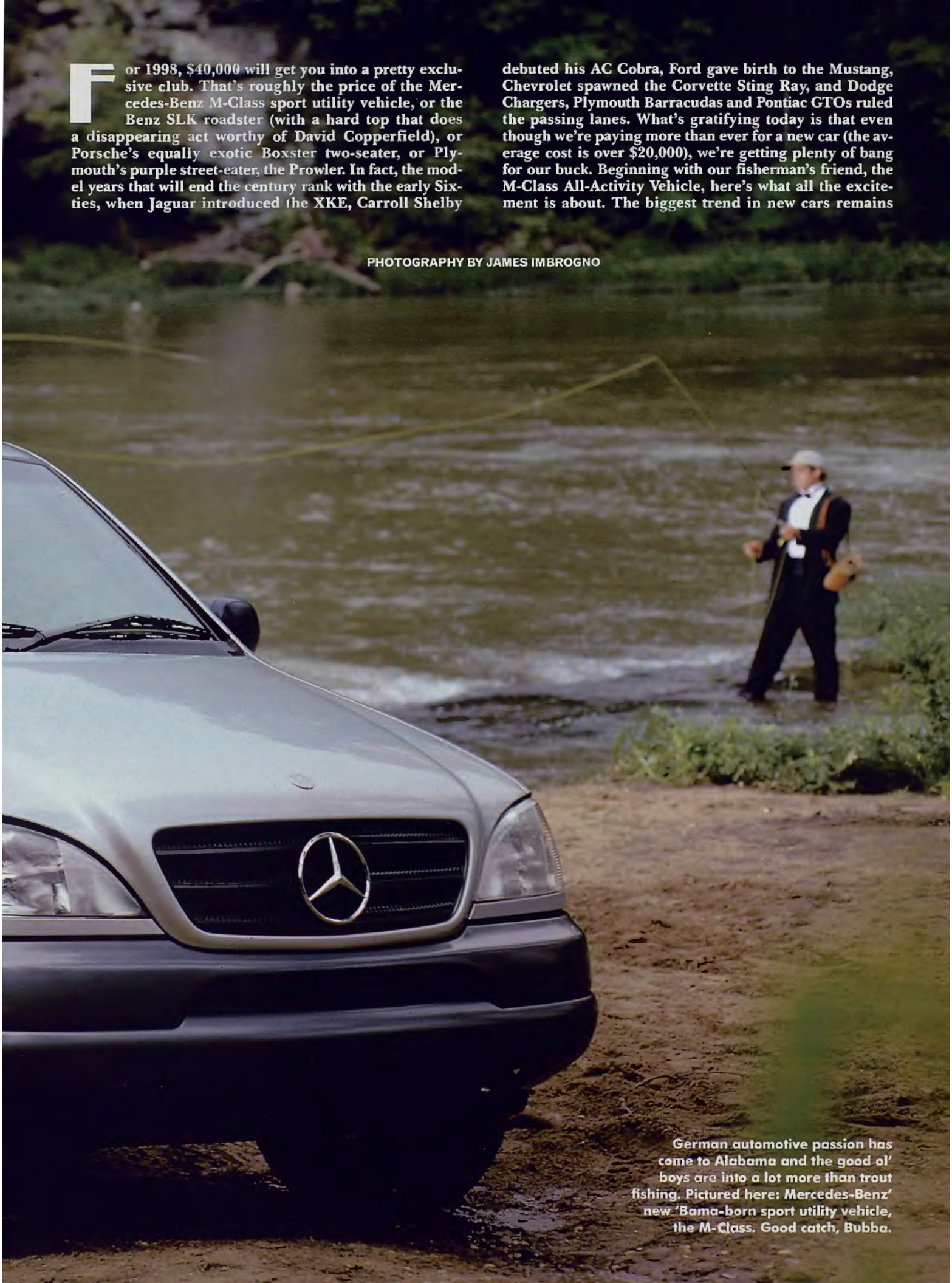
SPORT UTILITIES, HOT SEDANS, COUPES AND ROADSTERS: TODAY'S CAR BUYERS ARE SERIOUS ABOUT DRIVING FUN

BY KEN GROSS



For 1998, $40,000 will get you into a pretty exclusive club. That's roughly the price of the Mercedes-Benz M-Class sport utility vehicle, or the Benz SLK roadster (with a hard top that does a disappearing act worthy of David Copperfield), or Porsche's equally exotic Boxster two-seater, or Plymouth's purple street-eater, the Prowler. In fact, the model years that will end the century rank with the early Sixties, when Jaguar introduced the XKE, Carroll Shelby debuted his AC Cobra, Ford gave birth to the Mustang, Chevrolet spawned the Corvette Sting Ray, and Dodge Chargers, Plymouth Barracudas and Pontiac GTOs ruled the passing lanes. What's gratifying today is that even though we're paying more than ever for a new car (the average cost is over $20,000), we're getting plenty of bang for our buck. Beginning with our fisherman's friend, the M-Class All-Activity Vehicle, here's what all the excitement is about. The biggest trend in new cars remains

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO



German automotive passion has come to Alabama and the good ol' boys are into a lot more than trout fishing. Pictured here: Mercedes-Benz' new 'Bama-born sport utility vehicle, the M-Class. Good catch, Bubba.

sport utility vehicles. With more than 2.1 million units sold in 1996, the craze shows no sign of stopping—and the new Mercedes-Benz M-Class model should be one of the top sellers. Even before the M-Class became dinosaur bait in Steven Spielberg's *The Lost World: Jurassic Park*, Mercedes had been getting plenty of orders.

The Benz is far from a warmed-over light truck. Its rigid body-on-frame platform supports an all-new 3.2-liter aluminum 215-horsepower V6 engine—a first for Mercedes-Benz. While the production model is tamer than the showcar (which featured enormous wheels, aggressive tires and extensive side-body cladding), the newest Benz still looks tough. And with 233 pounds-per-foot of torque at a low 3000 rpm, this 4200-pound middleweight will hold its own in rock climbing and still haul a 5000-pound trailer.

Ride and handling continue Mercedes-Benz' autobahn tradition, thanks to the car's compliant four-wheel independent suspension. (Most SUVs use solid rear axles.) An electronically controlled all-wheel-drive system, called 4ETS, allows uninterrupted travel without annoying jouncing. On the road, the five-speed automatic makes nearly imperceptible shifts.

Slightly shorter in length, wider and taller than the Ford Explorer (America's top-selling SUV), the M-Class can be transformed into a comfortable seven-seater with an optional third seat (available later). And, of course, it incorporates the styling and safety amenities you expect from Mercedes. Because the M-Class is built in Alabama, it's a lot cheaper than it would be if it were made in Germany. If the company can keep the M-Class' price in the $35,000 to $40,000 range as promised, sales should be outstanding.

The M-Class' interior is more luxe than those of most SUVs, with deep bucket seats in the front and a backseat for three that adjusts fore and aft for more legroom or cargo space. Options and dealer-installed accessories are also plentiful.

OFF-ROAD COPYCATS

In the rush to build competitive sport utilities, not every manufacturer started with a clean slate. Lexus already sells the $50,000-plus LX450, an upgraded version of Toyota's venerable Land Cruiser. Just in time to battle the M-Class, Lexus will release a smaller V6 sport utility, the SLV, which will be called the RX300. By any name, the vehicle is based on the top-selling ES300 sedan, with a drive train similar to that of the Celica All-Trac rally car sold in Europe.

Dodge will soon be selling the Dakota pickup–based Durango SUV—a vehicle that has long been a source of controversy among dealers and rival Jeep retailers (who fanatically protect their profitable Grand Cherokee franchises). Chrysler management finally gave in, arguing that the expanding SUV market had room for both nameplates. The Durango has the Ram's grille and a choice of engines, including a 5.9-liter Magnum V8. Optional eight-passenger seating makes the Durango an effective family vehicle.

Subaru will introduce the Forester—a station wagon–based, 14.5-foot-long challenger to Honda's CRV and Toyota's RAV4. Priced about $20,000, the Forester has the brawny look of a truck, the ride and handling of a wagon and the economy of Subaru's 2.5-liter 16-valve boxer engine. Smart money says the Forester will extend the company's winning streak.

In addition, a Legacy four-door sedan with trim and equipment borrowed from the highly successful Outback series is currently being tested by Subaru. Three hundred prototypes were produced in 1997 at the request of Subaru New England. If the response is positive enough, Subaru may begin full production of the vehicle.

Where's the sport utility business going? Ford's Expedition is gaining on GM's Suburban. Dodge has given up on a full-size Ram-based SUV. Jeep has two promising showcars: an ultralightweight Jeep and a smart-looking four-door with Paris–Dakar racing accents (called, not surprisingly, the Dakar). Even BMW, Cadillac and Jaguar are considering building their own SUV variations.

Volvo has just introduced the V70 All-Wheel Drive Sportswagon. It's a conventional front-wheel-drive vehicle on dry roads, but when the going gets rough and road conditions deteriorate or become slippery, its AWD system automatically transfers into four-wheel drive. You get the best of both worlds—SUV traction combined with Volvo's other strong points: ride, handling, comfort, safety and performance. The price will be about $35,000, and AWD won't be offered in other Volvo models.

COUPE DE GRÂCE

Aerodynamic 2+2 personal coupes are another hot trend. We've driven the Volvo C70—the same model car Val Kilmer pilots in *The Saint*. With a turbocharged 236-hp engine, this sleek coupe rides as good as it looks. The stylish Mercedes-Benz CLK320 coupe is coming this fall (with a convertible version following). The CLK has the company's powerful new V6 and boasts a driver-adaptive five-speed automatic transmission. At $40,000, it sells for less than half the price of the current S-Class coupe. Lexus has updated its SC300/400s. Volkswagen's dome-topped CJ coupe showcar may make it into production. And if tradition's your thing, there are a new Firebird Trans Am (with enough side cladding to recall the supercars of the Seventies) and a Camaro redo that packs a 305-hp version of the new Corvette LS1's V8.

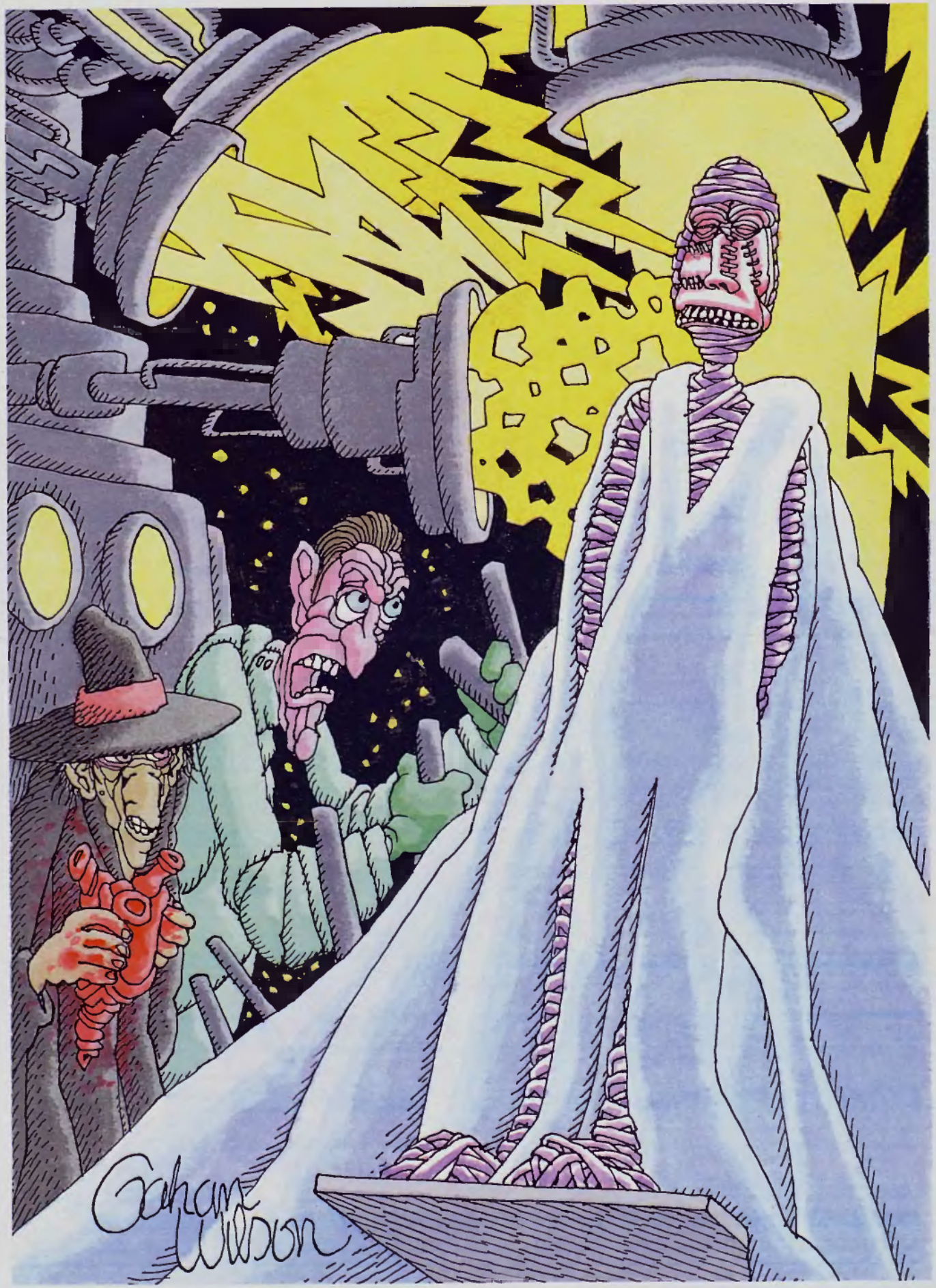
TOPLESS FOR TWO

If you have $35,000 or $45,000 to spend, five automakers are eager to sell you a roadster. Industry watchers feel the existence of five different two-seaters is all the more remarkable because sales of the main competition, Mazda's Miata, have peaked. Three of Germany's top carmakers, for example, offer their own versions of fun in the sun at nearly twice the Miata's $20,000 price. In 1998 BMW will stuff an even hotter 240-hp six-cylinder into its Z3 for an M roadster version. Porsche's Boxster will get a 245-hp muscle transplant (up 44 hp). And Mercedes-Benz is expected to shoehorn a V6 into its 185-hp supercharged SLK.

You may want to consider the new Corvette C5 for the same money. Virtually all new, the C5 is the best Corvette ever built—from its 345-hp V8 to its strong, hydraulically formed frame rails and clever six-speed, rear-mounted transaxle. If a coupe isn't to your liking, a convertible version will appear in 1998.

The last entry in this quintet is Plymouth's $39,000 hot rod, the Prowler. While it's not the most powerful car, it turns more heads than Angie Everhart

(concluded on page 159)



"Of course the HMO never stops bitching about my electricity bills!"

MISS DESTINY

brush up on your smile and say hello to a dental hygienist turned starlet

Nikki made her mark on pop culture on our August cover, as well as appearing in many calendars and ads. But if you spot her in the gym, don't count on getting her to be your spotter, too. Newlywed Nikki is a one-man woman.

"I have had two careers already. I can't wait to see what comes next," says Nikki Schieler. Whatever her future holds, it's bound to be as golden as Miss September herself, a former dental assistant who has plenty to smile about.

A sizzling modeling career brought acting offers, which led the Norwalk, California native to Hollywood's doorstep. (Maybe you saw her on *Beverly Hills 90210* or *The Young and the Restless*.) And on the Fourth of July, actor Ian Ziering of *90210* fame carried Nikki over the threshold. "It was love at first sight," she says. "We keep each

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

Miss September was dying to get out of swimsuits. "I enjoyed modeling, but acting is my destiny. It's more intimate, more artistic," she says. Nikki prizes intimacy at home, too. While laughter is her favorite aphrodisiac—"You can laugh and be sexy"—she doesn't stop there. "I also have scads of killer lingerie."

other laughing, and I think that's the sexiest thing of all."

Five years ago, Nikki had a life-changing chat with a psychic, who read tea leaves to tell her future. Miss September was then an assistant dental hygienist in suburban Brea, California, about 30 miles outside Los Angeles. "I didn't mind working with teeth. In fact, I liked my job," she says. "But I couldn't help thinking there was something more for me." The fortune-teller agreed. "She told me, 'I see you on magazine covers. I see you on TV.'" Spurred by this vision and by countless friends who said she was prettier than any fashion model, Nikki embarked on career number two. Soon she was a premiere swimsuit model.

The down-in-the-mouth girl from Brea made string bikini fans come unstrung in calendars and catalogs shot on location in Hawaii and Tahiti. "I never met a swimsuit I didn't like," she says. Indeed, Nikki is to beaches what Tiger Woods is to the links. Everyone comments on her blonde, high-cheekboned perfection, a result of her Norwegian and Native American heritage. "I'm a Norwindian," she says. And now a Ziering, too. She and Ian cocoon in their Los Angeles retreat. Nikki says she

To get closer to Nikki, you can call the Playboy Super Hotline. See page 148 for details.

wants to have kids and do some serious acting, "not necessarily in that order."

The last time Nikki ate Chinese food, her fortune cookie read, "Your dream of happiness will soon come true." She and Ian taped that slip of paper to a photo of Nikki in their home in the hills not far from the HOLLYWOOD sign. She spent her last prenuptial days auditioning for film roles, shooting magazine covers and overcoming her fear of posing nude for PLAYBOY. "The secret is to striptease," she says. "I had never posed nude, but hasn't every woman tried a striptease for her man? I had a pretty good idea of how to do that." In a flash she was posing sans suit. Nikki says she enjoyed it so much she wouldn't mind doing it again. "Whatever comes next, it's going to be an adventure. I'm ready."

MISS SEPTEMBER
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
TEST YOUR LOVE TODAY!

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Nikki Schieler

BUST: 36 WAIST: 23 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'8 WEIGHT: 118

BIRTH DATE: 8-9-71 BIRTHPLACE: Norwalk, California

AMBITIONS: To be the sole source of pleasure for my man, to have many adventures and to bench 180!

TURN-ONS: Sense of humor, soft lips, a bead of sweat down a sideburn, and romance.

TURNOFFS: Poor dental hygiene.

MY FUTURE: By the year 2000 I'll be married with children and have my own TV sitcom.

PASSIONS: Skydiving, snow skiing, riding Wave Runners, working out, and disco dancing.

FAVORITE ZIP CODE: 90210, of course!

FAVORITE TUNE: "Hot Child in the City."

IDEAL DATE: To spend one amazing night with Jim Carrey, Robin Williams and Eddie Murphy.

1st modeling job

free falling at 12,000 feet

me, my man and my dog

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

On the first day of school, the college dean addressed the freshman class to explain some of the campus rules. "The women's dormitory is off-limits to male students and the men's dormitory is off-limits to female students," he intoned. "Anybody caught breaking this rule will be fined $20 the first time, $60 the second time and $180 the third time. Does anyone have any questions?"

A male student raised his hand. "How much for a season pass?"

PLAYBOY CLASSIC: A flea had oiled up his little flea legs and his little flea arms and was soaking up the Miami sun when an old flea friend of his walked by. "Oscar, what happened to you?" asked the first flea when he saw how terrible his friend looked—runny nose, red eyes, teeth chattering.

"I got a ride down here in some biker's mustache and nearly froze my nuts off," wheezed Oscar.

"Let me give you a tip, old pal," said the first flea. "Go to the stewardess lounge at the airport, get up on the toilet seat and when a stewardess comes in, hop on for a nice warm ride. Got it?"

A month later, while stretched out on the beach, the flea saw Oscar again, looking more chilled and miserable than before. "I did everything you said," Oscar explained. "I went to the stewardess lounge, made a perfect landing and got so warm and cozy that I dozed off."

"And so?" asked the first flea.

"And so the next thing I know, I'm on this guy's mustache again!"

When does Michael Jackson's kid know that it's time to go to bed? The big hand touches the little hand.

An old lady—a spinster and a virgin, and proud of it—lived in a tiny village. She knew her last days were approaching, so she told the local undertaker that she wanted the following inscription on her tombstone: BORN A VIRGIN, LIVED A VIRGIN, DIED A VIRGIN.

Not long after she had made her wish known, the old maid died peacefully in her sleep. The undertaker told the stonecutters of the lady's request. The men, practical to a fault, thought about the inscription and concluded that it was unnecessarily long. They wrote simply: RETURNED UNOPENED.

RECORDED MESSAGE OF THE MONTH: "Hello, welcome to the psychiatric hotline.

"If you are obsessive-compulsive, please press one repeatedly.

"If you are co-dependent, please ask someone to press two.

"If you have multiple personalities, please press three, four, five and six.

"If you are paranoid-delusional, we know who you are and what you want. Stay on the line until we can trace your call.

"If you are schizophrenic, listen carefully and a little voice will tell you which number to press.

"If you are manic-depressive, it doesn't matter which number you press. No one will answer."

What's a female bisexual? A lesbian with car trouble.

While at the fairgrounds, a woman wanted to take a ride on the Ferris wheel before heading home. Her husband waited while she took a spin. The wheel went round and round and suddenly the woman was thrown out. She landed in a heap at her husband's feet. He gasped and bent down. "Are you hurt?" he asked.

"Of course I'm hurt!" she replied. "Three times around and you didn't wave once."

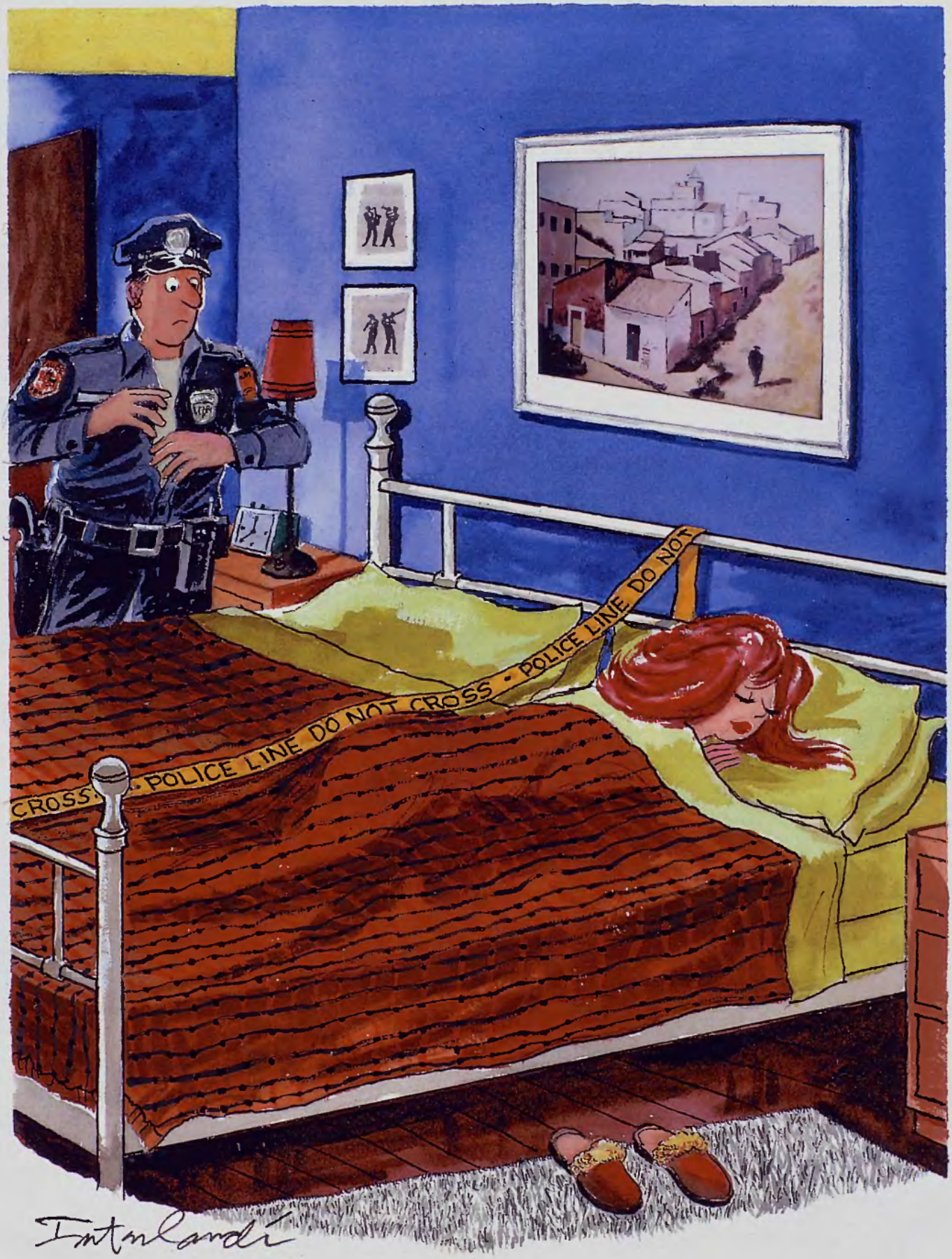
What's the difference between a radical feminist and a shopping cart? A shopping cart will, on occasion, display a mind of its own.

THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: A little boy walked in on his parents in the heat of their lovemaking. "Mommy, what are you doing?"

"Um," she stammered, "well, Daddy is so fat that I'm bouncing all the air out of him."

"I don't know what good it's going to do," the boy replied. "The lady next door is just going to blow him up again!"

Send your jokes on postcards to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or by e-mail to jokes@playboy.com. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose submission is selected. Sorry, jokes cannot be returned.


POLICE LINE DO NOT CROSS
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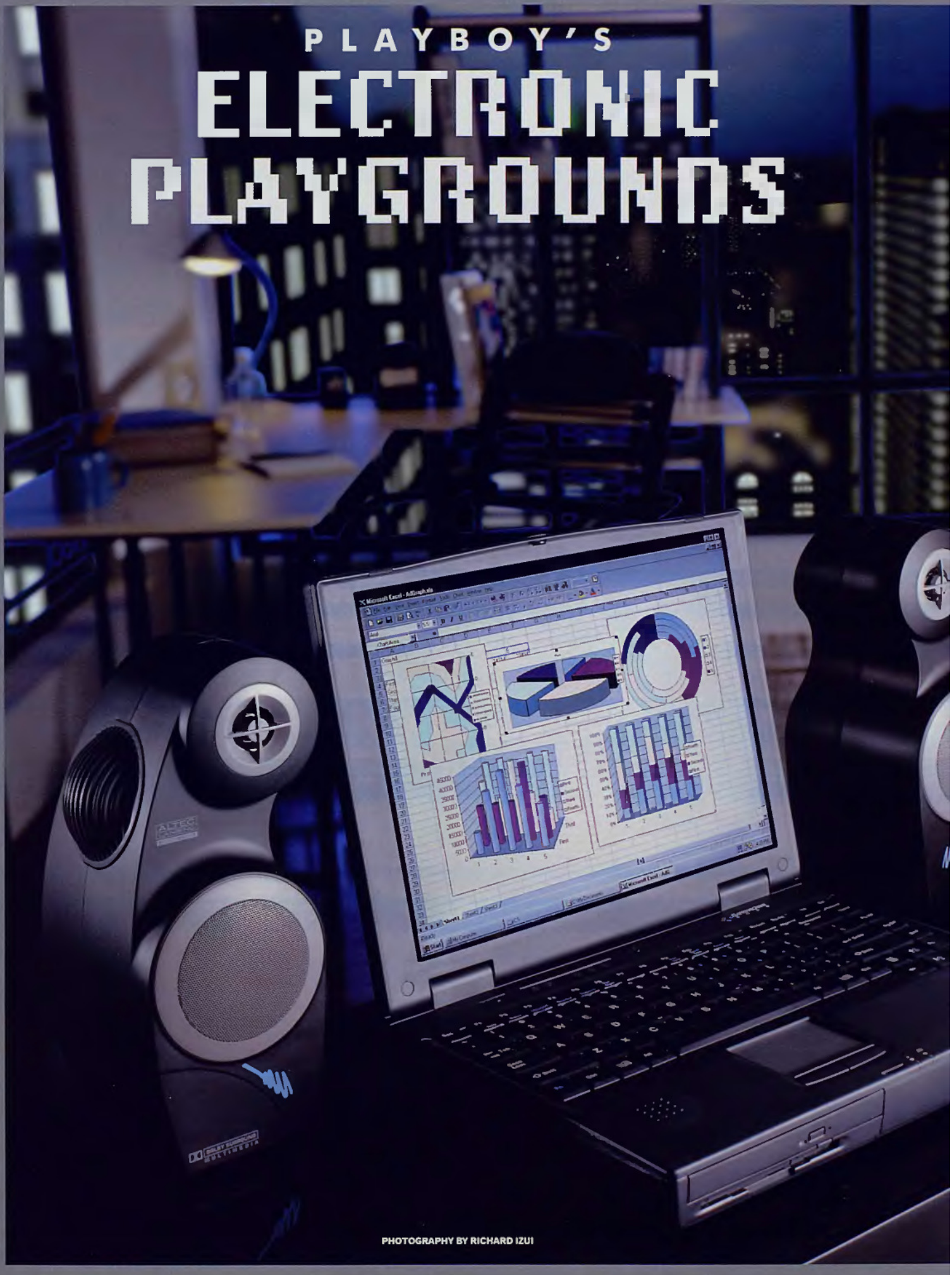
PLAYBOY'S

ELECTRONIC PLAYGROUNDS



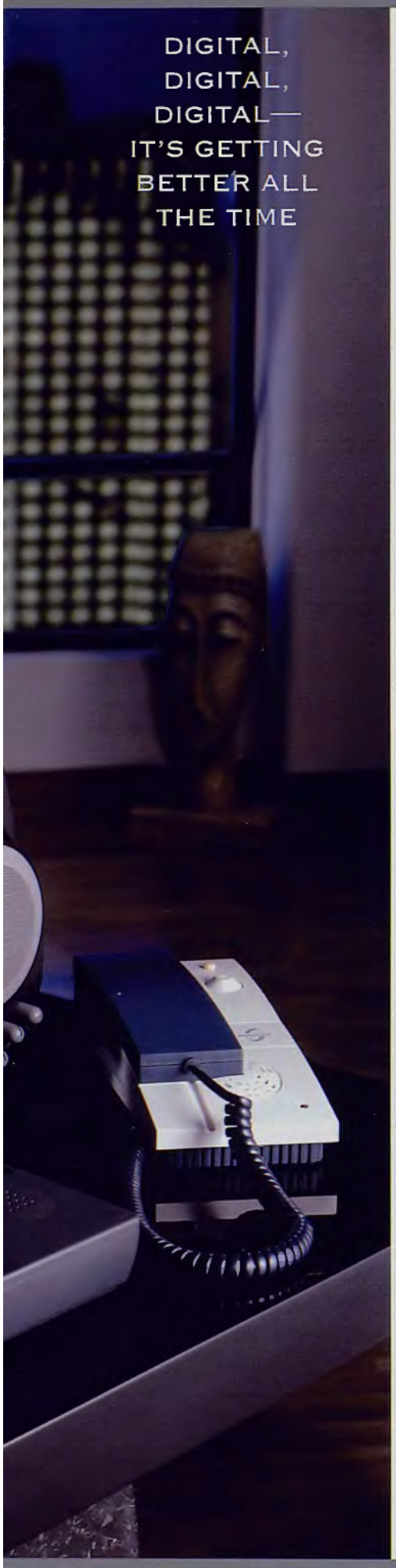
PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

DIGITAL, DIGITAL, DIGITAL— IT'S GETTING BETTER ALL THE TIME

Used to be that buying a new VCR or cassette deck earned you bragging rights. These days, analog is ancient—it's the digital stuff that counts. Take the new five-inch digital video disc format. Besides doubling a VHS movie's 250 lines of resolution, DVD's vast storage capacity (4.7 gigabytes per disc) enables you to, among other things, watch a movie in letterbox or pan-and-scan format and listen to it in a variety of languages in crystal-clear Dolby Digital Surround. Direct broadcast satellite television is another digital frontier, as is high-definition television. Yes, the latter is finally arriving. Broadcasters are promising HD programming next fall, and television sets will cost between $5000 and $10,000. In the meantime, you can impress your buddies with a TV that hangs on the wall. Four-inch-thick plasma televisions by QFTV (pictured below), Mitsubishi and others are already available. Other digital ways to dress up your home: Take a minidisc player for a run on your treadmill (the tiny recordable disc format never skips). Unclutter your desktop with a notebook computer that's as powerful as many full-size machines. Listen to a CD while preparing yourself a double espresso. Or become an auteur in the boudoir with a camcorder that records a flawless digital picture.

THE HOME OFFICE (opposite): Equally suited for road or desktop, Gateway 2000's new Solo 9100 notebook computer features an extra-large (13.3-inch) active matrix screen, a 166-megahertz MMX processor, 64 megs of RAM and a three-gig hard drive, plus a 33.6 kbps modem and a removable bay that combines a floppy disc drive and 12-speed CD-ROM drive. The price: about $6000. It's pictured with Altec Lansing's ACS55 multimedia speakers ($200) and the Worldtalk Internet Phone ($50), which can make local or long-distance calls over the Net.

THE MEDIA ROOM (below): No longer just a *Jetsons* fantasy, wall-hanging television sets are big news for big spenders. QFTV's 42-inch Flat Screen model weighs 72 pounds and costs about $19,000. We've matched it with JBL's equally sleek Simply Cinema ESC550, an integrated home theater sound system with five speakers, a subwoofer and the Source, a combination Dolby Pro Logic Surround processor, single-disc CD player and AM/FM tuner. The price: about $1700.



THE GYM (top left): Japanese and European audiophiles love the minidisc—and so do we. The recordable digital format is smaller than a computer floppy disc, is protected by a tough plastic casing and has a memory chip that ensures nonstop playback over the roughest terrain. Sony's newest MD headturner is the $470 MZ-E30. Slightly larger than the 2½-inch blank minidiscs pictured, the MZ-E30 is a playback-only model that gets up to ten hours on one AA battery.

THE KITCHEN (bottom left): With Proton's KS-530CD AM/FM clock radio and compact disc player installed under your cabinets, you'll have plenty of countertop space for a primo espresso machine such as Krups' dual-cup Espresso Maximo ($355). Stereo speakers built into the $250 KS-530CD provide exceptional sound. Other features include 20 station presets, a countdown timer and an alarm that beeps or plays music. (Also pictured is Krups' Chrome Touch Coffee Grinder, $45.)

THE BEDROOM (Opposite, top to bottom): When sleep is the last thing on your mind, Panasonic's new PV-D710 Palmcorder is a $2500 digital diversion that records video footage at 500 lines of resolution with the sound quality of a compact disc. You can view your work (or play) on Proton's 27-inch NT-2920 stereo TV ($1000). If you prefer more passive entertainment, pop PLAYBOY's 1997 Playmate of the Year digital video disc ($25) into RCA's RC5500P DVD player ($700).

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 108.

His Name Is Fred

WHEN FRED GOLDMAN TRIED TO REMIND US HOW STRONG A FATHER'S LOVE CAN BE, WE DIDN'T REALLY NOTICE

PROFILE BY JOE MORGENSTERN

THE COPS never had to put up barricades in front of the weathered blue and gray building at 11663 Gorham Avenue in Brentwood. Ron Goldman's apartment was not a stop on the grisly death tour that drew legions of traffic-snarling gawkers to the white Mediterranean-style condo at 875 South Bundy, or to the sprawling gated mansion at 360 North Rockingham. To a nation stoned on celebrity and ravenous for tales of riches, beauty and power, Ron Goldman was a name without an address, a smiling face without a lurid story. In the wake of the double murder on the night of June 12, 1994 the young waiter at Mezzaluna, the nice guy who returned the pair of glasses, the chance victim of unimaginable circumstances, remained that and not much more in the public's awareness: waiter, friend and victim, a minor character who hadn't been meant for such monstrous events.

Ron's father, Fred, hadn't been meant for them, either. Fred Goldman was a man like many others, living a good life he'd made for himself and his family, first in the suburbs of Chicago and then in southern California. There was nothing in his background, or on his résumé, to suggest that one day he would find himself in a limelight he'd

PAINTING BY MARCO VENTURA

never sought and would become America's most visible father.

Other fathers had lost sons and had borne their grief in silence, but for Fred, the loss of his son to gratuitous slaughter drove him crazy. So he did the only sane thing he could think of—he stood up and spoke out for justice. And he did not build his own soapbox. "Were the person who murdered Ron and Nicole not a celebrity," he says, "I probably would have still been yelling and screaming. The difference is that nobody would have heard."

First came the impromptu press conferences in the corridors, or on the courthouse steps, with Fred flanked by (and sometimes restrained by) Patti and Kim, his wife and daughter. In a quavering voice, and with an intensity of feeling that was riveting but also scary, he vented his frustration at the media's neglect of Ron, his scorn for the football-hero defendant and his fury at the tactics of O.J. Simpson's defense team. After that came the sit-down interviews on TV, sessions with him and his family in which Fred started to display some extremely uncommon qualities. He was articulate; his vocabulary gave vent to wide and deep emotions. He was poised, almost as if secretly practiced in the ways of talking to the camera. What he wasn't was tactful, which set him apart from the euphemizing lawyers, the waffling commentators and the cautious, abstracted reporters. And every day, or so it seemed, he was in court, judging O.J. with unwavering, unforgiving eyes.

Some judged Fred Goldman harshly. The more impassioned—and loquacious—he became, the more insistently he displayed his large lapel button bearing Ron's portrait, the faster a suspicion grew that he really liked being in the limelight, that this bereaved parent had become as publicity-mad as anyone else in a courtroom transformed by TV and a permissive judge into a theater of the absurd.

Others saw him in a different light, as someone who brought dignity to an unseemly trial by speaking the truth of his broken heart. And he was, in fairness, a truth teller by default. If the judge hadn't been timorous, if the trial hadn't been a grisly farce, if the prosecution hadn't been inept, if the defense hadn't been devoid of shame and if the Brown family hadn't been essentially mute, Fred Goldman might not have felt compelled to shoot off his mouth quite so often as he did. (At a memorial service on the first anniversary of Ron's death, writer Dominick Dunne, whose own child had been killed, described Fred, Kim and Patti as "the conscience of the trial.")

Now that the trials are over—the courtroom trials; others will never end—Fred Goldman is settling into his first year as chief spokesman and public-affairs director for the Safe Streets Alliance, a nonprofit organization that lobbies for anticrime legislation and victims' rights. He certainly accomplished what he had set out to do for his son, giving Ron a public identity to go with the face in the snapshots, talking about who he was—a buoyant, generous spirit—and who he wasn't—a drinker, a doper, a dubious character—to anyone willing to point a microphone or camera at him, scribble on a notepad or lend an ear. Never has a father dwelled more faithfully on his son's virtues and accomplishments. As a result, Ron's sonhood eclipsed Fred's fatherhood, but that fatherhood, too, is worthy of note. In a society that still puts a premium on maternal love and relegates its fathers to secondary roles, Fred Goldman stood out as a single father who single-handedly raised two children, and when one was murdered, he reacted as every father secretly hopes he might, as an avenger driven by love, as a defender of his child's honor and promise. It was unusual to see a father display his love in such a public and aggressive way; still, in the most overcovered trial of our era, few bothered to ask what it was about the bond between Fred and Ron that drove Fred to such lengths. As it turns out, their relationship wasn't so different from others. Until one fateful day, it was full of the conflicts, mysteries and fears that many fathers know all too well, and the love, joy and hope that all too many take for granted.

•

Fred had made a lot of money, but he wasn't rich. He had designed and sold packaging for advertising, but he wasn't an advertisement himself; when he ran through an airport to make a plane, the airport and the plane were real. He was bright and personable, though never acclaimed for having charisma. He was good-looking, though not startlingly photogenic, let alone telegenic; the first casualty of a conventional makeover might have been his mustache.

Most important for Fred and his loved ones was that he was happy, and he wanted the world to know it. In his Chicago days he had driven a white Nissan 200SX with vanity plates that read UFORIC. (Family recollections differ on the spelling; it may have been UFORIK.) When he moved his new wife, Patti, and their newly blended families to the Los Angeles area in 1987, he passed the car, with its Illinois tags, to Ron and Ron's kid sister, Kim. In theory they were supposed to share it, but the little Nissan was quickly dominated by Ron, who loved California, the car and the exuberant proclamation it carried. At the DMV, Ron applied for the same sentiment and got UFORIC on his California plates.

Immediately after Ron died, Fred Goldman died a kind of death, too. Kim recalls her father walking around Ron's apartment touching things, staring at things but looking empty, hollow, as if everything had been pumped out of him. At the funeral home he wept like a child, uncontrollably and almost without surcease. Unable to focus on the ghastly decisions that needed to be made, he kept intoning, "It's not supposed to be this way, you don't bury your kid."

He was right, though being right didn't help a bit in the weeks to come. On TV, during the low-speed chase, he watched people on freeway overpasses cheer as Simpson's white Bronco drifted dreamily by. Outside the preliminary hearings, he saw partisans waving placards that demanded freedom for the man who, he believed, had slaughtered his son. In the news media he found O.J., living, and Nicole, dead, reunited as superstars of an unfolding national drama, while Ron was either caricatured as a hedonistic hanger-on—his life, according to the *Los Angeles Times*, "was a nonstop merry-go-round"—or relegated to the role of a luckless walk-on who never walked off.

When the not-guilty verdict was read in the criminal trial, Kim rocked in her seat, sobbing from the depths of her soul. Fred clasped her shoulders tightly to comfort her, but the blood had drained from his face and he seemed close to losing his grip on himself. Later, looking frighteningly fragile, he told a press conference that June 13 of the previous year had been "the worst nightmare of my life; this is the second."

Yet neither the public nor O.J. Simpson had seen the last of him. Fred pursued his wrongful-death suit in civil court with a sense of purpose that was obsessive, to be sure, but it clearly transcended financial gain. Nevertheless, those disposed to judge Goldman harshly found new reasons to do so: Outspoken as always, he made no apology for going after Simpson's money, no bones about his desire to see his son's killer stripped of every possession and consigned to a living hell. (It's still doubtful, of course, that any financial gain will ever accrue to the three plaintiffs in the civil case: Fred Goldman, to whom Simpson was ordered to pay $13.5 million; the estate of Nicole Brown Simpson, which won a judgment of $12.5 million; and Sharon

(continued on page 114)

PLAYMATE REVISITED: KAREN VELEZ

twelve years later, pmoy 1985 is still a majors babe

BOY GEORGE: AN INTERVIEW THAT NEVER DRAGS
PLAYBOY
ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN
ROCK SINGER VANITY SHOWS HER MOVES
DWIGHT GOODEN A ROOKIE'S DIARY
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR DOES IT ON THE ROAD
HAGLER & HEARNS MOUTH OFF
PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR KAREN VELEZ
A STUNNING PICTORIAL, PLUS A PULL-OUT POSTER

Twelve years after becoming PMOY, Karen (today, above left) still stops traffic. "I was driving with my kids one day when a guy in the next car mouthed the words, 'I know you from PLAYBOY.' He reached into his backseat, pulled out my centerfold and held it up to the window."

IT ALL STARTED in 1984. Karen Velez was a secretary in Miami who had always wondered what she would look like as a Playmate. PLAYBOY was scouring the country for fresh-faced knockouts as part of our Great 30th Anniversary Playmate Search. Inevitably, PLAYBOY and Karen found each other, and thus began a memorable alliance. When Karen appeared as Miss December that year, her curiosity could finally be put to rest: She looked great. Even *The Fall Guy*, Lee Majors, fell for her. Though their marriage has since ended, Karen says they've remained close. (She still uses his name.) "I still love him to

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

death. We get along really well." And why not? We found her easy to please. She and photographer Arny Freytag—who shot her Playmate and PMOY features—have remained close friends as well. She jumped at the chance to work with him again. "Arny and the crew made me feel comfortable. It was a lot of fun for me."

"I was flattered PLAYBOY asked me to pose again after all these years," Karen says. The current photos (on these pages) show why we couldn't resist. She and former husband Lee Majors (above) share custody of a daughter and twin sons. "All I have ever wanted was to have a family."

"He chose to try to help, and he lost his life. I did my job as a father. Ron was a hero, not me."

Rufo, Goldman's ex-wife and the mother of his children, who was awarded $7.5 million—an astonishing judgment, to many, given the fact that Fred was awarded full custody of Ron, then six years old, and Kim, then three, and thenceforth raised both children as a single father.)

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I hadn't needed Fred or Kim to tell me he was controlling, though both did. Fred had revealed that part of himself on the phone the first time we talked, by giving directions to his office in amusingly exhaustive detail; it wasn't right then left, but right for eight tenths of a mile, then left up a driveway that's exactly opposite a cemetery. Nevertheless, he seemed a paragon of relaxation when I got there, with a quick, dry wit and a gift for listening well. One thing he wouldn't hear of, though, was the slightest suggestion that he, like any other caring and committed single father, might have been an unsung hero. For him the word is loaded with an explosive charge.

"I have a hard time with this hero status we've given to certain individuals or certain groups of individuals," he said angrily. "I've always had a hard time referring to sports figures as heroes. Because I perceive a hero as someone who goes above and beyond himself for others in some way.

"Ron can truly be labeled a hero. All the evidence in the trial suggests that the someone yelling 'Hey! Hey! Hey!' was in fact Ron when he walked upon the scene, and Ron made a choice. He didn't run the other way. He chose to try to help, and he lost his life to the same violent person who was attacking Nicole. That to me is heroism. I did my job as a father; athletes do their jobs. Ron was a hero, not me."

This was still the public Fred Goldman talking, even though we were sitting in the privacy of the suburban Los Angeles office that he uses for his Safe Streets Alliance work. But he shifted gears, into rueful irony, when I asked about the man who'd written Fred's first and only instruction book for the fathering job.

"My father was a pretty tough cookie. Very authoritarian. If he didn't have the answer, it was simply 'I know better.' I decided I wasn't going to be that way. As we grow older, of course, we begin to see that maybe we didn't do such a successful job of not being 100 percent of what our parents were."

All parents try, and all come up with their own special mixes of success and failure. Fred, like Ron after him, set himself off from his parents in various ways, but some of them now seem touchingly tame, like painting his room red and black without permission from his mother and father, who went predictably berserk.

When Fred went to college—the University of Illinois and also Southern Illinois University—he felt he knew exactly what he wanted to do: be an architect. College-age kids of his time, unlike those of Ron's, were invariably expected to have specific goals. But his pursuit of an architect's education was mostly what he thought his parents wanted, rather than what he wanted for himself.

The tip-off is how quickly his goals changed. One summer when Fred was working for an architect, he came down with mononucleosis, stayed home reading want ads, saw one for a packaging designer, answered it, got the job and left architecture behind, just like that. "Poof, gone! And packaging and displays, point-of-purchase displays, became the business I was in. And loved being in, until a few years ago."

When he married, at the age of 26, then had children of his own, he knew he didn't want to be the closed, controlling man his father was. His parental ideal corresponded to that of the times: open—it was the early Seventies—supportive, emotionally honest. But that came up for review when his marriage went bad and he had to teach his kids some discipline. For a year after Sharon and Fred divorced, Ron and Kim lived with her in her apartment, and Fred was a weekend father. The following year, in accordance with an informal agreement between Fred and Sharon, the kids lived with him. Or, rather, he lived with them, taking over Sharon's apartment while she moved into another place of her own: "It was so the kids could maintain their friends and school and wouldn't have to be uprooted again."

Joint-custody arrangements can be wonderfully enlightened, given the often contentious alternatives. But they can't guarantee joint commitment, and Fred, as he watched Ron struggling in school, grew increasingly convinced that his kids hadn't been getting the care they needed. Sharon, he says bitterly, "was an absentee mother." (His bitterness is shared by Kim, who, in a letter to Judge Lance Ito about Sharon Rufo's wrongful-death suit, denounced her birth mother as someone with "a history of lying, cheating and manipulating situations to her best interest, which never included Ron and me.")

At the end of that second year Fred asked for full custody, which he eventually received, though the combat was long and the battles were ugly. "There was never really much of a doubt that the kids would end up with me, it was just a matter of how much financially it would take to satisfy their mother. And then we bought a house—we being the three of us—and moved to a suburb of Chicago called Buffalo Grove."

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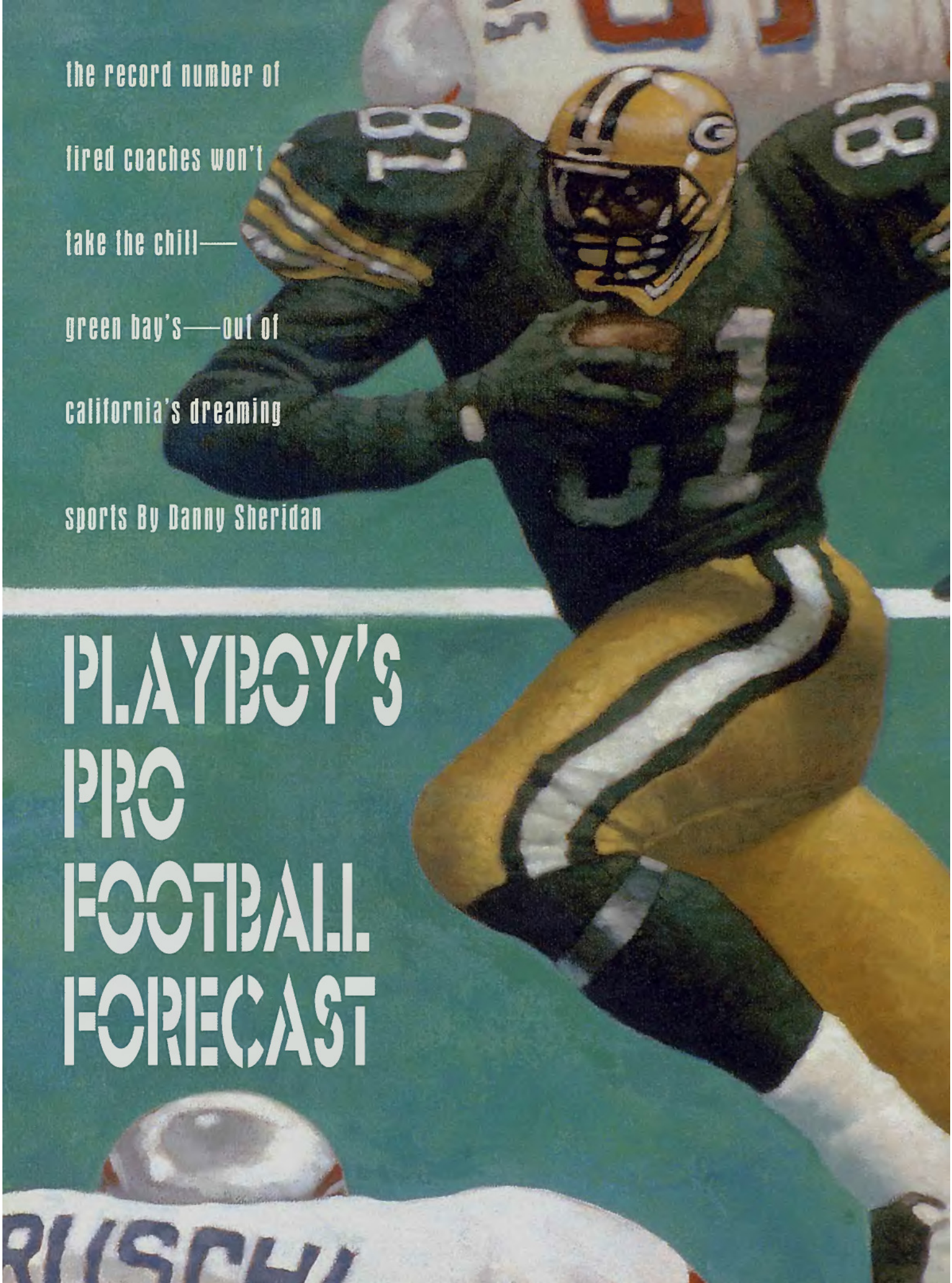
Fred was a Mr. Mom before single fatherhood was fashionable, and he had his hands full from the start. Not that he couldn't afford live-in help; the question, as always, was where to find good help. "I was in and out of housekeepers like water flowing." Ron and Kim were classic latchkey kids—"I had my key on a keystring," Kim recalls—but that made them all the more devoted to each other. As Fred has said on many occasions, the kids brought each other up.

All too cognizant of his fondness for control but still determined not to become his own father, Fred sought the elusive balance that modern parents often seek, between Old Testament discipline and New Age openness and candor. He established his rules—"I was tough"—and he imposed them: kitchen cleanup, garbage removal, curfews, the usual stuff, plus an intricate rule about TV versus books; how many minutes the kids got to watch depended on how many pages they read, and pop quizzes were sprung to make sure Ron and Kim were reading rather than just skimming.

Openness presented some ticklish problems. He was still young, after all—not just young, but also a good-looking, strong-spirited guy, with no particular vocation for puritanism, who was back in the dating game. (There was also a second marriage, and an amicable divorce; the problem, Fred feels, was that he, Ron and Kim had formed such a tight circle that no one else could readily break in.) Fred had his rights to privacy, too, and as far as he was concerned those rights covered the contents of what he blithely chose to call a card case, a pretty little box that his second wife had given him as a gift. What goes in a card case?

(continued on page 142)

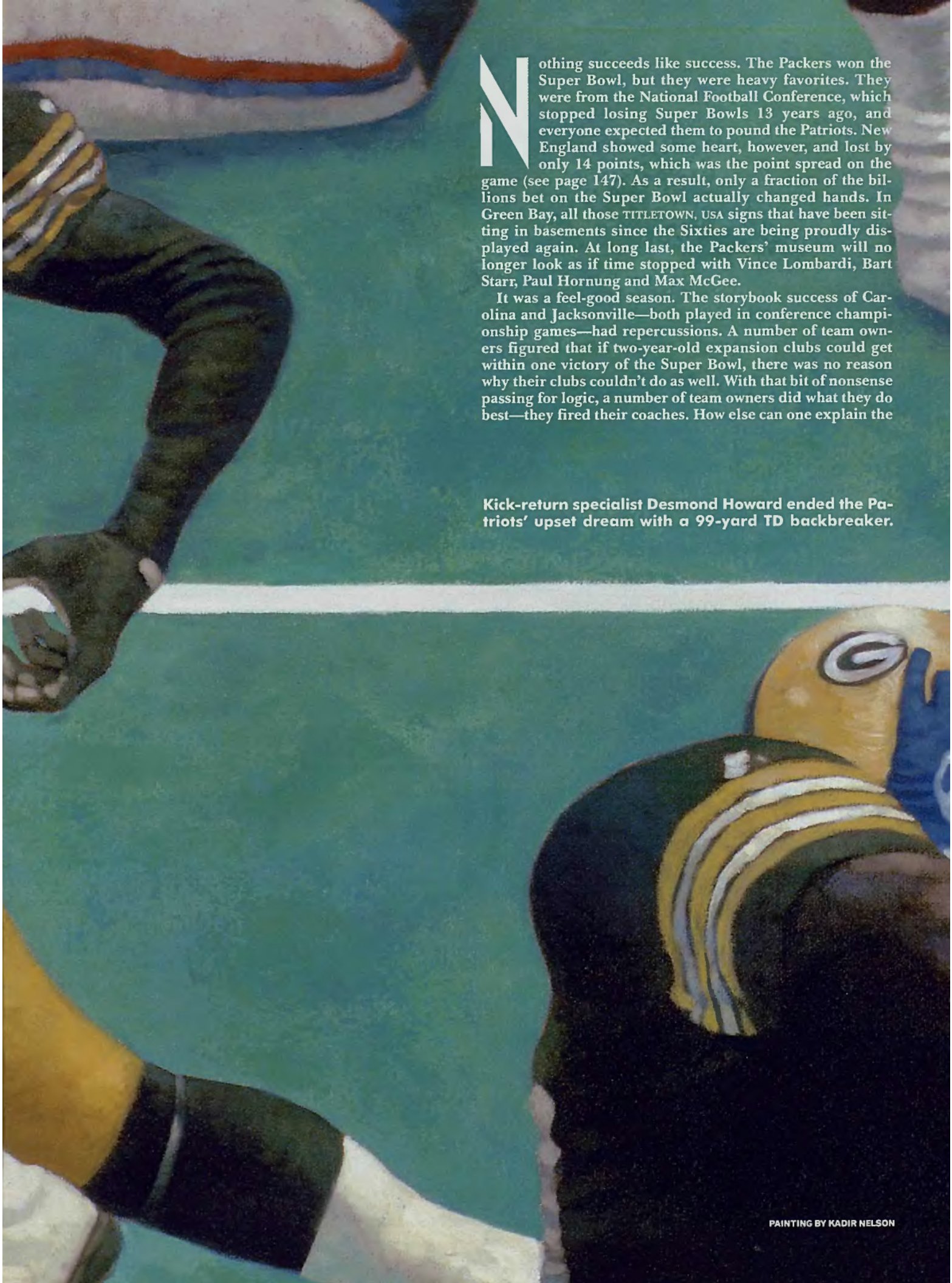
"You're the nicest environment I've ever been in."



the record number of fired coaches won't take the chill—green bay's—out of california's dreaming

sports By Danny Sheridan

PLAYBOY'S PRO FOOTBALL FORECAST



Nothing succeeds like success. The Packers won the Super Bowl, but they were heavy favorites. They were from the National Football Conference, which stopped losing Super Bowls 13 years ago, and everyone expected them to pound the Patriots. New England showed some heart, however, and lost by only 14 points, which was the point spread on the game (see page 147). As a result, only a fraction of the billions bet on the Super Bowl actually changed hands. In Green Bay, all those TITLETOWN, USA signs that have been sitting in basements since the Sixties are being proudly displayed again. At long last, the Packers' museum will no longer look as if time stopped with Vince Lombardi, Bart Starr, Paul Hornung and Max McGee.

It was a feel-good season. The storybook success of Carolina and Jacksonville—both played in conference championship games—had repercussions. A number of team owners figured that if two-year-old expansion clubs could get within one victory of the Super Bowl, there was no reason why their clubs couldn't do as well. With that bit of nonsense passing for logic, a number of team owners did what they do best—they fired their coaches. How else can one explain the

Kick-return specialist Desmond Howard ended the Patriots' upset dream with a 99-yard TD backbreaker.

PAINTING BY KADIR NELSON

PLAYBOY'S PICKS

AFC

Eastern Division: Patriots

Central Division: Oilers

Western Division: Raiders

Wild Cards: Dolphins, Jaguars, Seahawks

AFC Champion: Raiders over Patriots

NFC

Eastern Division: Cowboys

Central Division: Packers

Western Division: 49ers

Wild Cards: Panthers, Redskins, Bears

NFC Champion: Packers over 49ers

SUPER BOWL

Packers over Raiders

11 coaching changes that took place after last season? It was impossible to believe no African American coaches were among the "Chosen 11." Is the good-old-boy network still around? Or isn't someone such as Green Bay offensive coordinator Sherman Lewis qualified? The only black coach who was given the courtesy of an interview was Philadelphia defensive coordinator Emmitt Thomas. There's something wrong here.

But what else can be expected from a group of owners who went to the NFL's winter meetings in Palm Desert for the express purpose of burying their heads in the sand? They certainly didn't listen when their coaches voted overwhelmingly to restore instant replay this season. The owners voted it down for a sixth consecutive year, and by a larger margin (20–10) than last time.

"I didn't want to damage the game," offered Oakland's Al Davis. He's definitely not one of the league's dinosaurs (years ago, Davis hired the league's first African American head coach, Art Shell), but he's wrong about instant replay. What will persuade these men to reinstitute the only means by which a game-altering blown call can be corrected? What are they waiting for—fistfights on the field? Riots in the stands?

Let's get down to cases. Last season, for the first time since 1991, neither Dallas nor San Francisco won the NFC championship. But the AFC still couldn't win a Super Bowl. That tradition will continue this season. Green Bay figures to be a repeat winner, this time over those nasty Raiders from Oakland. Can't anybody in the Average Football Conference play this game?

Let's see how the rest of the league shapes up, beginning with the NFC.

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After Dallas' chaos last season—sex, drugs and rock and roll, plus a few key injuries and an early exit from the playoffs—team owner Jerry Jones was no less traumatized than many of his players. Jones hired former Cowboy Calvin Hill and his wife, Janet, to improve player behavior. The Hills are alive with the sound of progress, but much damage has been done. It's taken only a couple years for the **Cowboys** to go from being America's Team to America's Most Wanted Team.

NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE
EASTERN DIVISION

Dallas	11–5
Washington*	9–7
Philadelphia	8–8
Arizona	8–8
New York Giants	4–12

*Wild-card team

Some observers think the Cowboys' crimes and misdemeanors affected their performance in 1996, but I don't buy it. True, the Cowboys scored only 286 points, but suspensions and injuries were the real culprits behind their drop-off. If WR Michael Irvin hadn't been suspended (cocaine possession) for the first five games, if RB Emmitt Smith hadn't played most of the season with banged-up ankles and if TE Jay Novacek hadn't sat out the year with what might be a career-ending back condition, do you really think the Cowboys—10–6, and divisional champs again—wouldn't have made it to Lambeau Field for a conference showdown with the Packers?

Smith rushed for 1204 yards and scored 12 touchdowns, but it wasn't a vintage year for him. Novacek may be able to play again, but the Cowboys aren't counting on it—which is why they moved up in the first round of the draft to snare 6′7″ LSU TE David LaFleur. Irvin led the team in receptions (64), but caught only two for TDs. Like Smith, Irvin has something to prove. So does QB Troy Aikman, who was turned off by some of his teammates' antics, and wasn't too thrilled with his own performance—he threw more interceptions (13) than TDs (12). He's back with his usual steely confidence. "If we play the way we're capable of playing, we can go to the Super Bowl," Aikman says, and he could be right. He and coach Barry Switzer have finally made peace with each other.

As usual, the team lost several free agents, most notably kicker Chris Boniol. They signed a good one, though, in Denver WR Anthony Miller. The Cowboys' defense may have to wait until mid-October for CB/WR Deion Sanders, who's now playing the outfield for the Cincinnati Reds. And they'll have to wait until December for DT Leon Lett to finish serving his one-year drug suspension. But Dallas will be there in the postseason. The

(continued on page 124)

"Look what I found in the attic. Grandma did two senators and a Supreme Court justice in this corset."

THE BUZZ

WHAT'S FUN, HIP, PHAT, MONEY, CRAZY, SEXY AND COOL

SHOW US THE MONEY

OK, getting right down to business, our picks for millennial growth:

Webmastery: If you have to ask, stop reading.

Money Management: Do the dirty work for the retiring Baby Boomers.

Home Health Care: Insurance companies are giving patients the hospital heave-ho.

Computer Animation: Elbow your way into line.

Aquaculture: Wild fish become scarce. Raise algae for profit.

Theme Parks: Not a vote for the culture, but Disney's destiny.

Radiology: Big strides in treatment and diagnosis—and the fast track around med school.

Casinos: They took everything else away from the Indians, right? Think Vegas and riverboats.

MEDICAL BREAK-THROUGH

Good news for men who have trouble getting it up: Viagra, a new oral impotence drug from Pfizer Labs, recently had an 89 percent success rate in a study on 351 impotent men. When taken a few hours before sexual activity, Viagra boosts levels of artery-relaxing agents, enhancing blood flow in the penis. Though it won't directly create an erection, it will amplify the reaction to sexual signals. Viagra's pill form also might be safer and more convenient for men who currently use injectible drugs for impotence. Look for FDA approval by year's end.

CITY SMARTS

Great places to live, but we wouldn't want to visit . . .

• Raleigh-Durham, NC • Salt Lake City • Boca Raton, FL • Philadelphia • St. Paul, MN • Boise, ID

WHERE TO GO

Prague has become McAmerica and the Hamptons have gone Hollywood. So next time you're packing, think:

Dublin: Even foreigners feel right at home in this economic boomtown.

Buenos Aires: It's the all-night party mecca and Paris of South America.

Cape Town: Tote extra rolls of film for the striking women and scenery.

Belize: Great diving, jungles and ruins. The deserted beaches aren't bad either.

Savannah, Georgia: The hip crowd is flocking to soak up some steamy atmosphere.

Las Vegas: Sin City has snagged a younger generation with kitschy chic. Check out Spielberg's Game Works.

Shanghai: This frenzied 700-year-old seaport city is a peek at the future.

WHERE TO CLICK

We enjoy wasting time on the Web. How else would we know that these surf spots are getting all the action? Bookmark them for a daily dose of news, Hollywood gossip and laughs.

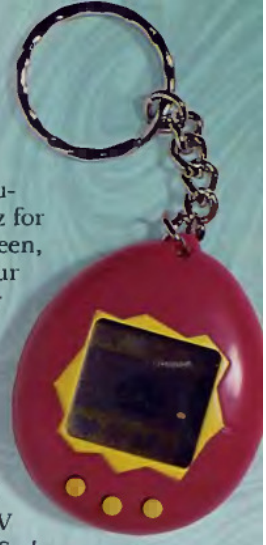
Custom-made news: www.excite.com
Sports: www.sfan.com
Politics: www.disinfo.com
Finance: www.fool.com
Travel: www.travelocity.com
Books: www.amazon.com
Music: musiccentral.msn.com
Entertainment: www.mrshowbiz.com
Skills: www.learnto.com
Reference: www.eb.com
Weirdness: www.nlci.com/users/royal/absurd.htm
Fake news: www.theonion.com
Games: www.bezerk.com
The millennium: www.everything2000.com

WHAT TO INVEST IN

• Transformers (the toys)
• Ralph Lauren boutiques
• Disney stock
• Radio stations
• Resort condos in Santa Fe and Utah
• Vintage electric and acoustic guitars
• Old watches

COLLAGES BY DAVID PLUNKERT

WAY COOL PET



Tickle Me Elmo is a wuss and Cabbage Patch Kids are hair-eating orphans. We prefer Tamagotchi, a virtual pet from Japan that recently inspired hundreds of people to line up outside of New York's FAO Schwarz for the first U.S. shipment. The computer "chicken," housed inside an egg-shaped key chain with a video screen, doesn't mess around. It needs to be fed, played with and cleaned up after. And it relentlessly peeps to get your attention. Neglect your critter, and it gets angry and dies. (Record life span: 26 days). Don't worry if your caretaking skills suck—when your chick croaks, it's replaced by a newborn at the click of a button.

WHAT TO EXPECT

BY ASTROLOGER YVONNE MORABITO

Pluto, the powerful outer planet associated with death, transformation and resurrection, recently plowed through Scorpio and into Sagittarius, the sign of philosophy and spirituality. Get set for a time of higher moral meaning: fewer smarmy sex scandals, literature with a message, spirituality-spewing rock bands, movies with values, scrutiny of sports figures. Business? All cards on the table. After a bump, the stock market continues its nice ride. The legal system will also get a moral whitewash, resulting in fairer trials. In the bedroom, look for increased popularity of practices such as tantric sex, yoga and meditation as more people strive for a mind-body connection. The millennium is good for the soul.

MUST-HAVE SEX TOY

Here's a kinky gadget that can go anywhere in public. The Egg is a remote-controlled, insertable vibrator by Swedish Erotica that retails at $130. Sounds costly, but it's well worth the money: While she wears the device, you control the remote. Tease her with unexpected spurts of stimulation, and before too long, she'll be begging to jump your bones. But be careful: It's been said that the remote control will work for any egg in the room.

MUST-SEE TV

For every annoying TV show (read: *Suddenly Susan*) on the tube these days, there's an unparalleled gem on another station. Though these programs will never reside in that coveted post-*Friends*, pre-*Seinfeld* time slot, they deserve kudos for holding their own.

Pop-up Video on VH-1
Daria on MTV
The Daily Show and *Dr. Katz* on Comedy Central
Biography on A&E
World's Strongest Man Contest on ESPN2
Wild Discovery on the Discovery Channel
Channel to watch: Much Music
Reporter to watch: CNBC's Maria Bartiromo

HOT WORKOUT

Sure, boxing's big. But we like grappling. The popular Action Wrestling workout at Crunch Fitness Center in NYC is like a flashback to gym class. Based on traditional wrestling conditioning, the class includes bear walks, wheelbarrow races, sprints, sit-ups, push-ups and tugs-of-war. Expect more mat action, especially with women. • Speaking of which, Iron Belles of America sends its 40 women bodybuilders all over the country to wrestle with (and beat) guys who pay $250 to $400 an hour for the privilege. "They can be dominated and not worry about stress," says owner Cheryl Harris. The most requested move? The skull-crushing head scissors. Iron Belles also makes videos and has a Web site at www.ironbellesofatlanta.com.

DAVE CALVER

HOT SEAT

The La-Z-Boy recliner that your dad used to relax in is now a bachelor pad must-have. Is there a better place to kick back with a bag of Louisiana's Zapp's chips (the *only* chips to eat) and a brew to gawk at the chicks on *Baywatch*? The one shown here costs $1699.

HOT COLLEGE: STANFORD

Tiger dropped out of this school to go pro, but academic standout Stanford has a lot going for it, including other top-notch athletes (students and alums won 18 medals at the 1996 Olympics), a picturesque campus and the most connected coed this side of Camp David, Chelsea Clinton.

Partying Like it's 1999

The millennium is two years away, but it's not too early to throw the blowout of the century. We've done all the planning, from compiling the phattest guest list on the planet to stocking the bar with new cocktails. The object here is to keep things moving (the end of the century inches closer each second), but we couldn't resist including a few blasts from the past. Shirley Temples—this time with alcohol—have a renewed sense of cool, as does a certain drinking game you might remember from high school. It's called quarters, and the object is to bounce your 25-cent piece into someone else's glass of hemp beer. The person whose cup it lands in has to chug. One more thing: When the party is over, don't forget to send thank-you notes. Manners and civility are back in style, too.

GUEST LIST

• Kevin Smith • Cheri O'Teri • Chris Rock • Ani DiFranco • Parker Posey • Will Smith • Jada Pinkett • John Cusack • Téa Leoni • David Duchovny • Hank from HBO's *The Larry Sanders Show* • Daria • Jon Favreau • Peta Wilson (*La Femme Nikita*) • Jon Stewart • Shoshana Lonstein

WHAT THEY'RE DRINKING

Hemp beer • Chocolate martinis—½ ounce Godiva chocolate liqueur, 1½ ounces vodka, lemon twist • Spiked Shirley Temples—5 ounces 7Up, 1 ounce grenadine, 1 ounce vodka, maraschino cherry

WHAT THEY'RE DOING

Salsa and mambo dancing • Playing quarters

WHAT'S IN THE CD PLAYER

BEN FOLDS FIVE: A funky piano-driven trio from Chapel Hill, NC—Billy Joel meets Queen meets Squeeze • **ERYKAH BADU:** The hip-hop incarnation of Billie Holiday • **CHEMICAL BROTHERS:** Electronica at its peak • **SOUL COUGHING:** Infectious beat geeks who emphasize melody more than lyrics • **AMANDA MARSHALL:** The young, folkie groovester who found a loyal fan in Elton John • **FIONA APPLE:** This year's Alanis Morissette (with a better voice) • **JONNY LANG:** The 16-year-old phenom leader of blues band Kid Jonny Lang and the Big Bang • **SQUIRREL NUT ZIPPERS:** Eclectically cool lounge act • **MIGHTY BLUE KINGS:** Chicago-based blues, jazz and swing band on the verge of a huge breakthrough

Below, clockwise from top: Jonny Lang, Fiona Apple, Amanda Marshall, Soul Coughing. Right: Parker Posey. Opposite page, clockwise from top: David Duchovny, Will Smith, Ani DiFranco, Jon Stewart, John Cusack, Chris Rock, Jon Favreau, Hank (Jeffrey Tambor).

PRO FOOTBALL *(continued from page 118)*

His sorry excuse for a team is enough to make New Yorkers lose their appetite for football.

Cowboys have a lot to make up for, and this year they will be playing for redemption.

When the **Redskins** went 7–1 for the first half of last season, they were the toast of D.C. and one of three NFL Cinderella teams. But then reality set in and the Skins wound up 9–7. Even when it comes to football, there are no fairy tales in Washington these days.

Head coach Norv Turner has rebuilt this team from scratch after inheriting the stiffs who finished 4–12 in 1993. A month before team owner Jack Kent Cooke died of heart failure, he extended Turner's contract through 2001. Cooke, who built a new stadium in record time (a year) for the current season, was lavish in his praise of Turner. "In my experience in pro sports," he said, "I have not met a more talented coach and motivator of men than Norv." Coming from the man who hired George Allen and Joe Gibbs, that was high praise indeed.

Turner makes sure his players are well treated. Last season RB Terry Allen rushed for a club record 1353 yards and scored a league-high 21 touchdowns. Allen, who has gained more than 1000 yards for four straight seasons, was rewarded with a four-year, $14.8 million contract. The only rushers who earn more are Emmitt Smith and Barry Sanders.

Turner isn't afraid to buck conventional wisdom and proved it by going with Gus Frerotte at QB instead of Heath Shuler, who had been the team's number one draft choice in 1994. Frerotte threw for 3453 yards; Shuler has since been traded to New Orleans. Frerotte's passes were smartly distributed among veteran WR Henry Ellard (52 catches for 1014 yards), Jamie Asher (42 catches), Michael Westbrook (34) and Brian Mitchell (32). Free-agent pickup Alvin Harper will add to that total.

The Skins wound up getting pushed around because of their margarine-like spreadable defense. Defensive coordinator Ron Lynn was sent packing and his replacement, Mike Nolan, comes on board after three years of handling that job for the Giants. Washington's defense, 28th in the league last year, will tighten a bit with the addition of free-agent CB Cris Dishman (from Houston) and the defensive players picked in the first three rounds of the college draft. The Skins will continue to improve, but don't expect a miracle.

After nine games last season, the **Eagles** were 7–2 and the Cowboys were 5–4. Both finished with 10–6 records, but Dallas won the division title and the Eagles had to win their final two games to sneak into the playoffs. The Eagles are hard to figure out. Their defense gave up only 285 yards a game, third fewest in the NFC. Their offense averaged 351.7 yards a game, tops in the conference. Those two stats would ordinarily herald a big winner, but we're talking about the Eagles.

Philly had big-play performers. Running back Ricky Watters led the NFC with 1855 scrimmage yards and WR Irving Fryar caught a career-high 88 passes for 1195 yards. Backup QB Ty Detmer was 7–4 in his first go-round as a starter, and he'll be better this season, especially with the addition of free-agent WRs Michael Timpson and Russell Copeland. Philadelphia's defense was spearheaded by DE William Fuller, who racked up 13 sacks. He's since moved on to San Diego, but the addition of Dallas free-agent linebacker Darrin Smith will strengthen the defense. Defensive end Mike Mamula, a favorite of coach Ray Rhodes, piled up eight sacks. Philly's defense isn't great, but it's rock solid.

What's wrong with this crew? The polite way to put it: The Eagles lack team chemistry. The truth? Last season there was just enough dissension on the team to piss off everyone. Watters is a great competitor, but he's tough to take as a teammate. He carried the ball a league-high 353 times—and also caught 51 passes—but never stopped carping that he wasn't getting enough action. Watters obviously learned nothing from his experience in San Francisco, where his act wore thin in a hurry.

If the Eagles can keep the feathers from flying around the locker room and front office, they'll make a serious run at the Cowboys.

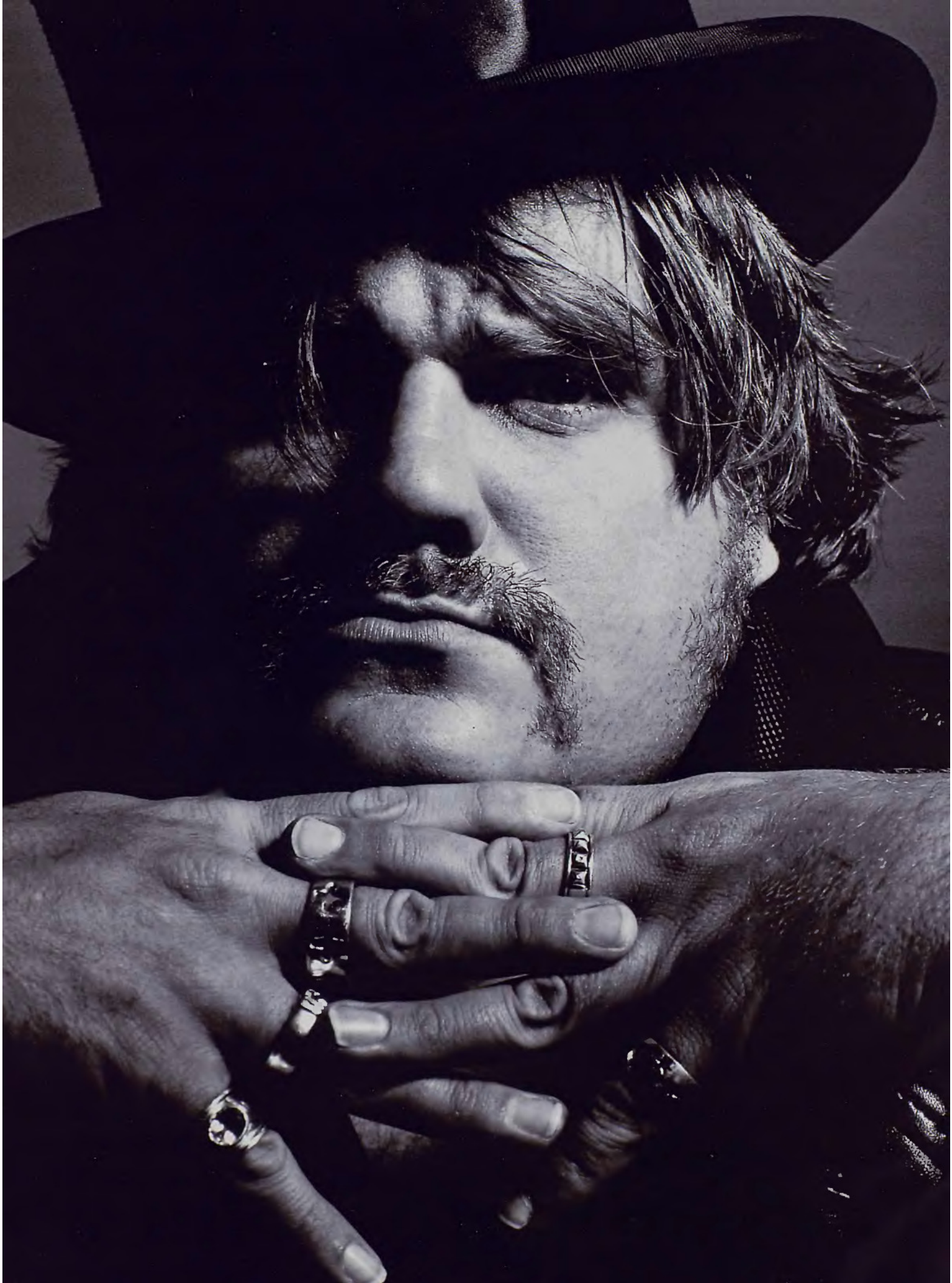
The **Cardinals** are now the only NFL club playing in a college stadium, and team owner Bill Bidwill has made no progress in his attempt to get a domed stadium. Unless Bidwill is expecting a biblical downpour of frogs, there doesn't seem to be a need for a domed stadium in the desert. The Cardinals' lease with Arizona State's Sun Devil Stadium expires after this season, and I wouldn't be surprised if Bidwill plans to eventually relocate his team in Los Angeles or Cleveland. If Arizona can continue to rise under new coach Vince Tobin, fans will come and the Cards will stay put. In February, Tobin named Kent Graham as his starting quarterback and released Boomer Esiason, who passed for 522 yards in a memorable victory over Washington last year. Last season RB Larry Centers picked up only 425 yards rushing, but caught 99 passes. LeShon Johnson, the other Arizona RB, led the Cardinals in rushing with a paltry 634 yards, but he averaged 4.5 yards a pop, and may well be on the verge of a breakthrough season. The Cards' defense ranked 21st in the league and isn't about to scare anyone, but it will be better. Defensive end Simeon Rice, the Cardinals' top draft choice in 1996, led the team in sacks (12½) and is a future All-Pro. Cornerback Aeneas Williams, who had six interceptions, is a current All-Pro. With its first pick in this year's draft, Arizona selected highly touted Iowa DB Tom Knight. In the second round Arizona came away with Arizona State QB Jake Plummer, a popular choice with long-suffering Cardinals fans.

Teams such as the Cowboys, 49ers and Packers are preoccupied with winning. George Young, general manager of the **Giants,** is preoccupied with his team's payroll. "Free agency and guaranteed salaries are going to kill our game," Young has said. "Players play better when they're hungry." Unfortunately, no one has had the chance to find out if Young would do his job better if he were hungry. One thing is clear: His sorry excuse for a team is enough to make New Yorkers lose their appetite for football. At QB the Giants have Dave Brown, who last year threw 12 TD passes and 20 interceptions—he's the lowest-rated passer in the NFC. It was Young who selected Brown in the 1992 supplemental draft, and it was Young who signed him to an outrageous $13 million contract. Last season the Giants had the NFL's worst passing offense and worst overall offense. If not for RB Rodney Hampton (827 yards and one touchdown in 1996) there would be no reason at all to pay attention when the Giants have the football. New York's defense isn't too shabby, but that's probably because it gets to play so much in every game—practice makes perfect.

In a letter to season ticket holders informing them of raised ticket prices, Giants co-owners Wellington Mara and Robert Tisch wrote, "We understand our responsibility to provide you with a team that warrants your support." That's very nice, Wellington and Robert. Have you shown your letter to

(continued on page 146)

"Evidently you didn't read <u>everything</u> in your shoe contract."



20 QUESTIONS

CHRIS FARLEY

Next to cheese, Chris Farley is Wisconsin's most-celebrated product. Already a big-screen presence at 33, the formidable actor is one of the few "Saturday Night Live" veterans to make a successful transition to movies. After smaller roles in "Coneheads" and both "Wayne's World"s, Farley joined "SNL" alumnus and pal David Spade to top-line the hits "Tommy Boy" and "Black Sheep." Then with another "SNL" alum, Chris Rock, helping out, Farley battled his way to big box office in the title role of "Beverly Hills Ninja." Next he'll co-star with Matthew Perry in "Edwards and Hunt," a period piece in which they play explorers in the Lewis and Clark tradition. After three outings as the fat guy who falls down, Farley calls his role as Bartholomew Hunt edgier and something of a stretch. "Plus, I get to wear a lot of buckskin," he says. We asked Contributing Editor David Rensin to talk with Farley in Los Angeles. Says Rensin, "We met in his hotel room. He was an attentive host, ordering fruit plates and bottled water from room service. Farley's self-deprecation verges on self-flagellation. The guy is a big softy who wants to feel good about himself. You just want to put your arms around him. But, of course, you can't."

1.

PLAYBOY: You and David Spade were presenters at this year's Oscars. Explain the difference between performing live for 20 million people a week and doing it in front of 1 billion people in one night.

FARLEY: I may as well tell you now, I'm not real good with math. What felt strange was the audience in front of us. I was real conscious of our being a couple of comics, trying to entertain serious actors. I guess I felt a little inferior. Then I saw Jim Carrey in the crowd and that made me feel at home, because nobody's bigger than Jim Carrey, and he was laughing at us. Later, I talked with him and he was very supportive. He's the king. His movies make $150 million and a lot of people happy. Our movies make a buck-fifty. So I figured if he liked us, it was OK.

the heavyweight comic contender on wearing buckskin, defending your friends and the perfect pig-out

2.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of Jim Carrey, you were slated to be the original Cable Guy until he took over the job. Is that turn of events a happy or sad thought now?

FARLEY: I love Jim. He did a wonderful job. I dug that scene when he said "clitoris" to the guy's mother. The script seemed tailor-made for him, and that's because he worked on it with his writers and the director and made it his own. In fact, I want to talk with Jim about how I can do that more in my films.

My version of *The Cable Guy* was a bit different, not quite as dark, and I would have kept it that way—which isn't saying I have a problem with the choices Jim made. I just would have gone with more of the butt-crack showing, more of a pathetic approach than the menacing, diabolical approach. By the way, I was in the middle of a two-picture deal with Paramount when I got *The Cable Guy*. I'd done *Tommy Boy* and thought I could do a picture at another studio, and then go back and finish my deal. But Paramount said, "No. You're making *Black Sheep* when we tell you to make it." So I had to pass on *The Cable Guy*.

3.

PLAYBOY: In your new film, *Edwards and Hunt*, you and Matthew Perry play Lewis and Clark–like explorers. How did you prepare for the role? What did you wear underneath the buckskin?

FARLEY: Lewis and Clark endured horrible conditions, portaging huge canoes over tough mountain terrain in freezing weather. Meanwhile, we were just a bunch of wussy actors on the set, going, "Is there any more Evian?" Our biggest problem was the heat. Wearing buckskin isn't that bad unless it's real hot. Then you sweat a lot and stain the leather. Also, as soon as you put it on, buckskin chafes like you've played 18 holes of golf in it. God knows what they wore underneath it in the old days, but I wore regular underwear and a shirt under the vest.

4.

PLAYBOY: When does an Indian change his loincloth?

FARLEY: When it starts sticking to the tea bag.

5.

PLAYBOY: What genetic markers do you share with Bartholomew Hunt?

FARLEY: Hunt is bohemian. Leslie Edwards is like Meriwether Lewis—a more sophisticated, English-type guy. In one scene I pick up buffalo dung and smell it, and I go, "Um, buffalo is near." And then Matt Perry says, "Good God, man. Can you tell that just by smelling its droppings?" And I say, "No, I can see him right over there." Then I point at the buffalo.

Hunt and I are both a little rough around the edges. Bringing him into polite society is like bringing a bull into a china shop. He wears his emotions on his sleeve. When he speaks you know what's really on his mind because he has no editing process. I can definitely relate to that. Thoughts go directly from my brain to my mouth.

6.

PLAYBOY: Compose a valentine on the spot for David Spade.

FARLEY: [*Pauses*] "David Spade . . . is witty and fun, but if you piss him off you'd better run."

7.

PLAYBOY: In both *Tommy Boy* and *Black Sheep*, Spade's character takes care of your character. How have you taken care of him in real life?

FARLEY: One time we were in a bar and he was getting picked on by a big guy, and I pushed the guy away and said, "You fuck with him and you're dead." The guy was a star—I wish I could tell you his name. I probably shouldn't even tell the story, but I don't care. The guy was messing with my little buddy and hitting on Spade's girl. He left with his tail between his legs. And Spade said, "Thank you for that."

8.

PLAYBOY: At *Saturday Night Live* you shared an office with Spade, Chris Rock and Adam Sandler. What personal items did each of you have that the others weren't allowed to mess with?

FARLEY: Sandler and I were pigs. Rock and Spade were clean. We were Oscar, they were Felix. It was like they put the four of us in the back of the cage, together, where we could be watched.

I didn't let anyone touch my necklace of human ears. Brando gave it to me; it was a souvenir from *Apocalypse Now*. [*Laughs*] *(continued on page 160)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVIS FACTOR

PAINTING BY HERB DAVIDSON

Piping Hot

SMOKING BY RICHARD CARLETON HACKER

This internationol assortment of high-grade briars includes, clockwise from top left: o Danish-made Nørding straight grain with an embellished sterling silver band ($300), a Butz-Choquin Calabash 2000 that was hand-turned in the Jura Mountains of France ($125), Alfred Dunhill of London's classic ODA Bruyere pipe in a Dublin shape ($900) and a half-rusticated Don Carlos pipe that combines sandblasted and smooth finishes plus silver and gold fittings ($130).

Forget the tweed coat and golden retriever. Think Armani jacket and long-legged blonde. We're talking about the cutting edge of future smoke. This is the new image of the pipe, the once fashionable symbol of masculinity that is making a comeback as a stylish way to fire up. But this time around it's nothing like MacArthur's corncob. What's different about pipe puffing today is the attitude of the smoker. Most of pipe smoking's newest converts are stogie lovers—and with good reason. Neither cigar nor pipe smokers inhale, and only pure tobacco is used in quality cigars and pipe mixtures. What do you need to get started? Pipes made of unlacquered wood that can breathe to help cool the smoke. Look for well-established brands, such as Dunhill, Nørding and Butz-Choquin, as well as a hot newcomer to the American pipe scene, the Italian manufacturer Don Carlos. The latest styles feature contrasting woods and acrylic or metal trim. Buying several pipes allows your favorite briar to relax between smokes. Like your house after a party, a pipe needs a day or so to air out. You'll want to experiment with various tobaccos, just as you smoke different brands of cigars. There are a lot of different blends, but the two main categories are English, which uses a variety of unadulterated tobaccos to create different tastes, and aromatic, in which a number of natural essences are added to the tobaccos, including cherry, chocolate, even bourbon. Of course, a pipe must be cleaned after it's smoked, and you'll need plenty of pipe cleaners to do the job right, along with a tamper to keep your tobacco com-

LIGHTEN UP, TOBACCOPHOBES. PUTTING FIRE TO THE BRIAR IS BACK IN STYLE

pressed and a soft leather pouch in which to tote your favorite mixture. Later you'll want to invest in a pipe reamer for removing excess carbon cake buildup in the pipe bowl. Any good tobacconist can recommend what to buy. The process of filling and packing the bowl takes longer than clipping and torching a fine stogie. But this ritual forces you to relax and bask in the moment. That explains why some of the world's greatest businessmen, philosophers and original thinkers are pipe smokers. After all, look what it did for Hef.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 160

america's love affair with golden girls finds new life in jenny and pam

BLONDE

Bombshells come in only one color. The Blonde Bombshell has been a national institution for the better part of the century. It started in Hollywood. As early as 1930, American men were smitten with Jean Harlow, then endured a deep crush on the Beautiful Blonde From Bashful Bend, Betty Grable. From there the country fell in love with Marilyn Monroe—the blonde to whom all others are compared. She made a memorable appearance in the first issue of PLAYBOY—the first of our dates with blonde destinies. MM was followed by the lusty Jayne Mansfield (Playmate, February 1955). Similarly, as

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA AND ARNY FREYTAG

AMBITION

Ursula Andress, Bo Derek, Kim Basinger and Sharon Stone quickened the national libido, you could find them on our pages. Did we forget to mention Farrah Fawcett? There's just something compelling about sun-kissed hair. So was it any wonder that Madonna's rise to stardom was fueled by a bottle of peroxide? Or that her global megaconcert event was called the Blonde Ambition Tour? And now we find ourselves with two reigning blonde superstars. Having introduced them to the world, we are poised to pay the proper tribute. So, with apologies to the raven- and red-haired, we salute Pam and Jenny.

Was it only yesterday (1994, actually) that Jenny McCarthy leaped from the centerfold of PLAYBOY to its cover as the newly crowned Playmate of the Year? Was it then only 12 months later that the market-savvy suits at MTV, smitten by Jenny's trademark blend of sex and charisma, snapped her up to co-host its otherwise dopey dating show, *Singled Out*—which, thanks to Jenny, became an instant hit? And, finally, was it just one year after that that magazine publishers, television executives and casting directors nationwide arrived at the conclusion that any project which didn't have the name or likeness of Jenny McCarthy permanently tattooed onto it was either boring, off the mark, dead on arrival or tragically unhip? Today the wonder from the South Side of Chicago with the boundless energy and a notorious repertoire of facial expressions is riding a wave of success that has her featured in some very provocative magazine ads and headlining two shows (one on MTV, the other about to launch on NBC). If we remember correctly, the last time someone made it this big this fast, her name was Pam Anderson.

After being named 1994 Playmate of the Year, Jenny made a confession. "I feel like I was destined for this. Ever since I was little, I've loved being in front of the camera." To say the least. In less than two years, Jenny has converted an otherwise ordinary gig on MTV into a perpetual showbiz cover story (below). Simply put: A star is born.

If one were to count just how many times in a week the average guy had the opportunity to enjoy the face, body and singular talents of Pamela Anderson Lee, one would have to do some serious math. After all, the bewitching blonde "wild child" from Vancouver turned Hollywood sensation appears in more spotlights worldwide than McDonald's has buns. Think about it. On a typical day, Pam appreciation can take place: on the bikini beach drama *Baywatch* (the show is seen by 1 billion people each week); on syndicated reruns of *Home Improvement*; on her white-hot *Best Of . . .* Playboy video (the tape was number one on the charts for three months running); in her own corner of PLAYBOY's Web site (31,000 Pam page accesses per day)—or, for that matter, on any of four zillion unauthorized Pam Anderson hothouses in the Internet ether. But if that exposure weren't enough, Pam joined the ranks of the industry's greatest last spring when she hosted *Saturday Night Live*. And she was wise enough to add a little irony. Among her many wickedly comic bits that night was a dead-on send-up of another blonde sensation—someone named Jenny McCarthy.

In only eight years, Pam has broken an esteemed PLAYBOY record: Including this issue, she has appeared on seven covers, eclipsing Bo Derek and Lillian Müller. Not surprisingly, other magazines have caught the wave (below), enlisting Pam to attract every demographic segment from middle Americans to the downtown crowd to Beavis and Butt-headers.

TV GUIDE
SPECIAL ISSUE: BEAUTY AND FITNESS ON TV
May 27–June 2
99¢
'Everyone says I'm plastic from head to toe—can't stand next to a radiator or I'll melt'
BAYWATCH'S PAMELA ANDERSON
PLUS: JANE FONDA AT 57
SUPERMODEL WORKOUT VIDEOS

SPECIAL DOUBLE ISSUE
BEAVIS & BUTT-HEAD GO TO HOLLYWOOD
Guest Starring PAMELA ANDERSON LEE
1996 ROCK & ROLL YEARBOOK
The Best in Music, Movies
AMBUSH AT FORT BRAGG
Fiction by TOM WOLFE
BUTTHOLE SURFERS
On the Road
The Last Word by CONAN O'BRIEN

And now for the noked truth: Jenny McCorthy hosn't olwoys been o blonde. "I wos born with white hair," she told *TV Guide*, "but by eighth grode I wos o full brunette. Yuck! Disgusting." Although redheoded Lucille Ball wos her idol, Jenny ond her hoirdresser mom tinkered with vorious formulas over the yeors (producing, ot one point, on occidentolly blue heod) before orriving ot the perfect golden hue.

If Clairol was right about blondes having more fun, then Pam Anderson is living up to that slogan. What other celebrity is, simultaneously, a model, a TV star, a movie actress, her own stuntwoman, her own biographer (her memoir in progress is called *Pamdemonium*), the subject of hot-selling videos, trading cards and CD-ROMs, the wife of a rock star and, oh yeah, a mom? Move over, Madonna.

Jenny McCarthy is the most famous blonde in America. Pamela Anderson Lee is the most famous blonde on the planet. Jenny and Pam. Pam and Jenny. In a culture forever in search of its roots, thank goodness that some of those roots are blonde.

"His major was party. Ron didn't keep up his grades, so he came back home. And that was disappointing."

Cards, of course, except that it was actually where Fred kept his joints. "Years later, when Ron was probably 18 or 19 years old, we were having a talk one day, Ron, Kim and I, and I don't even know how in the daylights it came up, but they said out of a clear blue sky, 'Remember that little case you told us was for cards? We know what that was for. Why were you kidding us?' And here they were, they were probably ten and seven at that time and knew exactly what was going on. I almost fell off my chair. But I was real open about that stuff as they became older. We talked about smoking, drinking and so forth. For me it was real simple—I'm not naive enough to think that you're never going to try anything. So if you're going to try, tell me, we'll do it together."

Fred was also open to discussion about the women he was dating. "You know, 'Is this somebody you think that you care about?' It was kind of cute. I'd get the little looks from Ron and Kim when they were younger. You know, little shakes of heads, or thumbs-down or thumbs-up."

What wasn't so cute was Ron's first semester at Illinois State University. "His major was party," Fred says, "and we had a deal when Ron went off to college that if he didn't keep up his grades he'd be coming back home. Ron didn't keep up his grades, so he came back home. And that was disappointing." Disappointing is one word for it. Fred is candid about his distress with his son's lack of purpose in *His Name Is Ron*, the book he and his family wrote with William and Marilyn Hoffer.

Kim talks just as candidly of how much stricter Fred had been with Ron than with her—"I mean, I could do no wrong in Daddy's eyes"—and how difficult it was for her father to accept the pace of Ron's development. "Ron wasn't big on school and working. My dad couldn't understand that because he'd always worked and always went to school and, of course, that's what his son was going to do. He never said, 'You're going to be a doctor,' but he wanted my brother to appreciate the concept of going to school and earning a living and my brother wasn't at that point yet."

It's moving to meet Kim after seeing her so often, and in such terrible distress, on TV. She has a sharp, restless intelligence, and there are layers of complexity in her relationship with her late brother that go too deep for any stranger to fathom. Since outspokenness seems to run in the family, Kim had no compunctions, half a year before Ron died, about sending him an angry letter in which she spoke of how he'd come to take her for granted. But her anger was only an index of how tight and passionate their bond really was. And it was tight for some reasons that had nothing to do with the siblings' sticking together through the tribulations of divorce and custody. In 1985, when Kim was 14, she and Ron went to Florida over Christmas vacation with their dad and his friend Patti Glass; Glass had already received an unconditional thumbs-up from both kids, and would later become Fred's wife. As they were driving in Fred's station wagon, Fred and Patti in the front, Ron and Kim in the back, a battery dropped from an oncoming car, crashed through the station wagon's windshield, flew past Fred and Patti and hit Kim. The battery splashed acid over her face and eyes, leaving her temporarily blind, severely burned and close to death. It was Ron who pulled her out of the car. (Since then Kim has had five surgeries on her face, with three more to go.)

In 1987 Fred and Patti were married and, three days later, everyone moved to California. Given the terrible fate that the Golden State held in store for his young son, Fred might now be expected to regret ever leaving the Midwest, and in the most obvious way he does. "Surely, it's easy to say we should never have moved, that maybe if we'd lived someplace else Ron wouldn't have come in contact with Nicole and therefore wouldn't have had a reason to return the glasses. You know, those are all the unknowns. Those are the hard parts. Those are the real hard parts."

Still, he refuses to reedit, with the wisdom of hindsight, a chapter of family history that was marked with tension, yes, but also full of happiness and promise for him and Ron alike. (Not for Kim, who was still in high school, with a first boyfriend she didn't want to leave. "I'm not a fan of California," she says. "I was kicking and screaming, but my brother was running to the airport.")

Fred bristles at the subject of the fast life in Brentwood. He's heard the gleefully malicious stories about his son as a coked-out, drug-dealing, heavy-drinking, sexually adventuring, social-climbing party boy, but he buys none of them, none of them at all. "Ron didn't participate in that life. Was he around it? Yeah, I guess the answer would be yes. But that wasn't who Ron was."

In *His Name Is Ron*, Fred writes that there were two Rons: the carefree, cocky kid whose taste for adventure was emphasized, after his death, by the nightly news and tabloid shows, and "the warm, vulnerable, incurable romantic who loved to send flowers, create intimate dinners, write notes and send cards."

While there may have been more Rons—every child has a secret life, and every parent's lot is not to know it—you get a sense of at least two Freds when you talk to him about that troubled period in his son's growing up.

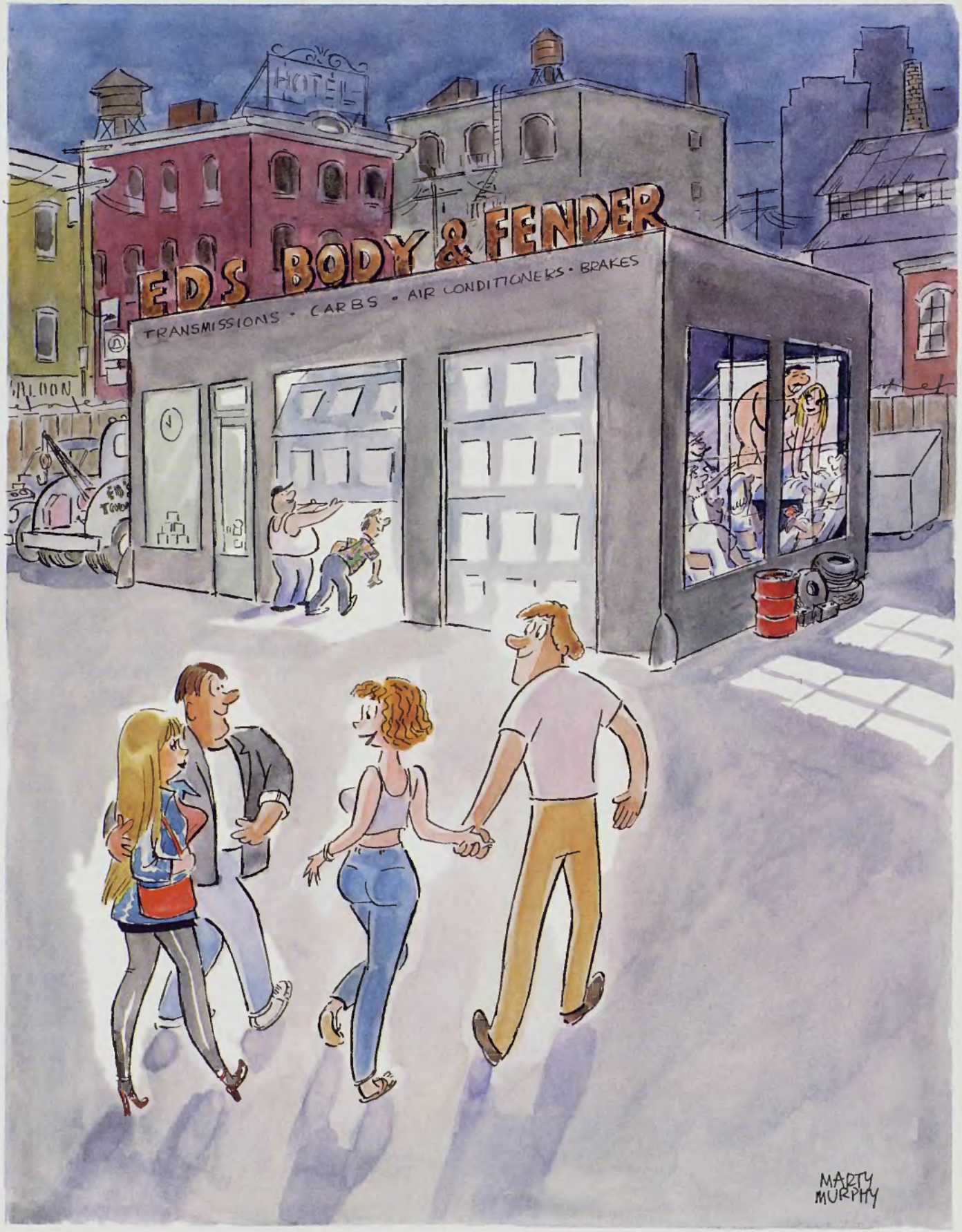
One Fred took measure of reality and made a hard decision. Ron had started spending big-time, at least in proportion to his small earnings, and managed to run up what was, for him, a staggering load of credit card debt. Fred's response was tough love. "I told Ron I was not just going to bail him out. I wasn't going to plunk down $12,000, $14,000 and say, 'You're all done,' you know, and let him start anew. Part of my psyche said, You make your bed, you lie in it. And I think Ron knew that. I know Ron knew that, and he was responsible enough to say, 'You're right.'" Instead of bailing him out, Fred took his son to a financial counselor who helped him file for bankruptcy. It was a bitter pill to swallow, for father and son alike.

The other Fred, the open, trusting, emotional one who didn't want to be a cold, half-baked version of the tough cookie he'd had for a father, loved and adored Ron for the right reasons, the wrong reasons, for no reason and every reason.

Fred loved Ron's energy: "Ron was exuberant. He was just bubbly. And I think that's a lot of what drew people to him; he was that way all the time. I would go into restaurants where Ron was working and he was just a kick to watch. He was outgoing and people responded accordingly. Managers in the restaurants would say, 'Ron has people who come in and ask just for him. They don't want to sit anywhere except where Ron's waitering.'"

Ronald Lyle Goldman grew up in optimistic times; he came into his manhood in the optimism capital of the world. What's more—and this is what gives the story of Fred's fatherhood such currency—Ron grew up at a time in this lucky nation's history when most parents want their children to be happy, come what may, and when adolescence often extends to the age of 30 or beyond. Lots of people who finally get their acts together bump along in amiable aimlessness for the longest time, with no one sounding any alarms. And, in truth, Ron had already taken aim. Fred's first awareness of this came six or eight months before his son's death, when Ron told him he wanted to start a restaurant of his own and asked if he'd be interested in being a part of it.

"I said, 'Yes, but you have to tell me more,' and his answer was, 'Well, there's



"These guys are so hip! I've never even heard of the Ed's Garage Film Festival."

nothing really to tell you right now, I just wanted to know if you'd like to get in with me.' So we left it at that. But after Ron's death, Kim and I went through all of his things and we were overwhelmed to see how far he had gone with his dream. He had the names of chefs, people who were willing to invest, menus, ideas for decor and floor plans. The floor plan was in the shape of an ankh, the symbol Ron wore around his neck and had in a small tattoo. It's the Egyptian symbol for eternal life."

If there's anything worse for a loving parent than losing a child, it must be losing a child at the very moment when that child's life is joyously, almost miraculously, turning around. Fred's loss at such a moment, in conjunction with the hideous circumstances of his son's death and the utterly unprecedented frenzy of the criminal trial, explains much about why he leaped into prominence as he did.

•

Among the many circumstances in Fred Goldman's life that no one could have predicted is his status, at the age of 56, as a quasi celebrity. It's a mixed blessing. Earlier this year, for example, in his capacity as spokesman for the Safe Streets Alliance, he, Kim and Patti attended a White House correspondents dinner in Washington. The morning after, a gossip columnist in the New York *Post* proclaimed that Fred had tried, loudly and pushily, to strike up a conversation with President Clinton but was rebuffed by the Secret Service.

"Boy, was that a pile of shit," he says, shaking his head in wonderment at the workings of the Fourth Estate. "The truth is, I simply went up to someone who probably was Secret Service and said I'd like to meet the president. He simply said, 'You'll have to talk to someone on his staff.' Minutes later I talked to someone on his staff, and near the end of the dinner they came to find us and took us back to see him. Bizarre. Kind of like what we read during the trials."

By the same token, Fred gives thanks for his Safe Streets Alliance post. "The more I learn about what goes on relative to crime and the criminal justice system in this country, the angrier I get. And were I not able to speak out in an attempt to change it, I'd really be going nuts now."

The anger shows, but so does the seizing intelligence as Fred rattles off the facts and figures. Forty million crimes a year. Ten million of those violent crimes. And 260 million people. "Do the math. That's one out of every six or seven people who'll be statistically a victim of crime. One out of every six or seven. That's horrendous!" His command of data and their significance is impressive. He seems to be a man once again in control of his world.

Yet Kim, who now works for a TV production company in Los Angeles, isn't so sure. She speaks with fond, anxious humor of his longstanding problem remembering mundane things, as opposed to facts and figures: his need, for instance, to remind himself to get gas by sticking big Post-its saying GAS on his dashboard. "We used to tease my dad that he suffered from CRS—Can't Remember Shit. Now he suffers from CRAFT—Can't Remember a Fucking Thing." She's less humorous and more anxious about how scattered he's become in other ways. "Oftentimes I'll be on the phone and I'm like, 'OK, call me back when you're paying attention,' because I can tell when he's not. And that scares me, it's upsetting to me. I don't blame him. I know it's not his fault. It's like my stepmom says all the time, he's just in a daze. And I understand it because I find myself walking around during the day completely in a fog and not feeling grounded either."

Just as much as her father, though less in the public eye, Kim still fights an uphill battle to regain some semblance of a normal life. She would rather be back in northern California, where, before Ron's death, she studied psychology and was working in her field. But then the first trial started and Kim moved to Los Angeles, spending every day in court and running through all her savings. "When the criminal case was over I was out of my mind and having a breakdown and had bills to pay and somebody said, 'I have a job here,' and I'm like, 'Great, great, great.'" She's also struggling with a conflict between her need to be close to her father and her yearning for independence. "It's really taken a toll on our relationship. He's a hundred times more protective of me now than he ever was. He cannot let go for anything. A lot of what my dad does and says to me is out of love and care, and I know that and I love it, but sometimes it suffocates me."

Fred pleads guilty to these fearful concerns for his daughter, and for Patti's children, Lauren and Michael, too. If his parenting style has changed, so has the world around him. "Yeah, I'm more worried about Kim now than before—where she is and how she is, where she's going, how she's going there, is she alone? Just yesterday Lauren made mention of the fact that at the age of 16 she met some guy when she was out driving someplace and it really shocked me, it gave me a real grab at the gut—'Oh, my God, who is this person?' And with Michael, who's away at school at the University of Arizona, he's there and we're here. You begin to see things, and it affects not only yourself but also others around you." In time Fred Goldman may come to see things in a better light, but for now the outlook remains clouded. "People throw around terms like 'closure' and 'things getting back to normal,'" he says quietly. "The fact is, there is no closure to that act of violence. There is no normalcy anymore. Normalcy would be Ron still here."

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PRO FOOTBALL (continued from page 124)

There are no weaknesses on this team. The Pack is back. I don't expect them to go away again any time soon.

George? Now that the three of you understand what you are supposed to do, *do* it.

NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE
CENTRAL DIVISION

Green Bay	11–5
Chicago*	9–7
Tampa Bay	8–8
Detroit	8–8
Minnesota	7–9

*Wild-card team

In football, timing is everything. The **Packers** couldn't have become Super Bowl champs at a more propitious moment if they had planned it themselves. Green Bay is a whiff of fresh air, and the Packers are the most popular NFL champions in 30 years. (That was the last time Green Bay won an NFL title.) With their 35–21 Super Bowl victory over the gritty Patriots, the Packers now own 12 NFL championships, by far the most in league history. For the second straight year, QB Brett Favre was voted the league's MVP. He performed brilliantly, throwing 39 touchdown passes. When those 39 are combined with the 33 he threw in 1994 and the 38 in 1995, Favre's three-year average is way better than that of any other NFC QB, ever. But the season didn't start out so promisingly. Before it began, Favre went public with an announcement that he'd become addicted to painkillers. He successfully completed a drug rehab program and then went out and made history without missing a beat.

"Given everything he has had to deal with, I think last year was better than the year before," observed coach Mike Holmgren.

But the Packers had a lot more than Favre going for them. Green Bay was the first team since the 1972 Dolphins to score the most points in the league (a team-record 456) and give up the fewest in a season (210). Almost everything the Pack did seemed to break records. Green Bay allowed just 19 TDs during the season, the fewest since the NFL expanded to a 16-game schedule in 1978. Defensive end Reggie White, the team's inspirational leader, had a record-setting three sacks in the Super Bowl.

There are no weaknesses on this team. The Packers weren't hurt by free agency—they got over the loss of kick returner Desmond Howard by signing Viking Qadry Ismail—and they used the college draft to add depth. The Pack is back. I don't expect them to go away again any time soon.

It's fitting that NBC's hit TV series *ER* takes place in Chicago. The **Bears** can relate to a show about a busy emergency room, because last season they sent more players to the hospital than any other team in the league. Unfortunately, most of them were Bears. I've seen the team's hospital reports: 12 players went on injured reserve and 31 others were held out of games because of assorted injuries. All told, Bears players lost 144 games to injuries, including 67 among starters. The most severe injury (in terms of both its nature and its consequence to the team) was the herniated disk that QB Erik Kramer suffered during the fourth game of the season. He missed the rest of the year, and Chicago missed the heart of its offense.

"We went from one of the top-scoring teams to 26th in the league, one of the worst," coach Dave Wannstedt correctly pointed out.

Kramer is indispensable to the Bears. In 1995, he set single-season team records for pass attempts, completions and TD passes. The good news is that he's whole again and ready to rumble. The puzzling news is that what passes for the team's brain trust swung an expensive deal with Seattle to bring in Rick Mirer as insurance for Kramer. I suppose Da Braintrust feels secure knowing Da Bears have a multimillion-dollar backup on the bench. Holy salary cap!

Chicago is coming off a 7–9 showing and has a couple of explosive offensive weapons in its arsenal. Last season Curtis Conway became the first Bears WR to have back-to-back 1000-yard seasons. That was more or less inevitable—the Bears attempted a franchise-record 551 passes.

The Bears didn't have a first-round pick in the college draft, but got USC tight end John Allred in the second round and in the fourth made off with what may turn out to be the last great draft heist of the century—Northwestern RB Darnell Autry. If the Bears can avoid another rash of injuries, they're going to surprise some people. This is a good team and Wannstedt is a sound coach.

Last season the **Buccaneers** endured their 14th straight losing season. But even though they finished 6–10, the Bucs went out with a bang. First-year head coach Tony Dungy was ridiculed when his team started out 1–8, but the Bucs won five of their last seven games. Tampa fans are unaccustomed to being optimistic about the Bucs, but their team

"The brass upstairs has no problem with your coming out of the closet, but asked if you could postpone the announcement until the next sweeps week."

is now worth rooting for. The Bucs don't yet know how to win on the road (they were 1–7 in away games), but Dungy will teach them. A defensive guru with the Vikings before becoming only the fourth African American head coach in the NFL, Dungy emphasized his specialty when he took over last year. After the first five games of 1996, the Buccaneers' defense ranked 27th in the league. By the end of the season, it had advanced to 11th. Dungy did it with defense because his team didn't really have an offense: The Bucs scored a league-low 221 points. Much-maligned QB Trent Dilfer was a big part of the problem, especially in the early part of the season (he threw one touchdown pass and ten interceptions during the first five games). But Dilfer hung tough and finished with 12 TD passes and 19 interceptions, which is lamentable but not ludicrous.

Middle linebacker Hardy Nickerson can't get much better—he made 120 tackles last season and was the only Buc to earn a trip to the Pro Bowl. Two 1995 draft choices are already panning out big-time: Linebacker Derrick Brooks led the Bucs in tackles (133) and DT Warren Sapp executed a team-high nine sacks. The Bucs have had two straight years of excellent defensive drafts. This time around they concentrated on offense and came away with three great prospects—Florida State RB Warrick Dunn, Florida WR Reidel Anthony and Wisconsin tackle Jerry Wunsch. Dungy expects his team to make the playoffs this season. Keep an eye on the Bucs.

The Wayne Fontes era is finally over in Detroit. He went out the way he knew he would. Before each of the past three seasons, owner William Clay Ford promised to fire Fontes if the Lions didn't make the playoffs. Last year they finished 5–11 and Ford pink-slipped Fontes. Bobby Ross (you remember him from San Diego) is the new head honcho in town, which should make QB Scott Mitchell happy. In 1995 Mitchell passed for more than 4000 yards and 32 TDs. Last year he slumped badly (fewer than 3000 yards, 17 TDs and 17 interceptions) and spent much of the season feuding with Fontes.

Ross takes over a team that has awesome offensive assets. Consider some of the numbers the Lions posted last year: The incomparable Barry Sanders was the NFL's leading ground gainer with 1553 yards (his eighth straight season with more than 1000 yards); and WR Herman Moore, who set a league record with 123 catches in 1995, had another banner year with 106 grabs for 1296 yards. With Brett Perriman, the Lions' other high-octane WR (94 receptions, 1021 yards), going to Kansas City, Johnnie Morton will have to pick up the slack.

If you're beginning to wonder why the Lions won only five games, think

BETTING THE SPREAD

It is estimated that more money is bet on a Monday night football game than changes hands in that day's stock market. Americans bet at least $5 billion illegally a week on pro and college football. Minimum. As many as 40 million American adults placed $5.5 billion in bets on the Super Bowl, either with friends, in office pools or with bookmakers.

In 1976 Nevada's eight legal sports books handled nearly $57 million in wagers. For the year leading up to June 1996—the latest figures available—the state's 123 legal sports books handled more than $2.4 billion in sports bets. The money was handed over in cash. The great majority of it was placed on college and pro football games.

Credit the point spread. In the early Thirties, the only way to bet games was by the money line. Bookmakers quoted numerical odds on games: 2–1, 5–2, 4–1, 8–1 and so on. No one had yet thought of laying points instead of odds.

Obvious mismatches didn't attract serious money on either side. Gamblers weren't interested in putting up $500 to win $100, or $100 to win $20.

In 1938 that began to change, when the Chicago Gym Club, a hangout for sporting types, began taking bets on college and pro football games. The club offered the money-line odds (2–1, 7–5, etc.) posted by Bill Hecht, a successful Minneapolis bookmaker whose betting lines were distributed by Gorham Press Football Service. Hecht's odds were so reliable that newspapers began publishing them as a service to readers. At the Chicago Gym Club, one of the bookmakers who used Hecht's line was Charles McNeil, a graduate of the University of Chicago and a whiz at math. In the early Thirties he worked as a securities analyst until after lunch, when he'd go to the club and book bets. By 1940 Hecht had invented what was known as the "split line," which was used to bet college basketball games.

The split line was an ingenious wrinkle that worked in the following way: If Kentucky were favored to beat DePaul, the split line on the game might be Kentucky by 6/8—Kentucky bettors would collect only if the Wildcats won by more than eight points, while DePaul bettors would collect only if the Blue Demons lost by fewer than six points. If Kentucky won by seven points, bettors on both sides lost to the bookmaker, who had "middled" them. If Kentucky won by eight points, Wildcats bettors broke even (a "push") and Blue Demons bettors had to pay up. If DePaul lost by six points, DePaul bets were a push, and Kentucky bets were losers.

Bettors loved the novelty of this earliest known example of point-spread betting. They stopped enjoying it within a year or two because bookmakers were cleaning them out. The split line was a great betting proposition—for bookies.

The split line also offered another precedent: a commission (gamblers call it vigorish) paid to the bookie. A winning $10 bet (in whatever multiple) resulted in a $9 win. The bookmaker's fee of a dollar equaled an 11 percent commission on losing bets.

Enter Ed Curd of Lexington, Kentucky, who by 1940 was taking the biggest sports bets in the country. Operating out of the Mayfair Bar in Lexington, Curd offered point-spread betting as we know it today. Curd also changed the vigorish. Instead of requiring bettors to lay $10 to win $9, he changed it to $11 to win $10—and that's still the standard today.

The point spread isn't a handicapper's best assessment of two teams' strengths and weaknesses. Ideally, the point spread will maximize betting interest in both teams. In January's Super Bowl the Packers were 14-point favorites over the Patriots. The $5.5 billion bet on the game was because fans of both teams thought their boys would beat the spread.

By the fourth quarter, the Packers had the game sewed up, but millions of Americans stayed glued to their TVs. With time running out and Green Bay ahead 35–21, bets on both teams would be won or lost if either team scored again.

Neither team did—95 percent of bets on the game ended in a tie—but that high level of suspense is why the Super Bowl is among the most-watched programs shown on TV. Without point-spread betting, the Super Bowl wouldn't draw spectacular TV ratings. Without point-spread betting, pro football would probably be televised only by one or two cable networks. Without point-spread betting, pro football would be about as popular as tennis—or golf, B.T. (Before Tiger).

But that's another story. —D.S.

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defense. Ross has all the toys a fine offensive coach could ask for, but they won't be enough for him to turn this team around in the blink of an eye.

The Vikings have appeared in four Super Bowls (they're 0–4), but lately they've been stymied a lot sooner. Coach Dennis Green has taken Minnesota to the playoffs in four of the past five years, but the Vikes haven't done squat. Green's 0–4 playoff record is the worst among all NFL coaches.

The good news about last season is that the 9–7 Vikes discovered QB Brad Johnson. He connected on 62.7 percent of his passes for 2258 yards and 17 TDs. Johnson, who started eight games and finished four others, was rewarded with a four-year, $15.5 million contract.

Cris Carter (96 receptions for 1163 yards) and Jake Reed (72 for 1320) became the first pair of NFL wide receivers to post three consecutive 1000-yard seasons. Minnesota would be much more menacing if it had a dependable running game. For the second straight season, RB Robert Smith proved too frail to carry the mail. He's on the border of being sensational—Smith ran for 692 yards in half a season—but he didn't play after the Vikings' eighth game. Defensive tackle John Randle topped the team in sacks (11½) and DB Orlando Thomas had five interceptions, but that was about all the Vikings could muster on defense. They drafted heavily in that area, but may not have much to show for it.

NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE
WESTERN DIVISION

San Francisco	11–5
Carolina*	10–6
St. Louis	8–8
New Orleans	4–12
Atlanta	4–12

*Wild-card team

Niners owner Ed DeBartolo Jr. considers any year the 49ers don't win the Super Bowl a minor disaster. Last season was a major disaster: San Francisco didn't win the division title. The 49ers were dethroned—and beaten badly both times during the season—by the parvenu Panthers from Carolina, who probably can't tell a chardonnay from a chandelier. To add insult to injury, the 49ers were pounded by the Packers in the playoffs.

DeBartolo took quick action. Before the Super Bowl, George Seifert announced he was stepping down as 49ers head coach. Seifert's departure measured 9.8 on the Richter scale and really rocked San Francisco. In his eight years at the helm of the Niners, Seifert compiled the highest winning percentage (.755) of any coach in the history of the NFL. A day after his induced resignation, the 49ers replaced him with Steve Mariucci, who had been the head coach at the University of California for exactly one season. Just before that, however, he'd spent four years in Green Bay coaching Brett Favre, who gladly acknowledges the important role Mariucci played in his development.

The 49ers knew they had to start grooming a replacement for QB Steve Young, who spent last season starring in a brilliant nightmare. Young had multiple injuries (including concussions), missed parts or all of several games and wound up having his ribs broken while scoring a touchdown against the Eagles in the NFC wild-card game. Despite all the punishment he absorbed, Young again finished as the NFL's top-rated passer. Wide receiver Jerry Rice—he's played a dozen years and has yet to lose a step—caught 108 passes to lead the league in catches.

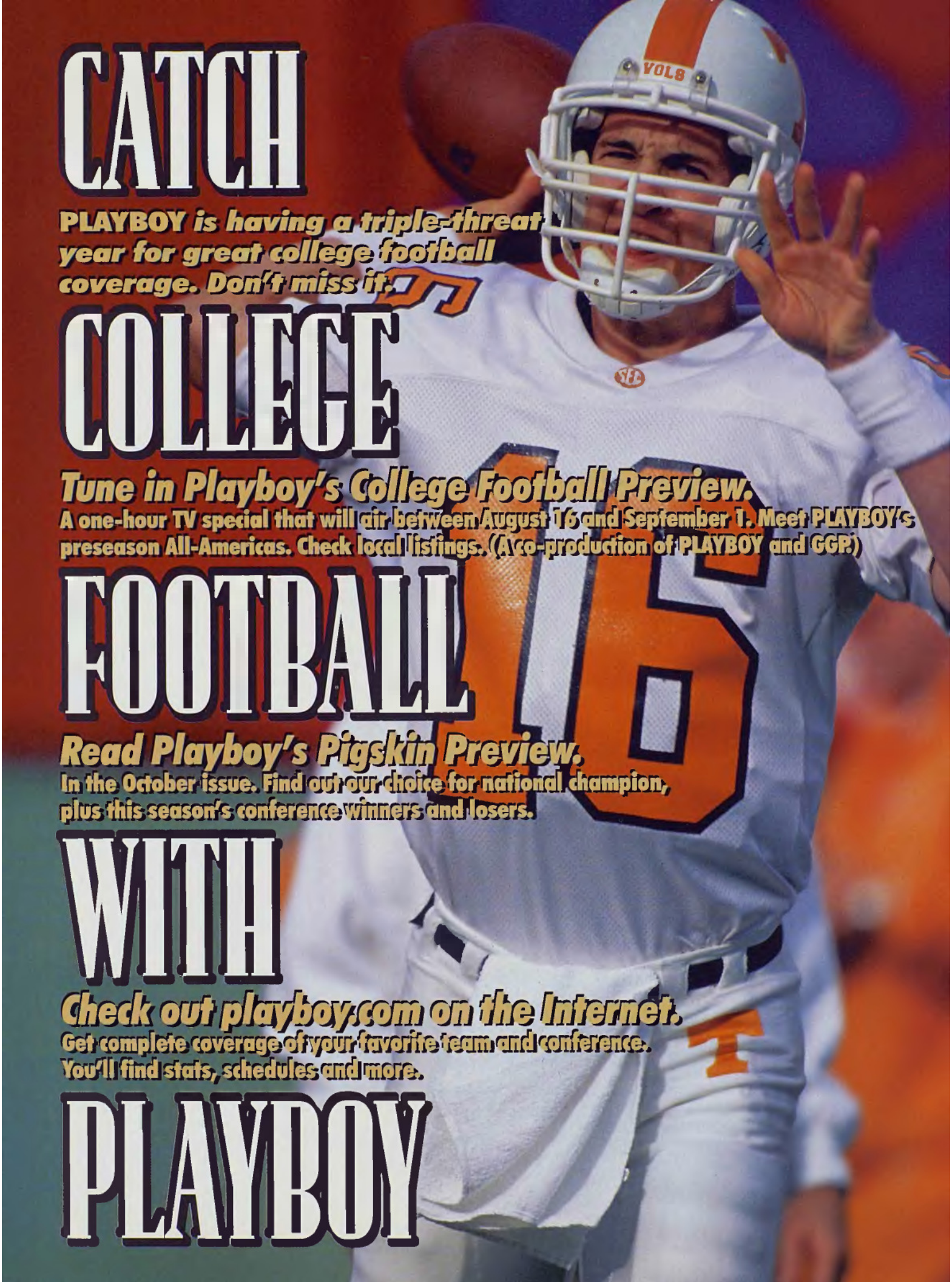
DeBartolo and team president Carmen Policy knew they had to provide Young with more protection. They signed a pair of top-notch free agents. Massive OG Kevin Gogan (6'7", 325 pounds) was a Raiders standout, and RB Garrison Hearst led the Bengals in rushing last year with 847 yards. The reappearance of a 49ers running attack could add a year or two to Young's career. Mariucci thinks San Francisco has found its QB of the future. In the first round of the college draft, the 49ers came away with Virginia Tech's 6'4", cannon-armed Jim Druckenmiller, the top-rated QB in college ball last year.

The 49ers defense has the NFL's best pair of interior pass rushers in DTs Dana Stubblefield and Bryant Young. Linebacker Ken Norton Jr. had another solid year, and Merton Hanks and Tim McDonald are the best pair of safeties in the NFL.

A tip: Don't ever count San Francisco out. Only DeBartolo would have been alarmed by his team's 12–4 record. The 49ers have won five Super Bowls in a record-setting span of 15 years. It wouldn't surprise me if they win a sixth in January.

Don't call Carolina an expansion team. At least not in front of 49ers president Carmen Policy. He and several other NFL executives think the league gave the Panthers and Jaguars way too much help. They have a point, but I think the NFL's better off with two more powerhouses than with a new pair of patsies. And the Panthers are a powerhouse, make no mistake about it. Carolina finished 12–4 (only the Packers and Broncos—both went 13–3—had better records), defeated Dallas in the playoffs and wound up in the NFC championship game in Green Bay, where they were thrashed.

"I didn't have a five-year plan," said Carolina coach Dom Capers. "My plan was to do the best job I could every day." Voted NFL Coach of the Year, Capers



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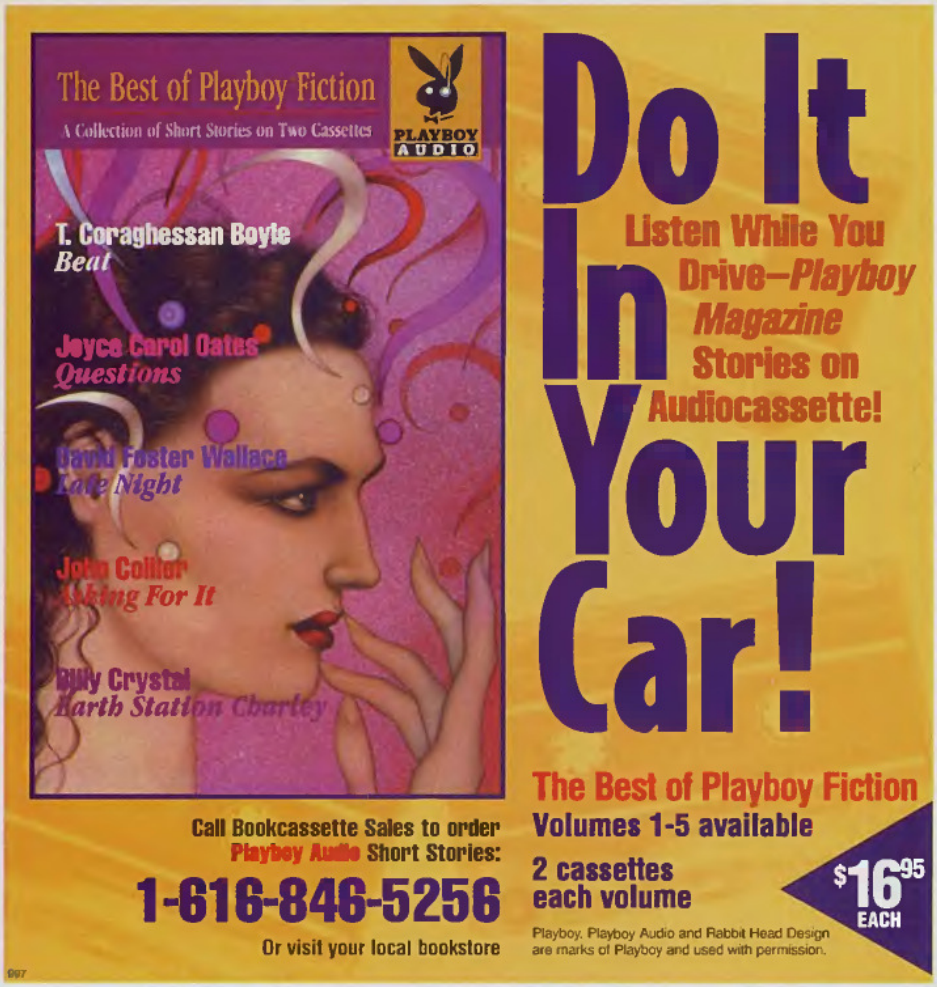
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made it look easy, but it wasn't. His number one 1996 draft pick and featured RB, Tim Biakabutuka, was injured and lost for the year in the Panthers' fourth game. Capers replaced him with little-known Anthony Johnson, who's now better known after rushing for 1120 yards. Capers didn't ask second-year QB Kerry Collins to do more than he was ready to do, and as a result Collins played with poise and completed 56 percent of his passes, including 14 for TDs.

Capers' innovative blitzing defense is the Panthers' most potent weapon. Carolina ran up a league-leading 60 sacks. Linebackers Kevin Greene (his 14½ were tops in the NFL) and Lamar Lathon (13½) terrorized many of the QBs they faced. The intimidation will get worse. Carolina's influx of free agents now includes DE Ray Seals (Steelers) and LB Micheal Barrow (Oilers). These Panthers are ferocious and for real.

It strikes me as a little weird that Rams owner Georgia Frontiere recruited her team's new cadre of top coaches almost exclusively from among the ranks of Social Security recipients. Maybe I'm overstating this. New head coach Dick Vermeil is only 60, but he hasn't coached football in 14 years, so perhaps his youth shouldn't be held against him. His top assistants—Dick Coury (67), Bud Carson (66), Jim Hanifan (63) and Mike White (61)—are all old enough to be grandpas to their players. I realize Georgia wants to hang with guys close to her own age, but isn't this carrying matters a bit too far?

Vermeil may discover that he's walked into quicksand. The Rams were 6–10 last season and committed some enormous personnel blunders. The worst of them was sending RB Jerome Bettis to Pittsburgh because the former coaches were so intent on replacing him with number one draft choice Lawrence Phillips. Phillips turned out to be a dud on the field and a police problem in his spare time.

Rookie QB Tony Banks completed an NFC-low 52.2 percent of his passes, but showed everyone he has a strong arm. He also showed everyone he has weak hands—Banks fumbled an astonishing 21 times, accounting for half the team's record 42 drops. Thankfully, WR Isaac Bruce has what's known in the trade as soft hands—he caught 84 passes for an NFL-high 1338 yards. Rookie WR Eddie Kennison had 54 receptions for 924 yards and a team-leading 11 TDs. He's terrific.

The Rams' biggest off-season move was signing free agent RB Craig Heyward, not so much to run as to be a positive influence on Phillips. No knock on Heyward, but I think the Rams need better football players, not babysitters.

Mike Ditka, the Saints' new head coach, may soon wish he were back at NBC. Except for occasional Super

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Bowls, New Orleans and NFL football don't really go together. In the Saints' 30-year history, they've had just five winning seasons. Last year's wasn't one of them. The Saints were 3–13 and stunk up the Superdome. One home game drew a crowd of only 26,310, the smallest turnout in the team's history.

Stay with me on this: The Saints ranked 28th in the NFL with a minus 15 turnover ratio. They ranked seventh in penalties and 27th in possession time.

"You correct those three things alone and you are going to win five more games, period," says Ditka. "We've got to create an attitude."

That's easy for him to say; Ditka is an attitude. He'll soon discover it helps to have guys who can really play this game, especially on offense. The Saints desperately need a quality QB. Jim Everett was a journeyman, which is why Ditka cut him. Last year Everett threw more interceptions (16) than TDs (12). The Saints' passing attack was inept, but it wasn't nearly as awful as their running game, which was dead last in the league. Ditka feels third-round draft choice Troy Davis, a highly rated RB from Iowa State, will provide immediate help, as will QB Heath Shuler, Washington's number one pick a few years ago.

"We will run the football," Ditka has declared.

The Saints will try to run the football. They won't get far. Prepare to see lots of TV shots of Iron Mike all steamed up on the sidelines.

Atlanta hasn't been thrilled by the Falcons for a long, long time. In their 31-year history, the Falcons have had only seven winning seasons. To turn things around, team president Taylor Smith fired head coach June Jones and replaced him with Dan Reeves, who was canned by the Giants. Despite going 11–21 over the past two years, Reeves, who's spent most of his 16-year coaching career with the Broncos, is the tenth-winningest coach in NFL history. Reversing the Falcons' fortunes won't be easy. Reeves, a Georgia native (that ought to sell some tickets) buried the team's run-and-shoot offense his first day on the job. He hinted at a running game with two tight ends, which is his style of play.

"I've always said you win with a running game and good defense, and that's not going to change," Reeves says.

The Falcons have a good RB in Jamal Anderson (1055 yards last season) and a new QB in Chris Chandler. Since 1994, Chandler has compiled a commendable QB rating of 87.1 and a strong ratio of touchdowns to interceptions (40–23). Chandler has two excellent WRs in Bert Emanuel and Terance Mathis. The Falcons should be able to move well through the air, but their overall rushing game was 27th in the league last year.

Reeves' biggest concern will be to find a way to stop opponents from scoring—last year the Falcons' fragile defense gave up a league-high 28.8 points a game. Reeves signed a pair of free-agent CBs (the Cardinals' Ronnie Bradford and the Colts' Ray Buchanan) and picked up another one (Nebraska's Michael Booker) in the first round of the draft. That's a start, not a solution.

AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE
EASTERN DIVISION

New England	11–5
Miami*	10–6
Buffalo	8–8
Indianapolis	7–9
New York Jets	4–12

*Wild-card team

The **Patriots**, who gave the Packers a battle in the Super Bowl, are the NFL's second-youngest team. The team's skill positions are all manned by young guys, starting with 25-year-old Pro Bowl QB Drew Bledsoe. Bledsoe is coming off a monster season in which he threw for 4086 yards and 27 TDs. His primary target was rookie WR Terry Glenn, who's now 23. Glenn was the reason Bill Parcells left. Last year, when New England was ready to make its first college draft choice, Glenn—according to the Patriots' own charts—was the highest-rated player available. Parcells, however, wanted defensive help. It was finally left to owner Robert Kraft to insist that the team go with the best player out there—and after that, Parcells was a lame duck by choice. He did a great job, but the Patriots wouldn't have gotten to the Super Bowl without Glenn's NFL rookie–record 90 receptions (for 1132 yards and six TDs).

Tight end Ben Coates, one of the oldest veterans on this team—he's 28—caught 62 passes (682 yards and nine TDs) and was also voted to the AFC Pro Bowl team. So was 24-year-old RB Curtis Martin, who rambled for 1152 yards and 14 TDs. As explosive as its offense was, New England's defense was the determining factor in its AFC championship season. The unit's leaders were DE Willie McGinest (he had a team-high 9½ sacks) and MLB Ted Johnson, who had a team-high 115 tackles. Both are young and figure to get better.

I can't guarantee the Patriots will be back in the Super Bowl. But I can guarantee this: The Patriots and Jets have never liked each other. Their rivalry is about to become the hottest in the NFL, and the Krafts have built an organization

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that figures to be in the Super Bowl at least twice in the next four years.

Jimmy Johnson's 8–8 record in his first year in Miami was a real achievement. He inherited a payroll laden with fat contracts and had no room in the salary cap to go after free agents. So Johnson worked at building the Dolphins the only way he could—through the draft. He looks at this season as a stepping-stone to a championship in 1998, when he'll have $8 million in the salary cap to spend on free agents. By then, his roster will be filled with quality players like the ones he drafted in 1996 and again this April, when he wound up with 14 picks, more than any team. Mention that and he'll give you a small aw-shucks smile.

"I came back for one reason—to win," Johnson says. "If I don't do that, I'm going to do something else."

Johnson's rookie backfield of 1996 will provide the Dolphins with a potent running game for the next ten years. Karim Abdul-Jabbar was the first Dolphin in 18 years to rush for more than 1000 yards (he gained 1166). Fullback Stanley Pritchett is a bull-like blocker and a fine receiver. We'll get a longer look at another breakaway back, Jerris McPhail, who broke his hand in November. At 36, QB Dan Marino is now the oldest Dolphin. Even though he completed better than 59 percent of his passes, Marino is coming off one of his worst seasons. Last fall he passed for fewer than 3000 yards for the first time since his rookie season in 1983. He'll be back with a vengeance.

Middle linebacker Zach Thomas has turned out to be a prize. Many scouts wrote him off as too small, but he made plays all over the field and led the Dolphins in tackles (180). Defensive end Trace Armstrong had a breakthrough year with a career-high 12 sacks. In the college draft, Johnson got the lightning-quick WR he was looking for—Miami's Yatil Green, who has size (6'2"), speed (40 yards in 4.31 seconds) and smarts. Give Jimmy another year.

Age has broken up the only team ever to go to four straight Super Bowls. Quarterback Jim Kelly, the **Bills'** leader during that splendid span, retired after last season. Buffalo's three other elder statesmen are nearing the end of their careers, but they're still going full blast. Thurman Thomas is coming off his eighth straight year of rushing for more than 1000 yards—he's only the second NFL running back ever to do that. Thomas has hinted that this will be his final campaign. Andre Reed came back from a season-ending injury in 1995 to lead the Bills in receptions (66 for 1036 yards). He's not ready to hang it up just yet. Neither is DE Bruce Smith. In 1996, Smith tied for the AFC lead in sacks (13½) and had 54 quarterback pressures. Middle linebacker Chris Spielman, comparatively young at 31, had a team-record 206 tackles.

Coach Marv Levy thinks he can fill the vacancy at QB with Todd Collins, who last year presided over the Bills' back-to-back wins against Dallas and Indianapolis. He appears to have the edge over Billy Joe Hobert, whom the Bills got from Oakland. Because it may be Thomas' last season, Buffalo went for a running back in the first round of the college draft and was happy to land Houston's Antowain Smith. The Bills are a team in transition, but they're pros in the best sense of the term. They'll give a good account of themselves.

"This team isn't about numbers," says **Colts** QB Jim Harbaugh. "This team has learned not to give up." Harbaugh could have easily done so, but didn't. Along with his injury-plagued teammates, he absorbed a brutal, season-long pounding in the course of leading an offense that had a hard time running. If the Colts want Harbaugh around, they'll have to upgrade their offensive line. The same applies to RB Marshall Faulk, who rarely found any running room. A two-time Pro Bowler during his first two years, Faulk averaged only three yards per carry and ended up gaining only 587 for the season. Although you're not supposed to be able to win with a number like that, Indianapolis was still able to go 9–7. The Colts' offensive find of the year was WR Marvin Harrison, last year's first-round draft choice. Harrison was the team's leading receiver with 64 catches for 836 yards and eight TDs. Wide receiver Sean Dawkins and Faulk also caught more than 50 passes. The Colts got a kick out of Cary Blanchard, who set an AFC record with 36 field goals (and only four misses). Hoping to keep Harbaugh and Faulk healthy this year, the Colts used their first-round draft choice on 335-pound California OT Tarik Glenn.

Bill Parcells, who does things his own way because he can, fully intends to resurrect a **Jets** franchise that's been a joke ever since Joe Namath led the team to its epic Super Bowl victory in 1969. This is the only club in the league not to have won even a division title since the 1970 merger of the AFL and NFL. Last year the Jets led the league in only one category—no-shows, more than 200,000 of them. And Parcells left New England for this?

Of course he did. Parcells knows that

"It does sort of ruin the honeymoon, but FBI agents always operate in pairs, as a safety precaution."

when—not if—he builds the Jets into champions, his nickname will change from the Big Tuna to something more fitting, perhaps King William of the Meadowlands.

There's some first-rate talent on this team. Last year the Jets paid $25 million for ex-Steeler QB Neil O'Donnell, who couldn't show much because of two disabling injuries. Parcells loves RB Adrian Murrell, who ran for 1249 yards. He also has a clutch WR in Wayne Chrebet (84 catches), and a tenacious DE, Hugh Douglas, who registered eight sacks despite missing six games (broken ankle). Big play WR Keyshawn Johnson—last year's number one draft pick—instantly found himself in Parcells' doghouse because of a book he wrote that questioned O'Donnell's courage. Parcells was not amused.

Parcells traded away the overall first pick in the draft and picked up a lot of good young players. King William knows what he's doing.

AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE
CENTRAL DIVISION

Tennessee	9–7
Jacksonville*	9–7
Pittsburgh	8–8
Cincinnati	8–8
Baltimore	6–10

*Wild-card team

In May, the **Oilers** finally made a deal to get out of their contract with the Astrodome. So now they're in Tennessee, and a lot better off than they were when team owner Bud Adams first realized Nashville would dig deeper to get him than Houston would to keep him.

Coach Jeff Fisher did an outstanding job with the Oilers last year, which turned out to be a schizoid season for his players. In the Astrodome, small crowds offered scant support—and who could blame them? The Oilers were 2–6 at home, 6–2 on the road. But running back Eddie George, the team's top draft pick, rushed for 1368 yards and was named Rookie of the Year.

Quarterback Chris Chandler was having a solid season before he was injured. Fisher had already decided on going with strong-armed Steve McNair for the long haul, so Chandler was dealt to the Falcons. McNair responded by completing 61.5 percent of his passes for a league-best average gain of better than eight yards.

Placekicker Al Del Greco had a spectacular year. He set a club record with 32 field goals and holds the team mark for highest FG percentage (82.8 percent). The Oilers lost CB Cris Dishman and LB Micheal Barrow to free agency. They'll be missed, but the team's sixth-ranked defense won't fall apart. Last year's team was the league's second-toughest to run on, and they'll play up to that standard again this season. The Oilers' second-round draft choice was speedy Tennessee WR Joey Kent. He'll help McNair run a wide-open offense.

Unlike Carolina, the **Jaguars**, the league's other two-year-old expansion team, didn't appear to be going anywhere when their record reached 4–7. At that point Coach Tom Coughlin made a shocking move by releasing slick veteran WR Andre Rison. Maybe it was coincidence or maybe it was Rison's absence, but the Jaguars suddenly hit their stride. Jacksonville won the rest of its games, made it into postseason play as a wild-card entry and lit up the playoffs with unlikely victories on the road against heavily favored Buffalo and Denver. The Jaguars' Cinderella season ended when they lost the AFC title game to the Patriots, 20–6.

By then quarterback Mark Brunell had emerged as a star. He's often compared to the 49ers' Steve Young—and that seems about right. Like Young, Brunell is an accurate southpaw (he led the AFC with a 63.4 percent completion average) and a great open-field runner (he rushed for 396 yards). But neither Young nor anyone else came close to matching the 4367 passing yards that Brunell racked up. And he's only going to get better.

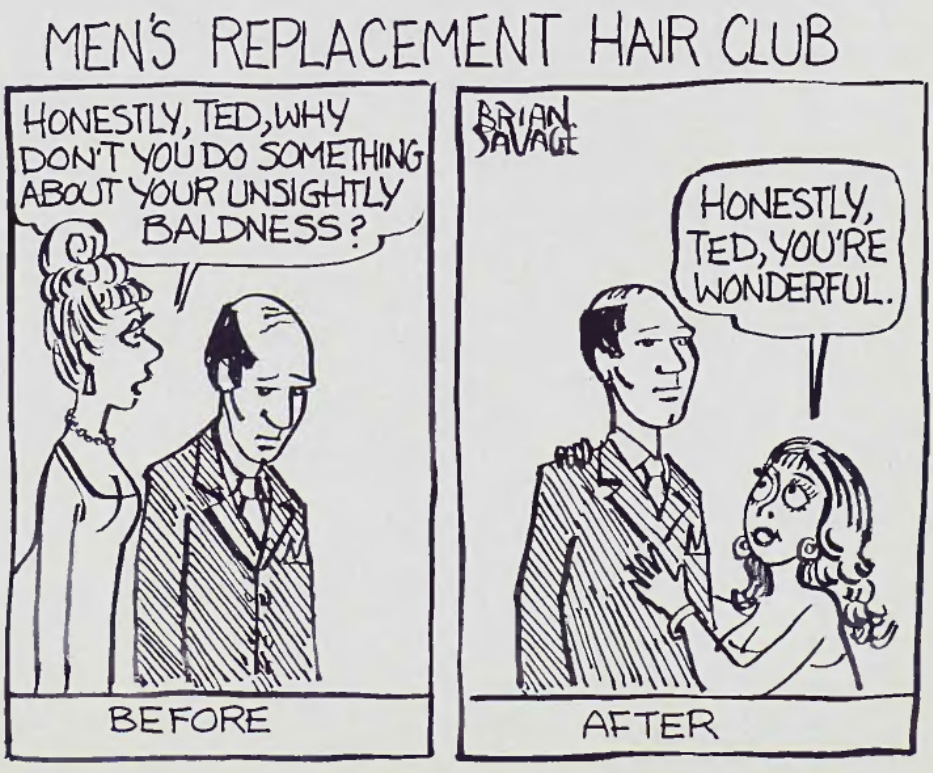
Led by RBs James Stewart and Natrone Means (who seemed unstoppable in the playoffs), the Jaguars had enough of a running game to wind up second in total offense. Rison's departure opened the way for WR Jimmy Smith, who finished with 83 catches for 1244 yards and seven touchdowns. The Jaguars' leading receiver, Keenan McCardell, pulled down 85 for 1129 yards. A young defense led by DE Tony Brackens, LB Kevin Hardy and CB Aaron Beasley came on strong during the Jags' winning streak. They'll get better, too. The Jags could be a mini dynasty in the making.

Over the past three years, no team has lost more quality free agents than Pittsburgh. Yet the **Steelers** have managed to keep winning. Their front office is a keen judge of talent, and 40-year-old Bill Cowher is the best young coach in pro football. Cowher has put the Steelers in the playoffs ever since taking over for Chuck Noll five years ago.

But it's not getting any easier. This year Cowher has to compensate for the free-agent defections of WRs Ernie Mills and Andre Hastings, Pro Bowl LB Chad Brown, CBs Deon Figures and Willie Williams, and DE Ray Seals. One could start a new team with that group. Pittsburgh also doesn't have a big-time starting QB. After failing to get Jeff Hostetler, the Steelers re-signed Mike Tomczak, who threw more interceptions (17) than touchdown passes (15) last year.

If it weren't for RB Jerome Bettis (second in the AFC with 1431 rushing yards) and a strong defense, the Steelers wouldn't have finished 10–6. Pittsburgh signed a pair of free-agent CBs—the Bears' Donnell Woolford and the Dolphins' J.B. Brown—so the team may still have a decent pass defense. It's always a pleasure to watch Cowher pull rabbits out of a Steelers helmet.

By the time the **Bengals** ended their season 8–8, the whole town seemed to be asking, "What if Bruce Coslet had been



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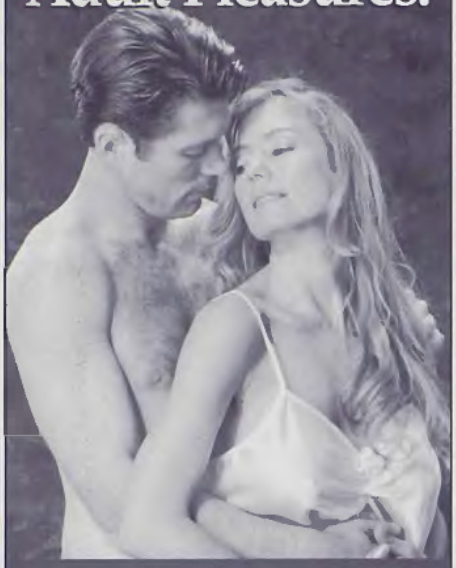

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Cincinnati's head coach all year?" Good question. The day after the Bengals blew a 21–0 lead to San Francisco and fell to 1–6, team owner Mike Brown (Paul's son) fired David Shula (Don's son) and promoted Coslet, the team's offensive coordinator, to head coach. In 4½ years under Shula, the Bengals had gone 19–52. In nine weeks under Coslet, they went 7–2 and were one of the hottest teams in the league. The Bengals suddenly began playing with confidence. Quarterback Jeff Blake, who had struggled through the first half of the season, got hot in a hurry. He wound up passing for 3624 yards and 24 touchdowns.

Blake's favorite receiver, All-Pro wideout Carl Pickens, led the AFC with a career-high 100 receptions for 1180 yards and 12 TDs. Running back Garrison Hearst, who started slowly after being picked up from Arizona in late August, finished with 847 yards. I still can't believe Brown let Hearst, a free agent, sign a lowball contract with the 49ers, who couldn't offer much because they'd already sliced and diced their salary cap six ways from Sunday. Brown obviously has more faith than I do in RB Ki-Jana Carter, the Bengals' first-round draft choice in 1995. If Coslet can tighten the team's frightful pass defense (29th in the league last year), the Bengals could be the surprise of the AFC Central.

What an altruist we have in Art Modell. Last year he whisked his Browns from Cleveland to Baltimore, renamed them the Ravens and made a serious bundle on the deal. Now he's making noises about how much love he still carries for the Browns' followers.

"I left everything back there, not for the mayor or the county commissioners but for the fans of Cleveland, the Browns fans who were so good to me over the years," he said, laughing up his sleeve. You sure can spread it thick, Art.

His team sucks, or at least it did last year. The Ravens went 4–12, but head coach Ted Marchibroda did great work with QB Vinny Testaverde, who had the best year of his career. Testaverde passed for 4177 yards and 33 TDs. Wide receivers Michael Jackson (76 catches, 1201 yards and 14 TDs) and Derrick Alexander (62 for 1099 yards and nine touchdowns) are as good a pair of wideouts as any in the league. Running back Bam Morris, who didn't play until October, averaged better than four yards a carry and gained 737. The Ravens had the NFL's second-best passing attack and third-best total offense.

And the worst-ranked defense. It won't be nearly as dreadful this time around. Baltimore made a big move to improve when it signed Seattle DE Michael McCrary, whose 13½ sacks tied for the AFC lead. The Ravens also got defensive help in the draft with Florida State DE Peter Boulware and Virginia LB Jamie Sharper.

AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE
WESTERN DIVISION

Oakland	11–5
Seattle*	9–7
Oenver	8–8
Kansas City	8–8
San Diego	4–12

*Wild-card team

Since 1984, when the **Raiders** became the last AFC team to win a Super Bowl, team owner Al Davis has had to live with diminishing returns, and it's driving him up the wall. Davis wants a return to the Raiders' vaunted vertical passing attack, and he's finally found a guy who can make it happen: Jeff George, the Falcons' rocket-armed QB who was suspended for 13 games after he mouthed off to head coach June Jones. Golly gee—another malcontent on the team? A few more and the Raiders will be solidly in touch with their roots. George figures to flourish in Oakland, which has the NFL's fastest fleet of wide receivers: Tim Brown (a career-record 90 receptions for 1104 yards in 1996), James Jett (43 for 601 yards), Daryl Hobbs (44 for 423 yards) and Packers free agent Desmond Howard, who was named the Super Bowl MVP.

Assistant coach Joe Bugel is the new head man, and that's another smart move by Davis. Bugel is experienced, sensible and well liked by his players. The rest of the pieces are in place: Oakland's ground game is led by Napoleon Kaufman (874 yards, 5.8 yards a carry). The Raiders' eighth-ranked defense will be tougher with the additions of safety Eric Turner (a free-agent pickup from Baltimore) and 320-pound USC tackle Darrell Russell, the top-rated defensive lineman in the college draft. On paper at least, the Raiders are loaded and look like they're going to the Super Bowl. Big Al and his bad boys are back.

This past spring, Microsoft billionaire Paul Allen, who owns the Portland Trail Blazers, said he may not exercise his option to buy the **Seahawks** if Seattle doesn't build him a new stadium. In June, the voters bailed him out. If Allen didn't intend to buy out boorish Ken Behring, why did the Seahawks front office get the green light to sign several high-priced free agents, including Vikings QB Warren Moon? Even more indicative of the Seahawks' new bankroll: In the first round of the college draft—with the third and sixth overall selections—Seattle picked up an expensive pair of future All-Pros in Ohio State DB Shawn Springs and Florida State OT Walter Jones. No other team had a better draft.

The Seahawks, 7–9 in 1996, might have made the playoffs if QB John Friesz hadn't suffered a broken leg in the 11th game of the season. Seattle was 5–5 at that point and was riding a three-game

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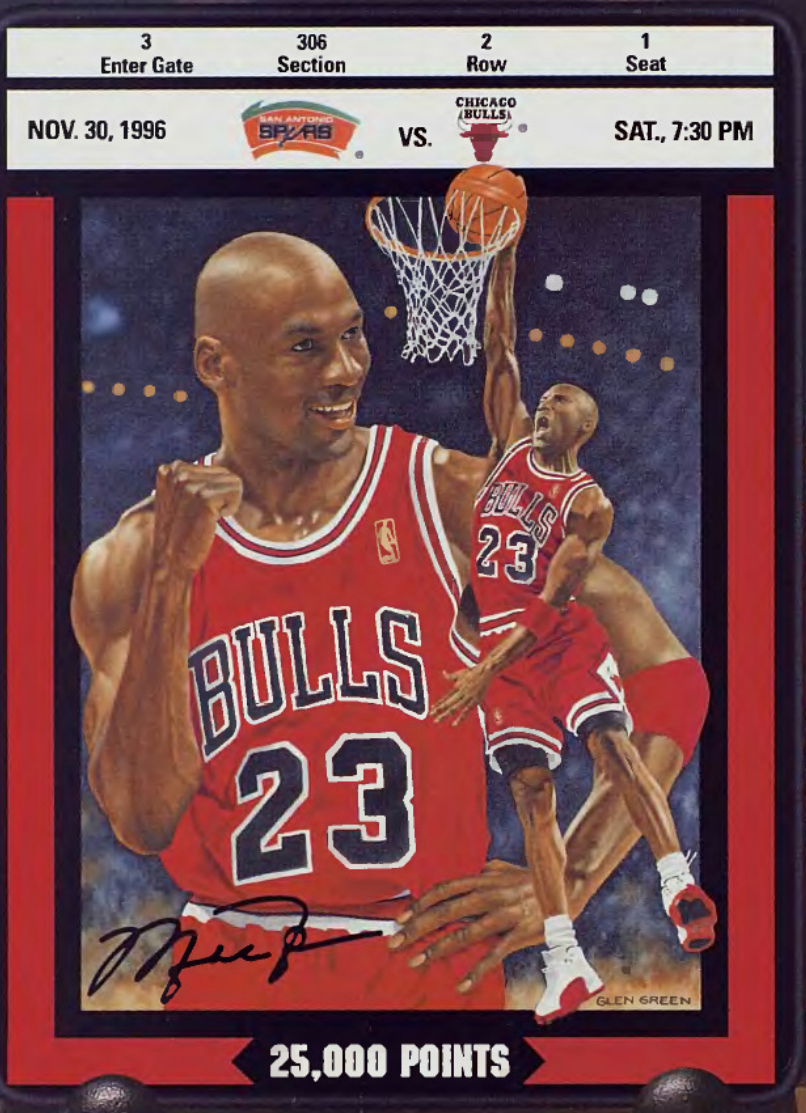

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winning streak.

Without Friesz, Seattle's air attack fizzled and wound up 24th in the league. Wide receiver Joey Galloway, who caught 67 passes for 1039 yards as a rookie, dropped off to 57 for 987 yards. The drop-off in RB Chris Warren's production was even more obvious. He went from 1346 yards and 15 TDs in 1995 to 855 yards and five TDs last year. Running back Lamar Smith (680 yards and eight TDs) probably will see more playing time this season.

Defensively, Seattle appears tougher this fall, even with the departure of free-agent DE Michael McCrary, who tied Buffalo's Bruce Smith for the AFC sack title (they each had 13½). Defensive end Michael Sinclair (13 sacks) and All-Pro DT Cortez Kennedy (eight sacks) are still around, as are the other members of the Seahawks' hard-charging front four, which totaled a league-high 38½ sacks last year. Under Erickson, the Seahawks have become a well-coached team that's on the upswing.

Denver's 30–27 loss to Jacksonville, an expansion team in its second season, was the biggest upset of the playoffs. Broncos players aren't going to forget last season. "Everything about this team was perfect, except the ending," observed TE Shannon Sharpe, Denver's leading receiver (80 catches for 1062 yards and ten TDs).

Quarterback John Elway, a 14-year veteran who played injury-free for the first time in a decade, had a career season. Elway threw for 3328 yards and a personal-best 26 TDs. In addition to having the AFC's top-rated passer, the Broncos also had the AFC's top running back in Offensive Player of the Year Terrell Davis. He rushed for a franchise-record 1538 yards and 13 TDs. Denver's offense was the best in the league and figures to be no less lethal this fall. Two of Elway's favorite receivers are back—Sharpe and Ed McCaffrey (48 receptions). The pass receiving was further strengthened by the addition of free-agent WR Willie Green, Carolina's second-leading receiver last year (46 catches). The Broncos will be hard to stop.

Defensively, Denver got great results out of two free agents they signed last year, DE Alfred Williams (13 sacks) and LB Bill Romanowski, who made a number of big plays. The big free-agent news in Denver this year was the acquisition of Chiefs DE Neil Smith. The Broncos' stellar secondary will again be led by a pair of Pro Bowlers, safety Steve Atwater and CB Tyrone Braxton, who led the AFC with nine interceptions. The Broncos are still steamed at themselves for losing out on a Super Bowl berth that was supposed to be theirs. This could be Elway's last shot at winning the big one.

The Chiefs have developed an odd offensive tendency: Every time they need a quarterback, they sign whoever's sitting on the bench in San Francisco. First they landed Joe Montana in 1993, then Steve Bono in 1994, and this year Elvis Grbac. "If we go with Grbac, our fans will perceive it as, 'Oh, no, three in a row,'" said Kansas City GM Carl Peterson just before he went with Grbac. I don't have a clue as to why he allowed Jeff George to sign with the Raiders, the Chiefs' divisional archrivals, but he did and it was a mistake. The talented Chiefs remain a QB away from an AFC championship.

Last year Kansas City (9–7) didn't make the playoffs for the first time in the Nineties. The Chiefs simply fell apart toward the end of the season and lost four of their last five games (including two at home, where they were unbeaten in 1995). None of it came as a surprise. Kansas City's ground game, led by the apparently ageless Marcus Allen (830 yards and nine TDs) and Greg Hill (645 yards), was the fourth-best in the league. But KC's passing game ranked 26th. If you can't pass, you can't win in the NFL. Bono obviously wasn't the answer. Grbac may be, but not right away. The Chiefs' leading receiver last year was RB Kimble Anders, so GM Peterson moved up in the draft and came away with highly touted California TE Tony Gonzalez. He also signed WRs Brett Perriman (Detroit) and Andre Rison (Green Bay). The team's biggest letdown was its defense. Kansas City tumbled from having the NFL's second-best defense in 1995 to the 18th-best last fall. The Chiefs' once-powerful pass rush was absent all season and only Derrick Thomas (13 sacks) seemed visible. The loss of Neil Smith to Denver will be a big-time hurt.

What a strange and miserable trip it's been for San Diego. Three years ago the Chargers were in the Super Bowl. Last year they finished 8–8, and this season their free fall will end only when they hit the basement floor. Bobby Ross, the coach who took them to the Super Bowl, has taken a powder to Detroit, where he's now watching over the Lions. San Diego's new head coach is Kevin Gilbride, the Jaguars' offensive coordinator last year. Gilbride will quickly discover that QB Stan Humphries, an oft-injured overachiever, is no Mark Brunell. San Diego finished with the worst offense in the AFC, and there are no quick fixes in sight. The Chargers' lone legit offensive asset was WR Tony Martin, who finished with 85 receptions, including an AFC-high 14 touchdowns. (That total equaled Lance Alworth's single-season team record for TD receptions.)

San Diego's porous defense would really be the pits if not for linebacker Junior Seau, who was voted to the Pro Bowl for the sixth straight season. Seau led the team in sacks (seven) and tackles (138), but one-man bands don't cut it in the NFL. He needs a lot of help, and the Chargers, without a first-round pick in the draft, got Junior very little of it.

"That's the last time I go to a feel-good movie with you."

WHEELS '98

(continued from page 88)

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MERCEDES-BENZ CLK320

This new 3.2-liter V6 coupe with a five-speed trans can hit 60 mph in 6.9 seconds, leaving some eight-cylinder rivals in its dust. Delivery is expected in the fall; priced about $40,000.

DODGE DURANGO

The Durango promises a third more seating capacity than other compact SUVs, along with such luxe options as a rear-seat air-conditioning unit. Base price: about $25,000.

SAAB 9-5

Yes, the new curiously named 9-5 sedan is still eccentrically Saab (the key is back in the center console, where it belongs), but the profile and instrumentation are sleeker.

FERRARI 550 MARANELLO

Mama mia! Ferrari's brand-new 12-cylinder $200,000 coupe is one spicy meatball. (Top speed: about 200 mph.) The engine's up front and the trunk will hold a set of clubs.

JEEP DAKAR

Right now, it's only a concept version of the classic Wrangler, with a wheelbase that's almost 15" longer, but who knows? Remember, the Dodge Viper was once a concept car, too.

CHEVROLET CORVETTE C5

More user-friendly than previous models, this fifth generation Corvette (hence the C5 nomenclature) can still get you in a lot of trouble. A soft-top version is in the works.

FOUR DOORS WITH ATTITUDE

These days, sedans are hardly boring. The 1998 Chrysler Concorde and Dodge Intrepid both resemble four-door Ferraris, ride and handle extremely well and have powerful 3.2-liter V6s. BMW has finally imported the sporty M3 as a four-door sedan. Audi's fastback A6 is slick, with (at last) a 200-hp 30-valve V6 and a curved, coupelike roofline. In conjunction with Lincoln-Mercury, Jaguar will launch a small car in 1999. Spy shots show a rounded four-door that resembles a contemporary version of Jag's classic 3.8 Mark 2, complete with a classic Jaguar grille. BMW plans to update its 3 Series in 1998. Saab's extensively changed 9000 replacement is the 9-5. Influenced by owner GM's cars, the new Saab luxocruiser offers active headrests that move to lessen the impact of a rear-end hit.

BUYER'S MARKET

Now that you know what new cars to look for, we thought you might like to know there's a big change coming in the way you'll buy them. Dealers nationwide are selling out to huge consortiums. One consortium, Republic Industries, is run by Wayne Huizenga, the founder of Blockbuster Video. With a few exceptions, carmakers don't care who sells their cars. The superstores will eventually cut out the mom-and-pop dealers.

The other big news in auto retailing is the growth of used-car superstores such as Car Max, Car Choice and Auto Nation USA. With the average price of a new car above $20,000, low-mileage used cars that are sold or leased in customer-oriented facilities will be appreciated.

SUBARU FORESTER

Subaru says the Forester "is neither a car nor a truck but the first vehicle to straddle the line between them." It's nimble as hell, and you don't need a ladder to climb aboard.

VOLKSWAGEN CJ

At Volkswagen, dreams do come true. The new Beetle may be out by mid-1998 and chances are this long-hood, short-trunk CJ concept car won't be far behind. We're ready.

VOLVO C70

One drive in the C70 and you'll never think of Volvos as cartons on wheels. "This time we kept the car and threw away the box" is how one exec described it. How Swede it is.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY

Below is a list of retailers and manufacturers you can contact for information on where to find this month's merchandise. To buy the apparel and equipment shown on pages 30, 32, 76–81, 104–107, 128–129 and 175, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.

WIRED

Page 30: "More Dishing": **DBS systems:** By *Echostar*, 800-521-9282. By *Primestar*, 800-PRIMESTAR. **DSS programming:** From *DirecTV*, 800-DIRECTV. From *USSB*, 800-204-USSB. "VHS Goes Digital": **Digital VHS VCRs:** By *RCA*, from Thomson Electronics, 800-336-1900. By *Hitachi*, 800-241-6558. By *JVC*, 800-252-5722. "The Convergence Push": **PC/TVs:** By *Gateway 2000*, 800-846-2000. By *Compaq* and *RCA*, from Thomson Electronics, 800-336-1900. By *Sony Electronics*, 800-222-7669. By *Philips*, 800-531-0039. By *Proton*, 562-404-2222. By *Zenith Electronics*, 847-391-8752. "Wild Things": **Cordless phone** by *Astralink*, 314-514-0796. **Power Cinema VCR** by *Sony Electronics*, 800-222-7669. **Projection TV** by *Panasonic*, 201-348-9090. **Camera** by *Minolta*, 201-825-4000.

HEALTH & FITNESS

Page 32: "Gliders—Flying High or Hype?": **Fitness Flyer machine** by *Life Gear*, from Busybody Fitness Warehouse, 1800 N. Clybourn, Chicago, 312-943-2300.

FASHION FORECAST

Pages 76–77: **Turtleneck and suit** by *Joop*, at B. N Y, Santa Monica, 210-396-1616, and i.k. don, Chicago, 773-549-4449. **Loafers** by *To Boot New York Adam Derrick*, at Nordstrom, Dallas, 214-702-0055. **Belt and tie** by *Boss Hugo Boss*, at Hugo Boss shops. **Suit** by *Ermenegildo Zegna*, NYC, 212-751-3468, Beverly Hills, 310-247-8827, Santa Ana, 714-444-1534 and Honolulu, 808-955-5755. **Shirt** by *Calvin Klein Collection*, NYC, 212-292-9000, and at select Saks Fifth Avenue stores. **Loafers** by *Prada*, NYC, 212-327-0488. **Suit, shirt and tie** by *Donna Karan*, at Louis, Boston, 617-262-6100. Pages 78–79: **Suit** by *Boss Hugo Boss*, at Hugo Boss shops. **Turtleneck** by *Missoni*, NYC, 212-517-9339. **Suit and T-shirt** by *Calvin Klein Collection*, NYC, 212-292-9000, and at select Marshall Field's stores. **V-neck** by *Ermenegildo Zegna*, NYC, 212-751-3468, Beverly Hills, 310-247-8827, Santa Ana, 714-444-1534 and Honolulu, 808-955-5755. Pages 80–81: **Suit and shirt** by *Emporio Armani*, NYC, 212-727-3240, Beverly Hills, 310-271-7790 and Houston, 713-599-0044. **Loafers** by *To Boot New York Adam Derrick*, at Scott Hill, Los Angeles, 310-777-1190. **Sunglasses** by *Paul Smith Spectacles from Oliver Peoples*, 310-657-2553. **Suit, shirt and belt** by *Boss Hugo Boss*, at Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC, 212-753-4000. **Tie** from *Protocol by Robert Talbott*, at Nordstrom stores. **Suit, shirt and tie** by *Prada*, NYC, 212-327-0488. **Suit** by *Trussardi*, at select Neiman Marcus and Saks Fifth Avenue stores. **V-neck** by *Ermenegildo Zegna*, Beverly Hills, 310-247-8827, NYC, 212-751-3468, Santa Ana, 714-444-1534 and Honolulu, 808-955-5755.

ELECTRONIC PLAYGROUNDS

Pages 104–105: "The Home Office": **Notebook computer** by *Gateway 2000*, 800-846-2000. **Speakers** by *Altec Lansing*, 800-648-6663. **Internet phone** by *InterAct Accessories*, from Recoton, 800-RECOTON. "The Media Room": **Flat-screen TV** by *QFTV*, 800-346-4884. **Home-theater surround system** by *JBL Consumer Products*, 800-336-4JBL. Pages 106–107: "The Gym": **Minidisc player** by *Sony Electronics*, 800-222-7669. "The Kitchen": **AM/FM clock radio and compact disc player** by *Proton*, 562-404-2222. **Espresso machine and coffee grinder** by *Krups*, 800-526-5377. "The Bedroom": **Digital camcorder** by *Panasonic*, 201-348-9090. **TV** by *Proton*, 562-404-2222. **DVD software** by *Playboy Enterprises, Inc.*, from Critics' Choice Video, 800-544-9852. **DVD player** by *RCA*, from Thomson Electronics, 800-336-1900.

PIPING HOT

Pages 128–129: **Pipes:** By *Nørding* and *Butz-Choquin*, from Hollco Rohr, 800-247-6653. By *Alfred Dunhill of London*, 800-860-8362. By *Don Carlos*, at fine tobacconists.

ON THE SCENE

Page 175: "Scents and Sensibility": **Colognes:** By *Estée Lauder*, *Christian Dior*, *Liz Claiborne*, *Nautica by David Chu* and *Giorgio Armani*, at fine department stores.

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CHRIS FARLEY

(continued from page 127)

Just kidding. Oh, God, should I have said that? [*To himself*] OK. OK. It's OK. Actually, I had a desk set with a nameplate that my parents got me for Christmas. It said CHRIS FARLEY, SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE. It was kind of stupid. The other guys would make fun of me and I had to stand up for the family and say, "Shut up, man, it's cool."

Rock had his Eddie Murphy *Beverly Hills Cop* poster no one could touch. He was proud of that.

Sandler's thing was his guitar. It was by his desk, which, like mine, was always messy, covered with papers, magazines and fan mail. We liked to read the fan mail and call the people who wrote it.

Spade's prized possession was his bulletin board. I don't know where he got it. He was so on top of everything that he probably knew just when they were handing them out. "Bulletin board pickup, Thursday at noon? I'll be there." He's really smart. The bulletin board was covered with pictures of all his buddies from Arizona, and various gals. We used to make fun of it.

9.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever ask for their sartorial advice?

FARLEY: I can't buy off the rack. I'm over at the big-and-tall shop, Ed's House of Wide and Wider. Chris Rock is always trying to get me to dress cooler. He says, "Heavy D gets chicks, Farley. Be like Heavy D and dress cool." So he took me to Barneys one time. It helped. I feel more confident when I talk to gals if I'm in a good suit. But it still feels strange. I'm not used to the kinds of gals who are interested in me now. In high school I dated gals who looked like me in a wig. Do you know what I'm talking about? They were pretty heavyset gals out of Wisconsin, where they have lots of dairy products.

10.

PLAYBOY: Even though you live in Chicago, you're often in New York and Los Angeles. What are some of your favorite East Coast and West Coast girl-watching spots?

FARLEY: In Los Angeles, go to the pool at the Four Seasons and you won't be disappointed. The girls aren't too shabby. You can throw a chub on a ten-pound Windsor test line and you'll be catching crappie all day. Are we talking about fishing? I like to go there in my thong Speedo and do push-ups. I also like the Sky Bar at the Mondrian Hotel. And the Whiskey Bar at the Sunset Marquis. Otherwise, I submit to my buddies Sandler and Spade, who live there. They always know the coolest places.

In New York, I like to walk around the Village. It's really cool, because you get

the arty bohemian girls with hair under their arms. I don't mind that French look. I like the jungle. Some of my friends like girls who shave, but, goddamn, I like it the way God made it. I don't care if they have hair up to the belly button. I like that.

11.

PLAYBOY: As a big man, tell us when you started putting your belt below your stomach as opposed to around your stomach?

FARLEY: I always have it at the Sergeant Malcolm–*Highway Patrol* level, which is below the gut. You know, I have Dunlap's disease: My belly done lap over my belt. I don't know why I think that's better, because my mom always tells me to have it up around my waist. She says, "It makes you look slimmer." I think it makes me look like I'm 50 years old. "Kids, get off the goddamn swing!" I've been big all my life. I've always worn my pants down low. It's a comfort thing. I think if I pull them up to my stomach line it will be an act of surrender. I don't want to get content being this way. In the back of my mind I still think I'm going to lose the weight.

12.

PLAYBOY: What stands in the way of that dream?

FARLEY: A goddamn hot fudge sundae! I'm a sprinter, not a long-distance runner. I seem to get motivated a few months at a time and then something stressful breaks the routine and I just fold and I'm off to the races. It's really hard for me to get back on track again. I lose the weight and gain it back. My motivation used to be getting a gal, but I don't think that's such a problem anymore. But I do want to lose it because there's a point at which it starts to hinder my physical abilities. That's where Gleason always drew the line. When he couldn't do the cartwheels or the falls the way he wanted to—at around 280—he'd cut down.

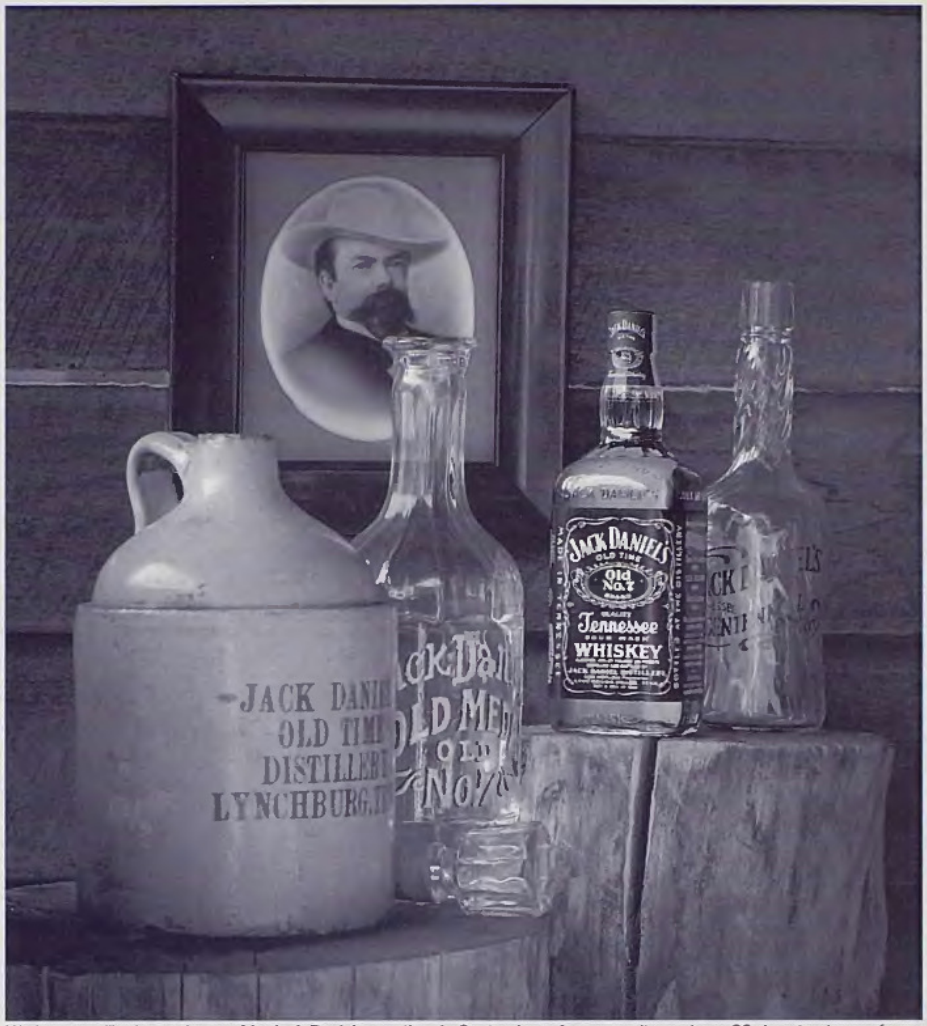
13.

PLAYBOY: If it's not too painful, can you recall a memorable pig-out?

FARLEY: I was in the Pritikin Center in Santa Monica once, trying to lose 30 or 40 pounds in a month. I'd work my ass off on the treadmill and with the weights, but it was driving me nuts. So I escaped. Tom Arnold picked me up and we went to Le Dôme and had tons of desserts. Along with Roseanne, we used to do that a lot. We would polish off 20 desserts. Ice cream, cake, everything. But when I got back to Pritikin, I got busted. They gave me a test, like a Breathalyzer for sugar. I was sugared up.

14.

PLAYBOY: You once said that though you signed on as the clown, you didn't want



We hope you'll raise a glass to Mr. Jack Daniel sometime in September. As we see it, you have 30 days to choose from.

THIS SEPTEMBER marks Mr. Jack Daniel's 151st birthday. Or maybe, as some say, his 147th.

The exact date of our founder's birth remains a mystery to this day (folks weren't too good at keeping records in those days). Some in Lynchburg say he was born in 1850, others claim it was 1846. While no one is exactly sure just when Mr. Jack was born, those who enjoy a smooth sippin' Tennessee Whiskey, we believe, are mighty glad he was.

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TENNESSEE WHISKEY

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to do it forever. How would you like to sign out?

FARLEY: What I said was probably more applicable earlier in my career. Then, when I started making movies and more money, I felt I had to make people laugh in order for them to like me and for the film to be a blockbuster. So now and then I'd like to try something different that has more heart and soul. I love how Jackie Gleason did that "Baby, you're the greatest" at the end of *The Honeymooners*. But I'll always do the clown. I'm secure with it. People work their asses off and they need a time to laugh. It's up to us to bonk ourselves on the head and slip on a banana peel so the average guy can say, "Good God. I may be bad, honey, but I'm not as much of an idiot as that guy on the screen."

15.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any clown paintings in your house? Anything on velvet?

FARLEY: Yeah, I do. How did you know that? I had a girlfriend who hated them because they scared her. I thought, God dang it, why? I love my clown paintings. I also loved her, and it hurt a lot when she dumped me. Anyway, they were gifts from my parents. I love the clowns. My dad told me that Bob Hope has a room full of clowns: paintings, statues and figurines. So I started a little collection. The paintings—in which the clown is sort of an Emmett Kelly type with a hobo hat—are golf-themed. I also have some Tiffany figurines—sterling silver clowns on huge balls, balancing. Also, a couple statues, a harlequin and other characters from the commedia dell'arte.

16.

PLAYBOY: Do you have outdoor and camping skills?

FARLEY: I was in Boy Scout Troop Five and went to summer camp in northern Wisconsin. We'd take long canoe trips. They were great. But I got kicked out for stuff like mooning. There was a lot of mooning going on. I also cut the ropes on a ropes course once and lots of Scouts fell into the mud. And then there were the fires. . . . [*Pauses*] I would take any dare. I was known for that throughout high school. Once someone dared me to grab a fire extinguisher and spray it all over study hall. I sprayed everyone in study hall, plus the windows and the nun. But I got out of it because a lot of the nuns were so senile you could bamboozle them with any type of excuse. I said, "Sister, I saw smoke. I swear I wanted to help out." And she believed me. The biggest dare was to run nude through the halls. My friend O'Garra put me up to it. I got to the end of the hall and then started to run back and ran smack-dab into a nun and knocked her over. She freaked out and I got kicked out for a semester and had to go to boarding school in Indiana. Couldn't talk my way out of that one.

Looking back, it all seems like good clean fun. If I saw a little rodent today doing that, I'd laugh my ass off. I'd say, "Hey, Timmy, good job, kid. It was funny. But you know, let's not do that anymore." I wouldn't yell and scream and beat him. I wouldn't kick him out of the club. The kid's just having fun, so what the fuck? I love kids. They're hilarious. When I was a camp counselor I let my cabin get away with murder. That's what camp's for—having fun.

17.

PLAYBOY: You always seem to be throwing your body in harm's way. How did you train for the rigors of *Beverly Hills Ninja*?

FARLEY: I went to the Championship Martial Arts Academy in Chicago for three months, and Master Guo taught me *wu shu*, a method that uses both hand-to-hand combat and weapons: the three-section staff, broadswords, nunchaku and chain. The master loved when Bruce Lee and Jackie Chan use household appliances as weapons in martial arts movies. Like a phone cord and handset. You could swing it around and nail somebody. Sometimes we'd fool around with broomsticks and curtain rods. I love throwing stuff—a toaster, say—and when your opponent tries to catch it, he's off-guard and you nail him. Boom! I'm still good at cartwheels, the staff and the swords.

18.

PLAYBOY: Describe a bad hair day.

FARLEY: I don't concern myself too much with what my hair looks like. Most of the time I just wake up and whatever it is, it is. This is probably not a good habit. You can say I'm just content being myself, but it would probably be better if I made an effort to groom. I guess I don't try because I know who I am and it's not that appealing, so why try to groom and be a stud? But that's a bad attitude and I'm changing it.

19.

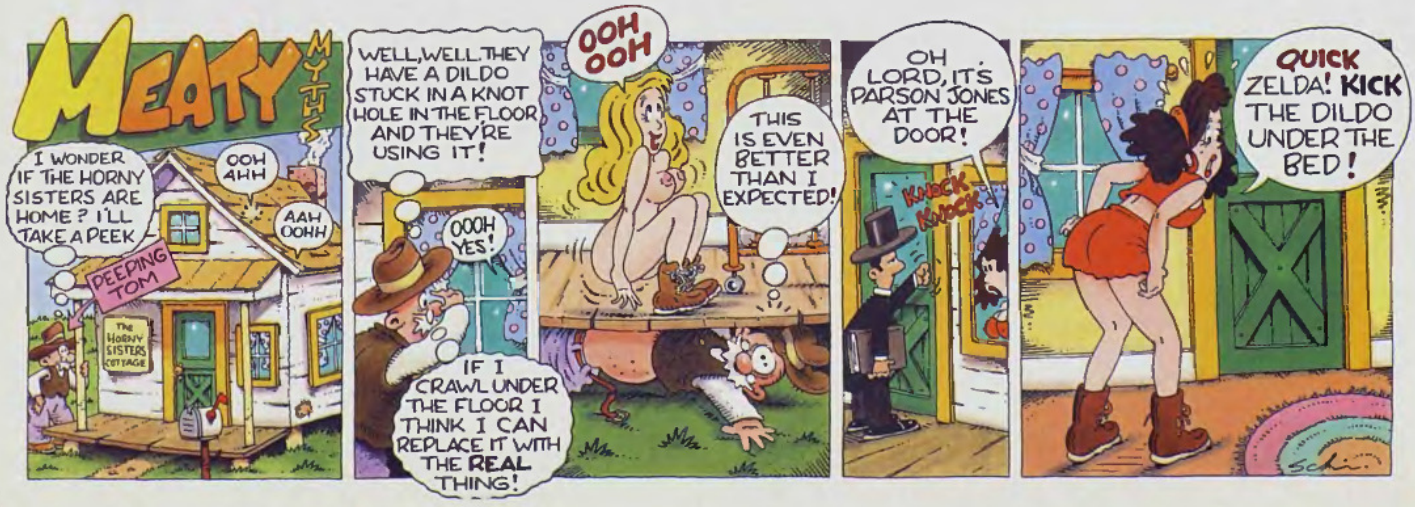
PLAYBOY: Did you ever want to tell critics of *Saturday Night Live* to shut up?

FARLEY: Yeah. We went out there and did an hour-and-a-half show every week and worked our asses off. And yet we were just trying to make people laugh, not do brain surgery. I've still got sores on my back and aches in my body from going out a window or falling down steps or landing on a coffee table. I dislocated my shoulder. I broke my leg. And these critics would sit there on their goddamn couches, saying, "Thumbs-down," like fucking Augustus Caesar. Hey, fuck you. Let's see you guys try to make 20 million people a week laugh from a live comedy stage, 20 weeks a year.

20.

PLAYBOY: What were you always warned about life in show business that you discovered was absolutely right?

FARLEY: I used to think that you could get to a level of success where the laws of the universe didn't apply. But they do. It's still life on life's terms, not on movie-star terms. I still have to work at relationships. I still have to work on my weight and some of my other demons. Once I thought that if I just had enough in the bank, if I had enough fame, that it would be all right. But I'm a human being like everyone else. I'm not exempt.


MEATY MYTHS
I WONDER IF THE HORNY SISTERS ARE HOME? I'LL TAKE A PEEK
OOH AHH
AAH OOHH
PEEPING TOM
THE HORNY SISTERS COTTAGE
WELL, WELL. THEY HAVE A DILDO STUCK IN A KNOT HOLE IN THE FLOOR AND THEY'RE USING IT!
OOH OOH
OOOH YES!
THIS IS EVEN BETTER THAN I EXPECTED!
IF I CRAWL UNDER THE FLOOR I THINK I CAN REPLACE IT WITH THE REAL THING!
OH LORD, IT'S PARSON JONES AT THE DOOR!
KNOCK KNOCK
QUICK ZELDA! KICK THE DILDO UNDER THE BED!

JUNGLE WEDDING

(continued from page 74)

"But, I mean, is there some format you prefer, some point of view?"

"Nothing in particular," she says. "Just do your normal Whitney Museum thing." She's clearly taunting me.

"I think we should talk it through."

"How about tonight? I'm free after 10:30. Come up to suite 1134, and bring the camera. You two get some rest, now," she says. "You won't be getting much sleep in the next two days." She addresses the comment directly to me. She expects me to work hard for my big check.

Gwyn and I wander around our huge suite of five rooms, a well-preserved museum of international style, circa 1964. The furniture is modernist airport lounge—low-back and no-back couches, chairs covered in orange and green and purple pastels, wall-sized built-in fish tanks, a foldout stereo console with aerodynamic styling. The rooms are like intact World's Fair exhibits sold prefab to small countries impatient for the great leap forward. The windows are floor-to-ceiling and the fear of falling, of being terribly exposed, keeps us from the edges of the rooms except for brief moments. Below, buses weave past lone sentries at the intersections, with their lights on and people hanging precariously off the tops and sides. The morning fog is starting to break up and I pull the curtains, thinking of snipers and government security forces with naval spotting scopes. This much security surely means the room is bugged, full of hidden cameras making low-res tapes to be enhanced for the generals' entertainment.

"Why are you closing the curtains?" Gwyn asks. "Do you have something in mind?" I look at her curled up on the bed, the honey-brown highlights of her hair exotic against the white satin sheets. Someone is probably watching her right this moment. Watching me watch her, the gringo bitch wanting to get fucked.

"Um, no, wasn't thinking about anything," I say, pacing the room and looking closely at the sprinklers, wall mirrors and temperature control boxes for hidden pinhole eyes. She motions for me to sit next to her, but I continue to pace.

"What's gotten into you? You're nervous as a cat." I smile at her, still amazed at how much I like being in her presence. I sit down on the bed and she strokes my arm and opens her white cotton bath towel to show me her breasts. How will they look in this light? Will the paused image flicker and be out of focus?

"Isn't it wonderful to be out of New York?" She sits up against the pile of pillows she's collected.

"We're in the Interzone now. I feel like I'm on a movie set. Don't lean too hard against the walls."

"The bed is real." She leans forward

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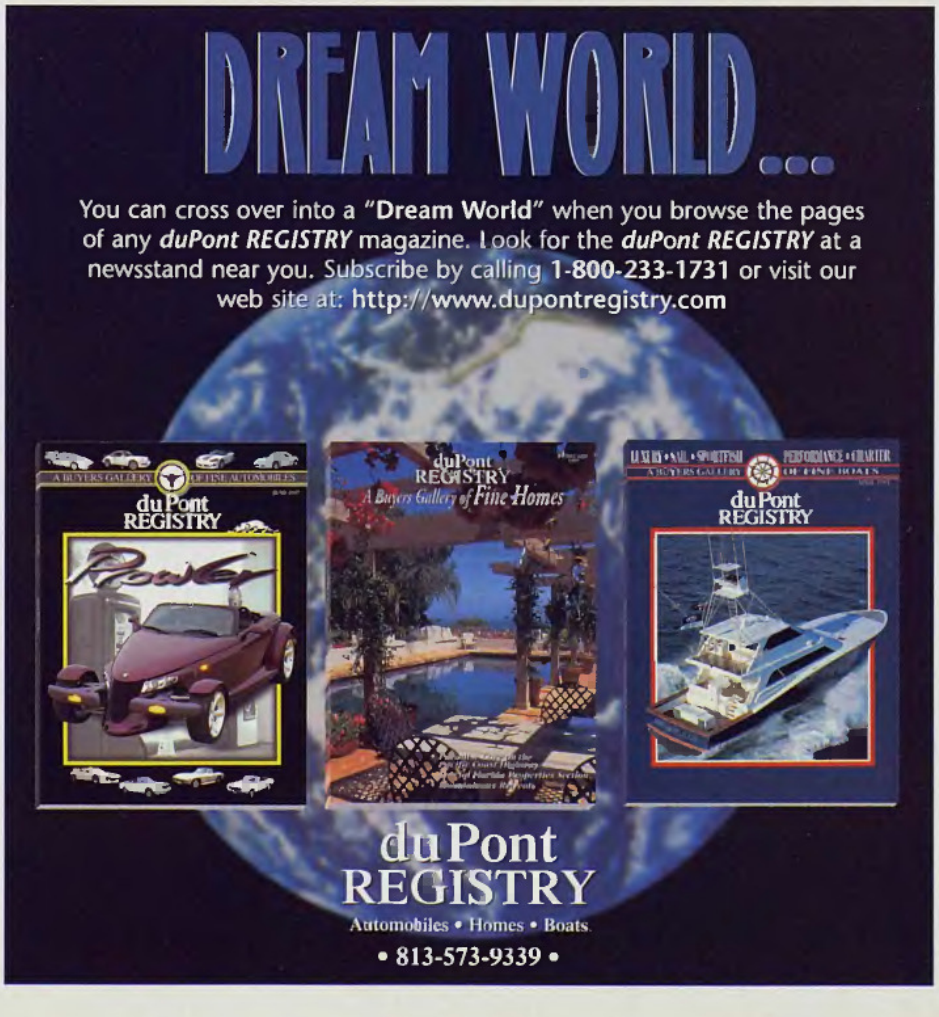
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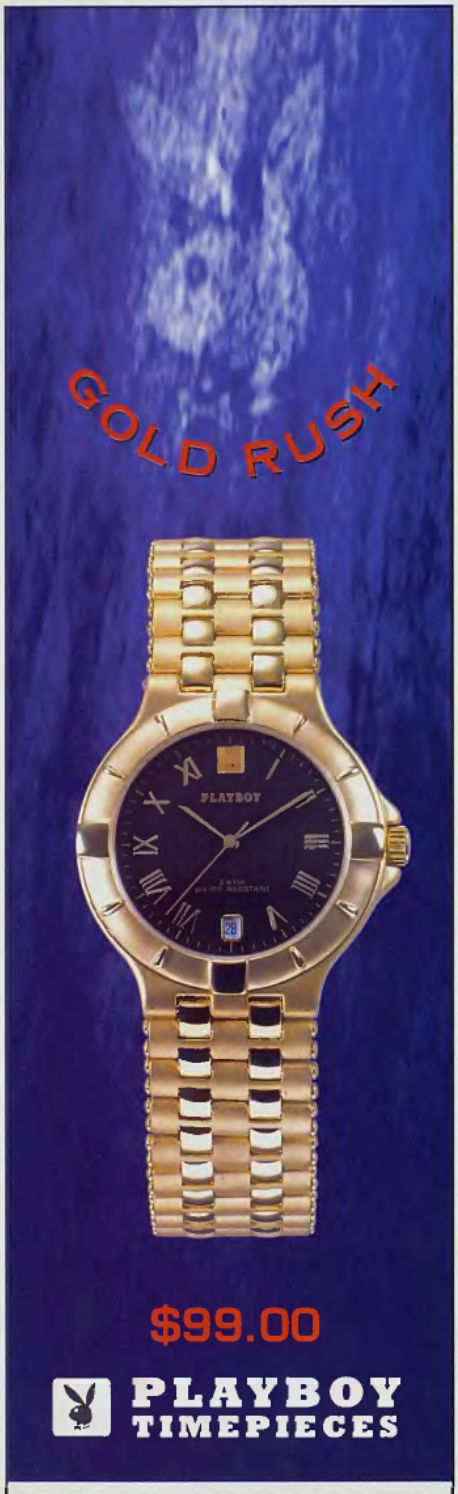

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and bites my arm, nibbles her way to my neck, and I feel a stirring. I roll on top of her and she opens her legs beneath me. "You must have gotten excellent shots this morning. It was beautiful with all that weird light and fog drifting through. Sounds like you might be pretty busy tomorrow."

"Just another rain forest wedding. Ritual sacrifice. Body branding. Drums beating. The world ends."

"P?" she says. "Try not to get too weird on me." I kiss her lips, feeling myself get hard against her pelvic bone. We'll show them how it's done in the movies.

•

At dinner, new people join the party in the banquet room. Tanned North American men wearing Italian linen suits and sandals. Hollywood types, groups of lesbians and gay men. Gwyn recognizes an actor. Sitcoms. Two soaps. Used to be in some science fiction cult but got out of it when he dropped his girlfriend. The actor is talking with a high-profile collector I've met. Trust fund types I've seen before, at openings and auctions. Here in this restricted and private space they've gone all out—belly buttons pierced with amethyst-and-silver rings; brightly colored, flowing drawstring clothes; non-meat shoes. Everyone is glowing, hair on fire in the track lighting. These bodies have been astral-balanced, crystal-healed, Rolfed and acupunctured, all enhanced by super doses of blue-green algae capsules, herbal tinctures and smuggled rain forest antioxidants.

The thing on my plate looks like burned octopus. The woman next to me in the buffet line says, "No, it's charcoal-grilled wheat gluten on a bed of organic blue corn chips." Yum, yum.

I'm now officially the "camera guy." Hey camera guy, why don't you come over and film us? Are you supposed to be here? What show are you with? Get out of my face with that fucking thing! The camera guy in a documentary is the invisible force, a roving and neutral eye who creates a proscenium arch wherever he points. When they talk to me, trying to break down the wall I want to keep between us, I find it agitating.

Gwyn waves to me from across the room, where she's part of a semicircle around Louise Sanderson. Then Louise waves me over and I'm introduced to the wedding party. There are four couples in all. Phil and Joe, "from a city on the West Coast," are immediately hostile to the presence of a camera but soothed by Louise as she tells them "everything has been arranged to ensure the utmost privacy." Evonne and Baxter are both mid-40s, statuesque and a little too willing to go before the camera. When I put it down, they drift off and I hear him say in a stage whisper, "Mistress, can I be your bathroom this afternoon?"

Louise points out Teri and Lincoln, who look like ashram disciples, wearing identical yellow silk shirts and casual red drawstring pants. "Retired professors," Louise says with the hushed disdain some people might apply to "trailer trash" or "full scholarship." They are in their late 50s, without any discernible plastic surgery, and they cling to each other amid the glitz and glare and capped teeth. The last couple's names are Tab and Patricia. It is well into the introduction before I realize I'm talking to two women. Tab is frighteningly male, hilarious in a white tuxedo and leather loafers. "So, camera guy," Patricia says, "you aren't going to do anything nasty with this footage, are you?"

I listen to a couple from Santa Fe describe their recent summer solstice party, the flamenco dancers they hired and how much they love adobe. And how much higher the potential for spirituality really is in the high desert of New Mexico. And how they don't miss New York with all the noise and terror. "Uh-huh," I say, smiling, and tip down a bottle of Corona that clunks against the camera. I've set it up so that it is directly patched into another 8mm editing deck. At any given moment, I can release stock images and splice them into the mix. My favorites are the long sequence of lions fucking in some anonymous corner of a dusty savanna, a wooden tub full of blood sausage and human hands, some black-and-white grape-stomping clips and orgasm segments from porno tapes. My normal Whitney Museum thing.

•

Gwyn is exhausted and falls asleep before ten. Suite 1134's door is open and I walk in with the camera on my shoulder.

"Oh, there you are," Louise says, raising an eyebrow at the camera. "Don't trip and hurt yourself."

"I'm concerned about the 'no copies' clause," I say, trying the aggressive tactic.

"Relax," she says. "I bet you have everything in your house cataloged in alphabetical order."

"Actually, I do. Is the contract a subject I shouldn't bring up?"

"Darling, you're not relaxing at all. Don't worry about the contract."

"So you really mean it, just do whatever I want to?"

"You're an artist. Seriously, lighten up a bit. Let yourself go." Her tone is decisive, and I put the camera down. "Are there any more questions? It's getting late and I'd like to sleep."

Let yourself go, she says. Little does she know what I'm going to do with her wedding video. She wouldn't dare sue.

•

After breakfast, we board buses going to the jungle village. The buses are matte black, with steel covers protecting the tires and tinted windows covered with chain-link-fence material to guard

against, I imagine, rocks and rocket-propelled grenades. We're escorted by another convoy of jeeps and APCs and motorcycles. This is clearly an American operation because it is seamless and plush and full of idiotic optimism. There are no surprise bribes or passport checks, no unexpected roadblocks or ambushes. Everything's been arranged, paid for, negotiated.

We head north, winding our way up 30 miles of switchbacks and cliffside escarpments. We pass men and women on donkeys who are herding sheep and goats back to the safety of their night shelters. Several times I spot men in the bushes with Kalashnikovs slung over their shoulders. We drive through villages so sleepy and abandoned that only the old are present, asleep in the shade. A priest watches us roll past from the archway of his tiny basilica. He looks as if he were expecting us. No doubt he knows our pagan intentions.

When we emerge from the air-conditioning, the driver tells us that the village we have arrived in has no name. The sun is behind the mountains but the air is still thick and stifling. Skinny dogs pace around nervously, keeping their distance. There are two dozen stone houses covered with rotting stucco pockmarked with bullet holes. A dark stain runs down the front steps of a tiny adobe church with plywood nailed haphazardly over its windows and doors. I see that the soldiers are not the "well-paid" professionals I first thought but teenage conscripts wearing mismatched uniforms. They want the rich gringos to know they are not impressed by what they are seeing. They lounge around, sending out clouds of cigarette smoke and attitude. The jeep-beat crunch of big bass spills out of their giant Korean headphones. Gangsta rap acquires new meaning in the proximity of real guns.

Several tents have been set up. One is empty except for a small raised platform covered in Astroturf. Most of the villagers are sitting in a temporary town hall that's been set up in another tent—just an old awning gone pale from the sun, with foldout chairs and a big-screen television. I watch from the open tent flaps as cinematic explosions mix with images of hand-to-hand combat. Two boys turn away from the movie to smile at me. I recognize the bland language of extreme violence and exotica: *Die Hard 2*.

•

I sit in the dust of the hard-packed courtyard, pointing the camera up at the shaman's elongated face. He tells us that we will be awakened before dawn and that the ceremony will go on for 24 hours. He looks indigenous, but his accent sounds familiar. He's wearing jump boots and a headdress of parrot feathers. The four couples come to the front and everyone claps and cheers. The shaman blows sage smoke toward them and rings his little bells and chants something unintelligible. Then he wishes us all a good sleep and a good evening. People wander to their tents, the sound of talk and laughter echoing in the mountains.

"Guerrillas were spotted today," the shaman says to me, his accent wavering in and out of recognition. I put the camera down. We are alone in the clearing. A jungle bird shrieks and takes sudden flight through the heavy canopy.

"I thought there was no war," I say.

"They are criminals," he says. *"Banditos."* He's smiling at me as if he has just made a joke I should be getting. "Sometimes these men like to blow things up. They set the forest on fire and kill ambassadors." Still the shit-eating grin dominates his face. What is it I'm not getting here?

"Why would they set it on fire?"

"Because they are crazy," he says. "They believe in nothing." The smile remains on his face, an enigmatic counterpoint to the mystery I'm not in on.

•

I awake from a *Die Hard* quick-cut dream of car chases, explosions and digitally enhanced machine-gun fire. In America I might get up from such a banal dream, go to the bathroom, then go right back to sleep without remembering it ever happened. Here I sit on the tiny cot, dripping sweat, hyperventilating, trying to clear my head of the night, terrified that my flashy, Technicolor dreams are spreading across the world.

In a few minutes the shaman walks through the camp ringing a small bronze bell. A hand-rolled cigarette hangs unlit from the corner of his mouth. A necklace embedded with crystals hangs from his neck. He has a studied look about him, too many clichés—the shaved head of a Tibetan monk, old combat boots, unlaced and with the tongues hanging out, large silver earring. I want one of those sweet-smelling cigarettes, but I'm not going to do anything weird for it, no bowing or feet kissing, or sage in my face. He smiles when I ask. Like he knows I'm on to him.

"Would you like me to roll you one?"

"I would appreciate that," I say, and he deftly makes another cigarette and hands it to me. I notice that the olive color of his skin has been chemically enhanced. The accent is American, probably southern East Coast. He's near 50 and I imagine that his big year was 1969, back when he used Ravi Shankar, early Pink Floyd and high-grade LSD for his primitive seductions. Now his technique is nearly flawless. He lights his own cigarette after getting mine started. This smoke is the only thing that seems the least bit normal on this particular morning in my life.

"You from the South?" I ask. He flashes that wry smile and gives me a long,

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unblinking stare.

"I grew up there," he says, this time without a trace of American accent. He sounds vaguely European. "I haven't been back in many, many years." The tone of his voice says, *Leave it alone, smartass. This is my territory.* We smoke in silence, then he steps on his cigarette butt with the toe of one of his combat boots. I also step on mine and find myself involuntarily sighing loudly. He laughs, mocking my discomfort, then picks up the bronze bell. He checks his watch, a beat-up vintage Breitling with a cracked face. Holding the bell at arm's length, he hits the side in short wrist-snapping motions. I move away as people begin to emerge into the open ground between the tents. The smell of coffee finally wakes me and I'm relieved the night is over and that this wedding—or whatever it is—is about to begin.

•

The shaman walks at the head of a long procession of Americans moving through the jungle. The trail has been widened with machetes and the small footbridges show signs of recent repair. I look for snakes hanging from the triple jungle canopy, but it is hard to see anything. It's like being in a cave, there are so many layers of growth for the sun to penetrate. The soldiers were watching *Die Hard 3* when we left.

After breakfast the whole courtyard had turned into a big finger-painting scene. Big bowls of primary-colored paints were applied to every gringo in our party. The wedding couples had aquamarine paint plastered over their naked bodies like mud. Some of the celebrants, including the younger women, are topless now that we've left the village. Some "best men" and friends are painted blood- or rust-red, and all the guests except me have had a gold stripe painted vertically in the center of their foreheads. Many men have tiny green spirals covering their backs. Red spirals for the backs of the women, including Gwyn. People carry drums, which they pound in oblivious disregard to one another. Chanting and ringing bells punctuate the chaos.

After a mile and a half, we file into a clearing where a small stone temple, 40 feet high, is covered in vines. Small trees grow here and there in the cracks of the stones. The temple is covered with crude markings and symbols applied in expressionistic splashes of synthetic color. The colors and designs match those on the wedding party as if some untalented designer had carefully coordinated the whole operation. I stop walking, letting Gwyn and the others file around me, and pan the camera across the spirals and graffiti covering every ancient stone.

The steps are shiny with use and stained a deep umber, as though an oil spill had slicked them down. At the top of the altar are the skulls of various animals stuck on the ends of poles. I recognize deer and cattle and some kind of big cat. Beneath these on shorter poles are smaller skulls that might be human. A sage fire is burning. A man I have not seen before fans a banana-leaf broom over the smoke, spreading it in deliberate circles. The wedding procession begins to work its way slowly up the steps.

The temple is larger than it looks from the ground. Even the stones at our feet are covered in designs. Several coats of paint trace lines where original brush strokes and handprints have been reapplied and kept fresh. Louise Sanderson, looking weirdly clean and fresh in a white sundress, stands with the shaman on a raised platform. The shaman wafts sage at the bridal couples. The rest of us form a wide semicircle. When the shaman starts talking this time, his accent is distinctly Southern. He's pouring on a faux-hick aw-shucks thing that makes me laugh out loud.

"Folks, we are gathered here in this sacred place to unite these couples in a spiritual and ritual union. The vows have all been said individually and the wedding will be consummated by participation in the consumption of the divine elixir," blah, blah, blah. He drones on. More drumming and chanting. Men with bellows fan giant piles of burning sage. I'm blinded by the smoke, gagging.

Women with their breasts covered in purple mud come around offering large wooden bowls filled with a yellowish liquid. When the ladle is offered to me, I can't take my eyes off the woman's firm and very purple breasts. She makes a disgusted face and walks away. I wonder—for the first time—whether something might be terribly wrong with this entire happening. An aerial still shot of the purple Kool-Aid apocalypse of Jonestown flashes before me.

"What is that stuff?" I whisper into the ear of the woman standing next to me.

She whispers back, "Ayahuasca."

"But what is it?"

"Liquid godhead," she replies and turns away.

Then I see Gwyn standing naked from the waist up, her eyes closed and a little smile on her face. A man with a brush paints gold star patterns on her breasts. I watch the end of the brush slide around her nipples and see them move slightly with each dab of color. I'm going to kill the guy if he keeps it up much longer, but just then he steps back to admire his handiwork. Gwyn opens her eyes and nods to thank him, then twirls, dervishlike, round and round. I focus on her and start getting hard, thinking of our afternoon in the hotel. She twirls faster, giving the camera a workout.

"I'm dizzy from that shit," she says, coming to a stop and moving out of the crowd to grab my hand. There is a sloppy star painted across her face that turns her smile into a lewd remark. My beautiful clown. My Gwyn.

"Just give him the tip, Herbert!"

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"Don't worry so much," she says, pinching my cheek a little too hard. "We read about this stuff, remember. The shamans have been using it for centuries to induce visions." I do remember reading about ayahuasca in one of her New Age magazines, so I go back to shooting.

The woman with the bowl appears again and holds the ladle to my lips. The smell is acidic and fruity, and I take an exploratory slurp. As it goes down my throat, I feel an alkaloid afterburn. Then I down the whole ladle and some of it drips out the sides of my mouth and down my neck, stinging my skin. The top of my head becomes warm; the drumming gets faster. Whatever was in that wooden bowl kicks in hard.

•

I'm bumping into people who are twirling and spinning. The newlyweds dance naked in a little group in the center of this carnival. The couples are all mixed up now, gay man with straight wife, straight husband with gay male partner. I keep filming, following the action even though my own eyes are seeing trails attached to things, exploding colors, and grotesque masks that are only faces. Louise Sanderson smiles and waves when I spot her in the viewfinder. A younger man is approaching her still-pristine white dress with a skinny purple tongue. She grabs his head in her hands. I do long pans across the tops of the dancers' increasingly grotesque heads and try to stay in focus, but my eyes are getting worse.

The shaman appears in my viewfinder. He's a long way off, sitting on a rotting log, just watching and smoking and smirking. I zoom in on him, catch him laughing to himself, shaking his head from side to side. I want another one of those cigarettes to sober me up. I take the camera off my shoulder for a moment to change the tape. When I shift it back, he's disappeared. I search the area on telephoto until I see his back disappearing into the undergrowth. I feel compelled to see what he's up to.

It takes some time to walk through the carnival. The ground has turned to rubber and my depth perception is off. I'm nearly knocked down by two whirling women with blue mud matted in their hair. Tripping on the liquid godhead, I'm beginning to think of myself in the third person, no longer someone making a film, but someone in a film that's veering out of control. I keep the camera going, cradling it to my side as I wander into the jungle. A path appears through the trees, which I follow for a hundred yards until I hear voices up ahead. The voices are male, speaking a mixture of Spanish and English. The earth heaves and pulsates in front of my feet and I move impulsively off the trail and pull a flanking maneuver, creeping steadily forward toward the sound of hushed

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conversation. I feel suddenly clearheaded and lucid, as if hunting these voices has kicked in some instinctual and primal knowledge of just how to act in this situation.

•

I smell the smoke from their cigarettes the moment before I see them. The shaman is crouched down in a circle of men wearing black berets. Two dozen men are languorously spread out in a small clearing, with Chinese machine guns, grenades and bandoliers slung haphazardly over their bodies. They talk softly while I focus on them in the viewfinder. The shaman says clearly, and in an unmistakable Mexican accent, "The payment should be $100,000 U.S." He mentions an account number and a Swiss bank. One of the men sits on the ground with a Powerbook propped on his knees. A large briefcase is open next to him and I see the small satellite umbrella unfolded and pointed at an open spot in the canopy. He's clicking at the keypad and I hear the modem connecting to a number. Then I notice that most of the men having conversations in Spanish have cellular phones to their ears. The man with the Powerbook looks up and says, "The money is in the account." As he shakes hands with one of the men talking into a cellular phone, the shaman's smirk is really more a grimace or facial tic than any emotive sign.

"Congratulations, commander," the man says to the shaman.

I hear a loud metallic click in my ear and turn to see two men standing over me with guns pointed at my head. I'm so high at this point, so far gone into this thing, that I laugh at them and push the barrels out of my face. They escort me into the clearing and all the black berets stand up. The shaman takes the camera out of my hands, then slaps me across the face hard enough to set me down in the mud. I laugh because his face is melting and doing fun-house-mirror tricks. The man who was working the Powerbook rewinds the tape in the camera, watching through the viewfinder, looking for something. "Got it," I hear him say through the din in my head, and I'm conscious enough to know that he is erasing the presence of the encampment from the tape. My earlier conversation with the shaman plays through my head. *They are criminals,* he said. *They are crazy and believe in nothing.*

The trees behind their heads seem to be dancing and taking on all sorts of bimorphic traits. Happy faces and *Lord of the Rings* animation. The shaman's face hovers over mine, coming into focus then blurring. His breath smells like bananas and cigarettes and he's talking to me, though the words are out of sync, disembodied and lost in the din of the growing hallucination. I do hear one thing clearly, but not at the time he says it. "This gringo is really fucked up," he says without moving his lips. The wedding sounds come and go on the breeze as the shaman propels me back through the jungle and back to the reception, where he drops me unceremoniously in the mud along with my camera. The last thing I remember is the incessant and sinister beating of those stupid drums.

•

I start feeling better on the jet flying back to New York. Gwyn is leaning over me with a hot towel, which she's wiping across my face. We seem to be the only two awake; the plane is dark and full of in-flight vibration and air-conditioning whispers.

"You went way out," she says.

"I need water," I say. She hands me a bottle and I finish it and ask for another. She gets me one from the bag at her feet.

"You were really tripping out there. You were rolling around in the mud. At one point you were dancing round and round your camera with your eyes closed, yelling, 'Mommy, Mommy, I'm flying! I'm really flying!' We had to carry you back to the tents. And you slept all the way to the airport."

"It was in that stuff we drank. It was painted on the rocks of that temple. I honestly don't remember what happened," I say, lying. I do remember what I saw up there on the temple steps, or what I imagined I saw. I remember the men in the clearing as if they were sitting next to me in this plane. If I was dancing round my camera, then I'm no longer anonymous. I'm in my own movie, forever part of this weird event.

"Gwyn." I grab her upper arm. "We need to get away from these people as soon as we get back to New York."

"It's OK." She rubs her fingers through my hair. "There's nothing to worry about."

Obviously, Gwen went to some blissful place on her cupful of ayahuasca. In my dream, there were blood and bones, and people moved willingly and trancelike into a giant plume of orange flame. The dark stain down the front of the steps was not the shiny residue of a million feet but dried blood turned dark with time. I must have been filming most of this because I remember in framed, sweeping pan shots and purposely out-of-focus scenes of dancing and chaos. Somewhere in this vision I see distinctly the men in the jungle waiting and watching over us, as paid for as the soldiers. I remember Louise in her chic white dress moving untouched through the mud.

"We both need a hot bath and a good bed," Gwyn says, touching my face with her fingers. She snuggles close, bumping up against my camera bag. When I lift it out of the way, I notice how light it feels. I open it and look inside and the tape cases are empty. Only my 35mm camera is left and all the film has been removed. Gwyn doesn't look surprised; in fact, she seems relieved.

"They took my stuff?"

"Last time I saw you the camera was

"Same with us. We go to the burnings and the beheadings, but we're not really religious."

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covered in mud. Pieces were missing."

"They can't just steal my tapes and camera."

"You signed a contract. The tapes are theirs."

"Yeah, so a bunch of very wealthy people are worshiping Dionysus down in South America. Big deal. What are they so paranoid about?"

"Remember," she says, "more money than God. Some of those people are high up in the government and entertainment. They have images to maintain."

"Don't worry, I got paid," I say, but in truth I feel burned. I wanted to see the footage, to see what I could do with it. I'd had hopes of another shot at the Whitney. What the hell. I shrug it off, change the subject.

"What would you say to our having a little wedding?" I say as a joke.

"Are you proposing to me?" She's trying to sound funny, but I see a serious look in her eye.

"Just a quiet little get-together."

"How about a Methodist church in a small town? The bride wears white." She's still got the look in her eye.

"We'll drag a ram's head behind the electric car."

"Yeah!" she says, drawing looks from the nearby passengers. "We'll drive it to a Cape Cod house with a white picket fence." She's giggling, weightless. Someone in the seat behind us laughs, and I recognize the gravelly edge. I sit up and turn around and there is Louise giving me that charity-ball smile as hollow as it is perfect. My neck and face start to burn, and the inside of the plane goes out of focus. Gwyn pats my arm, saying, "Forget about it."

But I know it's going to be a long time before I find all the little pieces I've left scattered around this hemisphere. I'm hyperventilating and the sweat pours off my face. I try deep breaths to calm down, touch my hand to my chest and feel something hard in my pocket. I take out the object, carefully keeping it from view. It's a plastic case with the 8mm dub I must have made sometime during the ceremony. The tape is still inside. Gwyn covers her mouth to suppress her shout when I show it to her.

"Inside that little house with the picket fence?" I say, raising my voice loud enough for Louise to hear clearly. "Late at night, we'll whirl like a dervish."

"In our little garden there, we'll grow sunflowers as big as Frisbees," she says, wild-eyed and happy that she's letting Louise know how she really feels.

"Someone will write PIGS on the door of the refrigerator in a childlike scrawl."

"And we'll live happily ever after," she says, raising her voice and catching the disgusted look the couple across the aisle is giving us. "We'll live like we can afford to own the world."

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This secretion of hormone (sex pheromones) is detected by an organ in a woman's nose called the vomeronasal organ that has only one purpose: to relay the presence of the sex pheromones to an area of her brain that also has only one function: to trigger SEXUAL AROUSAL AND EROTIC APPETITE.

AUTHENTIC HUMAN SEX PHEROMONES

The problem with many other pheromone colognes is that they contain pheromones derived from animals. Female humans are not likely to respond to animal pheromones. Our cologne contains a synthesized PHEROMONE found on "HUMANS."

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We have formulated our potent hormones and combined them with a variety of the finest fragrances giving you many choices. Another distinct advantage of our colognes is that we offer it in large containers, not the small vials offered by other companies.

GUARANTEED RESULTS/SCIENTIFIC PROOF INC

With every order you receive a 44 page catalog that has a detailed explanation of why these HUMAN SEX PHEROMONES are so powerful and a description of the many scientific studies that have demonstrated WHY ALL WOMEN RESPOND!

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"I used your Dark Continent and put your free condoms to work, now I need more!", D.C., Illinois

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☐ WILD SCENT	☐ ORIGINAL
☐ ORIENTAL GINGER	☐ SEA MIST
☐ COUNTRY SQUIRE	☐ MUSK
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ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____ ZIP_____

CLONING?

(continued from page 62)

Imagine a Michael Jackson or Dennis Rodman being raised by a Michael Jackson or Dennis Rodman.

of Adam Sandler—a complete moron. This is the one they hand over to the overjoyed parents.

But what happens to the 299 defective Adam Sandler clones? Does Jack Kevorkian back up an 18-wheeler for his biggest job ever? Are they sent to an orphanage? Are they designated as a lifetime's supply of dates for Jenny McCarthy? Or does Lorne Michaels hire all 299 of them to write material for next year's programs? Another problem with cloning a living human being is that we do not know until the very end of a person's sojourn on the planet how well his life will have turned out. In other words, what happens if you decide to clone a famous, talented, successful person at the very apex of his career only to recoil in horror as the subject's life subsequently disintegrates? The world would be peppered with dozens, perhaps hundreds, of children who bear a remarkable resemblance to someone who is now widely despised. This is precisely what would have happened had the Germans cloned Hitler in 1932, had Jimmy Carter been cloned in 1976, or had Sammy Davis Jr. been cloned in the half century before he recorded *The Candy Man*.

It must be remembered that when Ian Wilmut cloned an adult ewe, the resulting progeny, Dolly, did not come into being as an adult. Dolly was both the daughter and the identical twin of its progenitor. In a human setting, this means that Michael Jackson could clone himself and then become the father of his own identical twin. What chance would a kid like that have? Remember, it is widely felt that Michael Jackson, like Dennis Rodman, attained his special niche in the pantheon of the peculiar without much help from the outside. But imagine a Michael Jackson or a Dennis Rodman who had been raised by a Michael Jackson or a Dennis Rodman. Or imagine a Dennis Rodman who raises a Madonna clone named Lourdes II, who then starts dating the Clone of the Artist Formerly Known as Prince, heretofore known as ♱ Jr. Is this where we want science to take us?

The worst thing about cloning is that making certain people effectively immortal strips humanity of the hope that nourishes our dreams for the future. It has been scientifically determined that intelligent, sane, likable people can lead normal, happy lives even while dwelling in the same society as Geraldo Rivera, Jerry Springer, Montel Williams and Jeffrey Dahmer because they know that eventually these monsters will pass from the scene through death or poor ratings. But human cloning would strip humanity of this hope. If human cloning were allowed to take place, Americans would wake up every morning knowing that they would be dealing with Regis Philbin or a Regis Philbin clone for the rest of their lives. This is precisely the sort of cultural petrification that led to the French Revolution. Men can live without bread. But they cannot live without hope.

Is there a positive side to the cloning of humans? Yes. August is always a slow news month and the cloning of a dozen Goldie Hawns could provide *Vanity Fair* with an interesting cover spread a few years down the road. Moreover, many cultural critics have noted that the only genuinely nice people left on American television are the wackos in the audience on *The Price Is Right*. These people are part of the last generation of Americans who like to hoot and holler and who aren't afraid to make complete fools of themselves on national television. Year after year, more and more of these genuinely ebullient people die off, and one day they will be gone completely. When that day arrives, TV audiences will consist entirely of the trailer-park white trash that frequent the *The Jenny Jones Show*. And once TV audiences stop being likable, enthusiastic and nonpsychopathic, Bob Barker will be forced to retire. Nobody wants to see that.

But for every positive cloning application, there are a score of negative ones. One horrifying possibility is that parents would clone their own children for spare parts in case the original child was dying. This would mean that if anything happened to a child actor such as Macaulay Culkin, his parents would be able to harvest backup physiological equipment to whip him back into shape. This is surely not what God intended when he breathed life into Adam. If the foregoing is not disconcerting enough, let us consider one final nightmare. Recently in *U.S. News & World Report*, Philip Bereano, a professor of technology and public policy at the University of Washington, explained that once the technology needed to clone humans is in place, there will be no way to prevent a third party from surreptitiously cloning each of us without our permission. This is because it is so easy to obtain human cells—through blood tests, dental visits, etc.—each of which contains a complete genetic blueprint of the clonee. This means, for example, that unscrupulous clothing manufacturers could secretly obtain Kathie Lee Gifford cells, create hundreds of thousands of copies of the bouncy hostess, and then put the clones to work making pajamas in the perkiest Central American sweatshops. This is probably not what Ian Wilmut had in mind when he cloned Dolly.

Not what he had in mind at all.

"Bear with me, sweetie—my testosterone patch just fell off."

PLAYMATE NEWS

PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

The best story circulating about 1997 Playmate of the Year Victoria Silvstedt is that she was such a chubby teen her mother had to put a lock on the refrigerator. Looking at her now,

PARTY HEARTY: Victoria Silvstedt's Playmate of the Year luncheon took place at the Playboy Mansion this past spring. Could Hef be having any more fun? Hey, if you were flanked by Victoria and the beautiful Kimberley Conrad Hefner (above left, at right), wouldn't you be smiling, too? Above right, Victoria gets some signing tips from 1996 PMOY Stacy Sanches.

that's hard to believe. Is it possible that growing up near the Arctic Circle had something to do with it? Now that she's the owner of a Porsche and a tidy nest egg, courtesy of PLAYBOY, Victoria can concentrate on promoting her *PMOY Video Centerfold* as well as on her national advertising campaign for Guess jeans. By the time Victoria arrived in the U.S. after winning a Miss Sweden crown and three years in Paris modeling, she was ready to make her mark. But this is definitely the best time of her life, she says. "In Sweden, we celebrate the new year with fireworks. For me, this whole year has been a fireworks display." Victoria lights us up.

PLAYMATES 101: WHAT'S YOUR SIGN?

Aries—30
Taurus—26
Gemini—36
Cancer—34
Leo—38
Virgo—52
Libra—54
Scorpio—38
Sagittarius—56
Capricorn—28
Aquarius—44
Pisces—48

Most common birth dates: May 28, December 13
Most common birth month: September
Born on the Fourth of July: Tish Howard, Miss July 1966

Tish Howard

PLAYMATE BIRTHDAYS — SEPTEMBER

China Lee—Miss August 1964 will be 55 on September 2.
Stacy Sanches—Miss March 1995 will be 24 on September 4.
Patti McGuire—Miss November 1976 will be 46 on September 5.
Erika Eleniak—Miss July 1989 will be 28 on September 29.

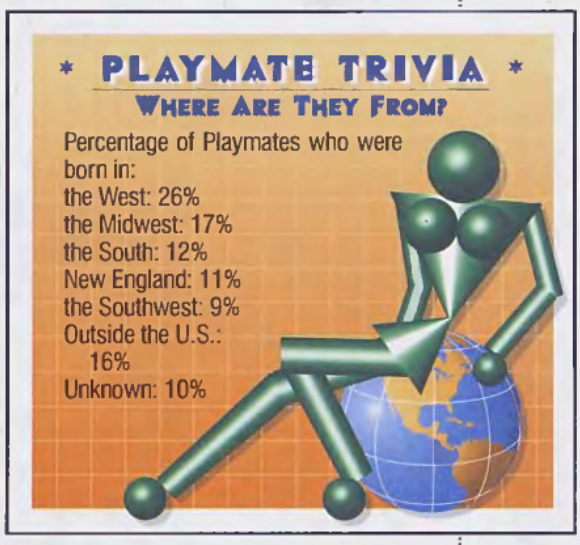
November 1972 Playmate Lenna Sjööblom (right), whose photo became the first digital test image, visited the Conference of the Society for Imaging Science and Technology.

Is it a bird? A plane? No, it's a Playmate in midflight. Miss July 1994 Traci Adell is flying high in this ad for Sam's Town, a Las Vegas hotel and casino that has also painted August 1991 Playmate and 1992 PMOY Corinna Harney on the tail of a Boeing jet.

PLAYMATE NEWS

FAN MAIL

Now that the sitcom *Married With Children* has aired its final episode, we can total up some of the Playmates



who have appeared on the show: Pamela Anderson Lee, Brandi Brandt, Donna D'Errico, Ava Fabian, Luann Lee, Heidi Mark, Shae Marks, Dona Speir and Teri Weigel. I knew there was a reason I loved the show. Goodbye, Al Bundy. I'll see you and the Playmates in syndicated reruns.—Mark Oppenheim, Mark_Oppenheim@mailhost.bridge.com

The kickoff to my first Glamourcon was a tour of the Playboy Mansion, hosted by Hugh M. Hefner himself. Our group had a continental breakfast with Hef by the pool, after which he described how an issue of the magazine is produced. This was a tour I wanted never to end. I've left my heart in L.A.—Brian Spires, toolman@webtv.net

Star Stowe 1956–1997

When Miss February 1977 Star Stowe was murdered in Coral Springs, Florida just shy of her 41st birthday, we were shocked and greatly saddened. Those of us at PLAYBOY who knew her remember her fondly. Contributing Photographer Pompeo Posar, on going to New York City to shoot Star's centerfold: "She had a strategically placed little blue tattoo in the days before tattoos were common. She liked to make jokes and have fun." We'll miss her.

My mother and I get along just fine, but all of a sudden a few months ago, she began to spend a lot more time over at my house hinting about how much she would like to move in with me. I said, "Mom, if you want to hang out here, you will have to watch Playboy videos with me—like this one, for example." Then I popped into the VCR the Angel Boris segment from *The Girls of Hawaiian Tropic*. But my mother wasn't all that happy about it. In fact, the video was enough to make her reconsider. Thanks a lot, Angel, you are indeed one.—William Arvola, arvola@jove.acs.unat.edu

CHRISTINA SMITH:
"PLAYBOY was there to help me grow up. I had no direction, and being a Playmate made me focus on my future. Like parents, the staff watched over me to make sure I made good decisions, and I owe them a lot."

QUOTE UNQUOTE

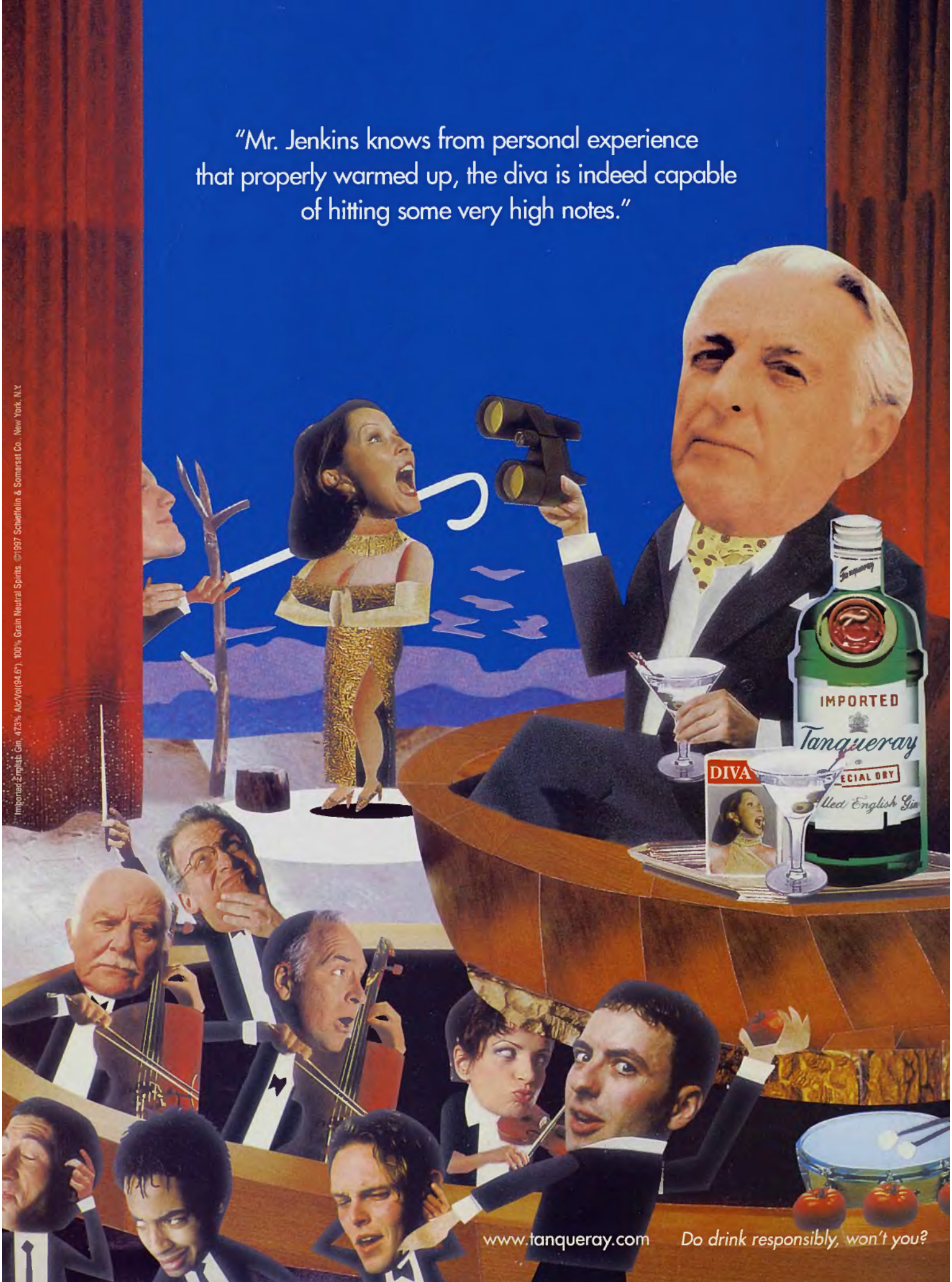
"Since I posed for the magazine, I have traveled all over the world to participate in various PLAYBOY promotions. I just finished the video *Biker Babes*, which I host. I'm still riding my Harley. When I'm out and get recognized, it's always a positive experience. I was apprehensive for about the first hour of my Playmate shoot, but everyone was so nice to me that I soon got over it."—TYLYN JOHN, Miss March 1992

"I have come a long way from my first appearance in PLAYBOY, in the *Potpourri* section of the magazine. I was holding a glass cube. I'm back to print modeling, portraying young moms and housewives. I can't wait to get back into my jeans when the jobs are finished. I guess I'm a tomboy at heart—it must be my North Dakota upbringing."—CARMEN BERG, Miss July 1987

PLAYMATE GOSSIP

Look for Miss June 1997 **Carrie Stevens** in the music video for *Trial and Error* with the movie's star **Michael Richards**. . . . Miss December 1987 **India Allen** has a movie production company, and *Raven* is its first film. The sexy, supernatural superheroine is played by Miss May 1996 **Shauna Sand**. Allen hopes to make *Raven* a TV series. . . . Miss April 1995 **Danelle Folta** is working on an MTV show, *Idiot Savants*. . . . Miss November 1978 **Monique St. Pierre** is an art director and a stylist. Her work can be seen on PLAYBOY video boxes. . . . Miss March 1981 **Kymberly Herrin** owns a 76-foot ketch that she sails all over the Caribbean. It's available for charter and sleeps six. . . . Miss July 1996 **Angel Boris** has just done commercials for Allstate Insurance and Coke (to be distributed in South America) and was a stand-in and body double for a Showtime movie called *Gold Coast*. . . . Team **Playboy**, part of the all-entertainment softball league, blew some impressive bubbles (above), but the MGM team beat them anyway. . . . Miss June 1996 **Karin Taylor** was featured in **Horace Brown**'s music video *Things We Do for Love* and will appear in the 1998 *Unforgettable Women* calendar, the proceeds of which will benefit the Minority AIDS Project. . . . There's still time to become a charter member of the official Playboy Playmate Alumni Association Support Team. For $40, you get a subscription to the newsletter and your name is printed in your first issue. Write **Bonnie Large**, Box 3827, Beverly Hills, CA 90212.

From left to right: Playmates Victoria Fuller, Kelly Monaco and Julie Cialini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PLAYBOY ORIGINAL MOVIE PREMIERE

PLAYMATE HOSTS

Kalin Olson
Miss August

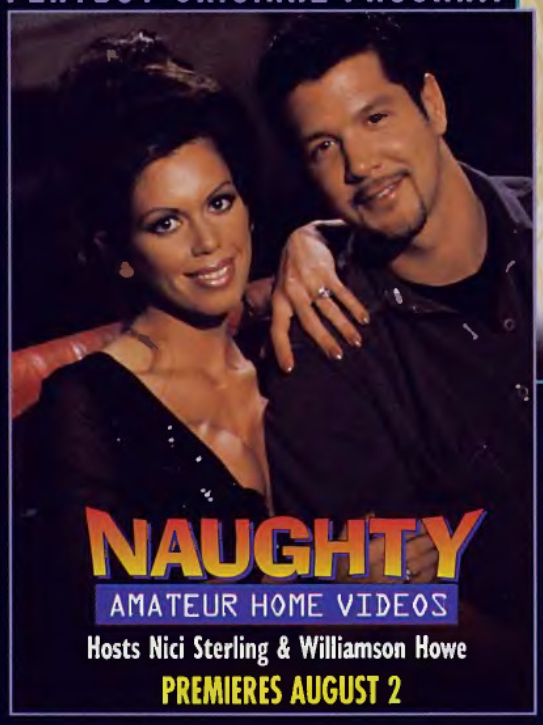
Nikki Schieler
Miss September

more than you ever imagined...

Live large this August with Playboy TV! First, an innocent cocktail with a beautiful woman turns into a deadly affair of the heart with the boss' wife – or is she? Find out in the Playboy Original Movie *Midnight Blue*. Then get your ya-yas out with the *Best of Playboy's Hot Rocks*, as Sir Mix-A-Lot features some of the best show moments, including Jenny McCarthy's original interview. And you won't believe what moviemaker wannabes will do with a willing couple and a camera for the big cash in *Naughty Amateur Home Videos: Couples and Coupling!* En garde – swashbuckling guardsmen seduce castle damsels in distress in *The Amorous Adventures of the Three Musketeers*.. And in *Beautiful Part 2*, our good-time charlie loves his options: set-for-life or sex-for-life! So relax. Say ahh. Ride the biggest pleasure wave this summer only on Playboy TV!

ORIGINAL SERIES

PLAYBOY ORIGINAL PROGRAM



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PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

SCENTS AND SENSIBILITY

The men's cologne biz is in the midst of an olfactory shake-up, and we're all going to smell better for it. Gone are the heavy musks and sweet florals that announced your presence before you entered a room. Instead, think fruit with a hint of herbs. Each cologne fills its own distinctive place. Nautica Competition is aimed at the active man who enjoys the great outdoors. It includes apple, spearmint, jasmine, oakmoss and vetiver. Claiborne Sport is for the laid-back kind of guy who would rather spend his beach time sunning than surfing. At least that's what their ad campaigns would have you believe. Word to the wise: Drop by your local department store and try them out. Chances are, you won't find a real stinker in the entire bunch.

Below, clockwise from top left: Estée Lauder offers the clean-smelling Pleasures for Men, with ginger and sandalwood (about $45). Dune Pour Homme from Christian Dior evokes the sea and the forest (about $50). Claiborne Sport from Liz Claiborne combines sage and wild herbs with cedar and moss (about $45). Nautica Competition is a sporty fragrance in a cleverly designed spray bottle that won't spritz inside your gym bag (about $45). Bergamot, rosemary, jasmine and patchouli give Giorgio Armani's Acqua di Giò for Men subtle sophistication (about $55).

JAMES IMBROGNO

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 160.

GRAPEVINE

The People vs. Miloš Forman

Director MILOŠ FORMAN follows his Larry Flynt movie with a romantic comedy about a bank heist investigator, *The Little Black Book*. It'll be a piece of cake after all the Flynt media flap.

La Belle Michelle

Lovely MICHELLE BAUER has appeared on the big screen in *Maximum Security*, *Attack of the 60-Foot Centerfold* and *Beverly Hills Vampire* and on TV in *Butterscotch* and *The Click*. Michelle has clicked with *us*, too.

Keeping Up With Jones

DENA JONES is a model in California who has appeared in boutique shows and in recent issues of *Cover Models* magazine. Hand us that fan.

The Bunny Hop, 1997

Lady MADELEINE LLOYD WEBBER, wife of theatrical heavyweight Sir Andrew Lloyd Webber, showed *up* at Elton John's 50th birthday bash in London sporting ears and a tail that she borrowed from us. The unanswered question: How was her Bunny dip?

See Through See Who?

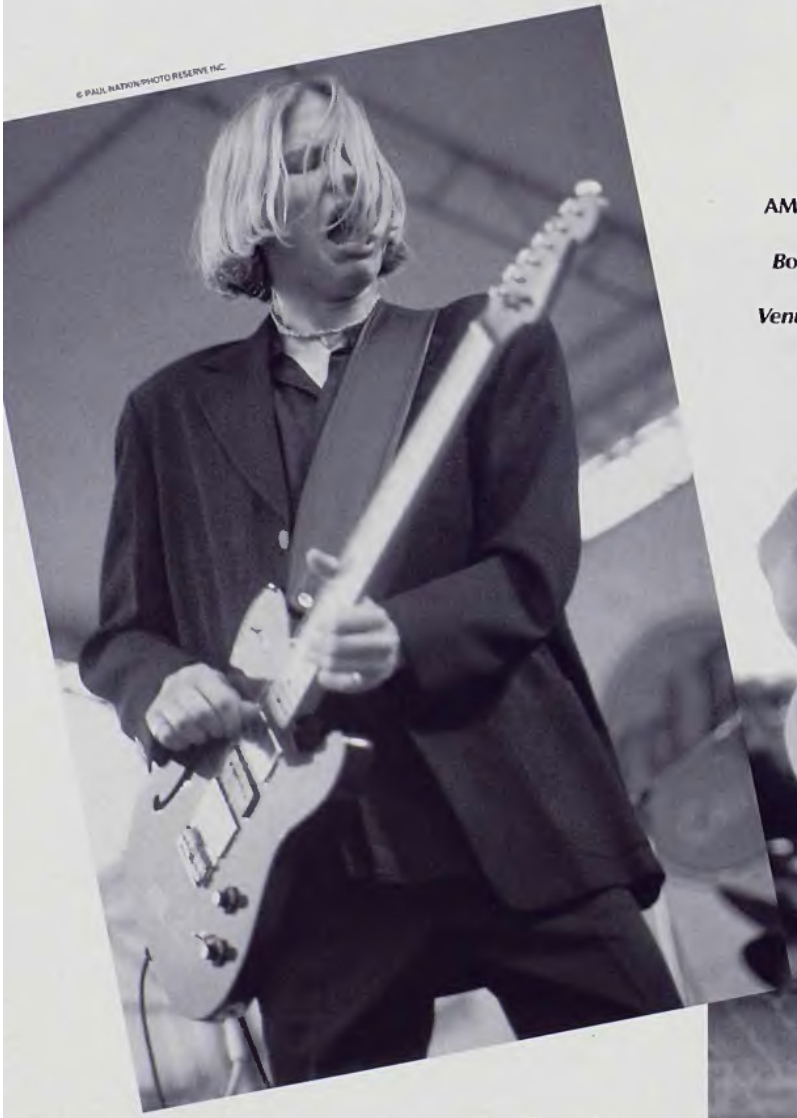
Red-hot singer DEBORAH COX' self-titled CD put her songwriting skills alongside those of Babyface, Darryl Simons and Dianne Warren. Rave reviews came first for the off-Broadway musical *Mama, I Want to Sing*, and then for her performance at President Clinton's 1992 inauguration.

CELEBRITY PHOTO AGENCY/ROGER KAMINSKAS

© PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.

You Can Believe the Hype

If you haven't yet heard *On & On*, the smash hit single from ERYKAH BADU's debut CD, *Baduism*, you've been hiding in a cave. Badu has been compared to Billie Holiday, but she lists Chaka Khan, Stevie Wonder and Marvin Gaye as her influences. She's going to be one of ours.



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Flipped Her Top

AMBER ERICKSON will be familiar to fans of *Playboy's Book of Lingerie* and viewers of *Showgirls* and *Venus Descending*. Amber's ascending.

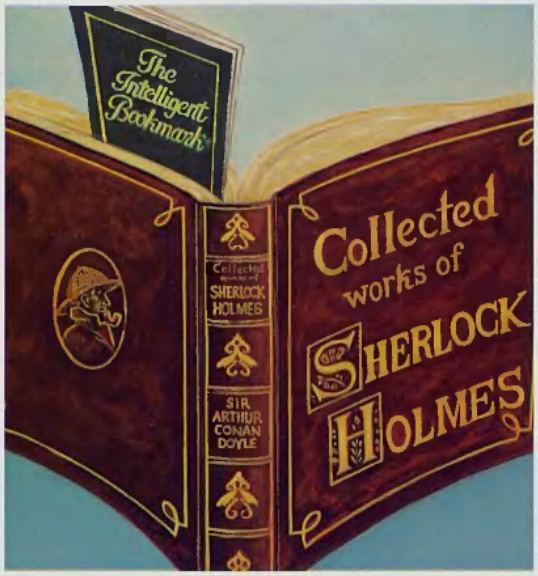
© TIM JAHNS

Jonny Be Good

Only 16 years old, new blues sensation JONNY LANG can sing. If you doubt us, check out his major-label debut CD, *Lie to Me*. While other kids were doing their junior high thing, Lang was in his room learning chords and writing songs. The kid has chops.

BOOK SMARTS

You say you don't know your "aba" from your "zoomorphic"? Order *The Intelligent Bookmark*, a 16-page bookmark-shaped pamphlet listing the definitions for "500 difficult words most often used by famous authors." Three bookmarks with green-, burgundy- and saddle-colored covers are $5.50 from the Compendium Corp., at 800-531-5905. Incidentally, an aba is a "loose outer garment" and zoomorphic means "having the form of an animal."



KELLY JACKSON

THE NORMAN CONQUEST

Greg Norman's Secret may look orthopedic, but this unique device (see inset), which straps onto your hand and wrist, is the first golf aid he has endorsed in 20 years "because it's so good I want to share it with everybody." The secret of the Secret is that it enables you to learn to stabilize your hands and wrists, which stops slices and hooks and improves chipping and putting. Price: $70 from 800-556-3532. The Secret comes with a helpful instructional video.

TIM BOWER

THE GOOD, THE BAD AND THE HORNY

To experience the yin and yang of feathers on a stick and a leather teaser, give someone the Feather and Leather Bouquet and let the fun begin. Each "bouquet" consists of two ticklers—one with feathers and the other made of leather—wrapped in cellophane and ribbons with a card attached that reads, "I can't remember if you're naughty or nice. Remind me!" "It's a bouquet that might get you into trouble, if you're lucky," says Debra Jo Bright, the owner of Bright Ideas Unlimited and creator of the item. Price: $25 from 888-588-4332. When you call, ask about some of Debra's other bright ideas.

THE VIKINGS ARE COMING

We all know that Viking warriors pillaged and populated Northern Europe like there was no tomorrow. And when there was no tomorrow, their ashes were consecrated to the ground in burial ships that would bear their souls to the next world. Carl Felix, a Swedish master shipbuilder turned model maker, creates Viking burial ships such as the 32" cherry-wood one pictured here. But his finished product will end up in your den rather than in the backyard. Each $2000 boat takes several months to make and Carl confers with you on details. Call 616-448-2789 or write him at P.O. Box 93, Beaver Island, Michigan 49782. Other unusual vessels are available for $600 and up.

FLAME IS THE NAME OF THEIR GAME

We'd say that On the Lighter Side (the International Lighter Collectors Club) is a flaming success. It began about 12 years ago with three members and today boasts more than 900 in 18 countries. Dues are $35 a year, and that includes a subscription to the club's bimonthly newsletter, *On the Lighter Side*, and information on its annual convention. Send your check to P.O. Box 536, Quitman, Texas 75783, or call 903-763-2795 for more information.

JOHN SCHMELZER

LEGENDS LIVE ON

Lou Gehrig, Jimmie Foxx and Babe Ruth never looked better than in this 1930 photograph by legendary sports photojournalist Bruce Murray. It and the other historic baseball and golf photographs available from Sports Art Direct are hand-printed directly from original 4″x5″ negatives onto acid-free paper. An 11″x14″ numbered image of the shot at right in a portfolio is $150. Call Sports Art Direct at 800-417-7625 or check its Web site at www.sportsartdirect.com to order and to obtain a free catalog. Golfers will go for a shot of Bobby Jones taken back in 1930, his Grand Slam year.

ROBERT MESSHAUL

BOURBON IN THE FALL

Bardstown, Kentucky rolls out the barrels September 13–21 for its annual Bourbon Festival. Ten distilleries within the area offer plenty of their products to sample, and events range from a barrel relay race to a bourbon tasting and cigar smoker. There's a golf tournament for those who want to swig and swing as well as cooking seminars and a bourbon train. Call 800-638-4877.

GREAT LOUNGE ACTS

Julie London singing *Cry Me a River* is either cheesed out or groovy depending on whether you're Generation X or Generation Ex-Lax. So if you want to learn—or reminisce—about her and other artists "from the earliest torch singers to today's sound innovators," pick up a $20 copy of *Ultra Lounge: The Lexicon of Easy Listening* by Dylan Jones. It's the definitive history of smooth sounds.

TEQUILA NIGHTS

Tequila used to be considered the Rodney Dangerfield of liquors—it got no respect. But with blue agave tequilas rivaling scotch and bourbon as an after-dinner sip, it's not surprising that a tequila liqueur has hit the stores and bars. Agavero, by the producers of Gran Centenario, is a 64-proof blend of blue agave *reposado* and *añejo* tequilas married with a "tea" brewed from damiana flowers. (Damiana is considered by some to be an aphrodisiac.) Try it neat, on the rocks or in a cocktail, you horny gringo. Price: about $25 for a 750-milliliter bottle decorated with a carved depiction of the blue agave's sculptural leaves.

JOHN O'BRIEN

NEXT MONTH

OOH LA LAYLA

FICTION WINNER

GRIDIRON WINNER?

BIG TEN

GIRLS OF THE BIG TEN—THE FINEST COEDS ARE BACK—AND SCHOOL NEVER LOOKED SO GOOD! IT'S HOW WE KICK OFF THIS YEAR'S SPECIAL COLLEGE TRIBUTE

PIGSKIN PREVIEW—SPORTS EDITOR **GARY COLE** HAS THE GRIDIRON GRIT. CHECK OUT HIS UNCANNY PREDICTIONS ABOUT THE TOP TEAMS AND THE BEST PLAYERS

CAMPUS FASHION—DO YOU WANT TO LOOK MONEY ON THE QUAD THIS FALL? **HOLLIS WAYNE** HAS THE LOW-DOWN ON SHIRTS, JACKETS AND SHOES FOR CLASS AND FOR PLAY

THE WAY REAL WORLD—GETTING WASTED, GETTING REJECTED AND GETTING LAID ARE ALL IN A WEEKEND'S WORK FOR THESE NINE COLLEGE GIRLS. A FRANK LOOK AT CAMPUS LIFE BY **ALISON LUNDGREN**

TÉA LEONI—IT'S ALL HAPPENING FOR THE STAR OF *THE NAKED TRUTH*, INCLUDING FILMS AND DAVID DUCHOVNY. **DAVID RENSIN** HAS AN EYE-OPENER WITH THE DROP-DEAD NEWLYWED IN 20 QUESTIONS

TOMMY HILFIGER—AMERICA'S SAVVIEST OUTFITTER ONCE SOLD BELL-BOTTOMS TO TEENS IN ELMIRA, NEW YORK. TODAY HE RUNS A FASHION EMPIRE. THE MAN BEHIND THE LABEL LOOSENS HIS COLLAR IN THIS MONTH'S INTERVIEW WITH **ALEC FOEGE**

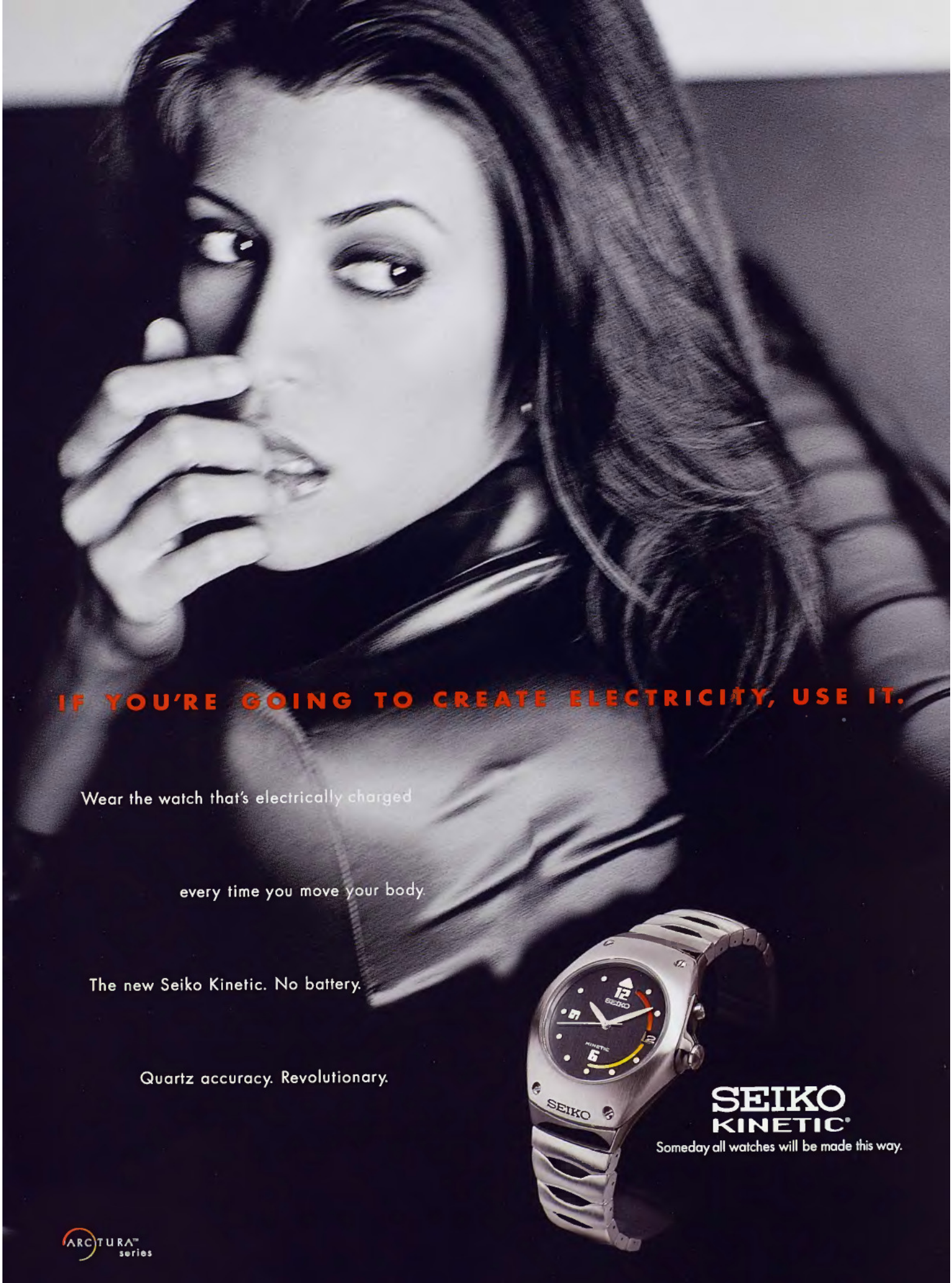
PLAYBOY'S JAZZ & ROCK POLL—ERYKAH BADU MADE US GROOVE, THE CHEMICAL BROTHERS MADE US DANCE AND FOO FIGHTERS KEPT US MOSHING. WHO ROCKED YOUR WORLD? VOTE IN OUR ANNUAL SURVEY

RUGBY MADNESS—NO PADS, NO FEAR AND, BY THE END OF THE NIGHT, NO CLOTHES. **SHANE DUBOW** EXPOSES THE WILDEST CLUB SPORT

THE KIND OF LUXURIES WE FELT WE DESERVED—THERE WERE HUNDREDS OF WORTHY ENTRIES, BUT WE CHOSE THIS GEM ABOUT A DYSFUNCTIONAL STEPFAMILY AS THIS YEAR'S COLLEGE FICTION CONTEST WINNER—BY **JONATHAN BLUM**

GUIDE TO COLLEGE BARS—NOTHING STAYS SO VIVID AS THAT FIRST BOOZY HANGOUT. HERE ARE THE TOP 100—BY **LARRY OLMSTED**

PLUS: A PRISON DOCTOR YOU'LL DO TIME FOR, THE UNFORGETTABLE **JOAN SEVERANCE,** COOL STADIUM GEAR AND PLAYMATE **LAYLA ROBERTS**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16 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.
Marlboro